Songs of Yale

a. s. Elliot

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SONGS OF YALE.

A NEW COLLECTION OF COLLEGE SONGS.

EDITED BY

CHARLES S. ELLIOT, A. M.

SECOND EDITION.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.
CHARLES C. CHATFIELD & CO.
1870.

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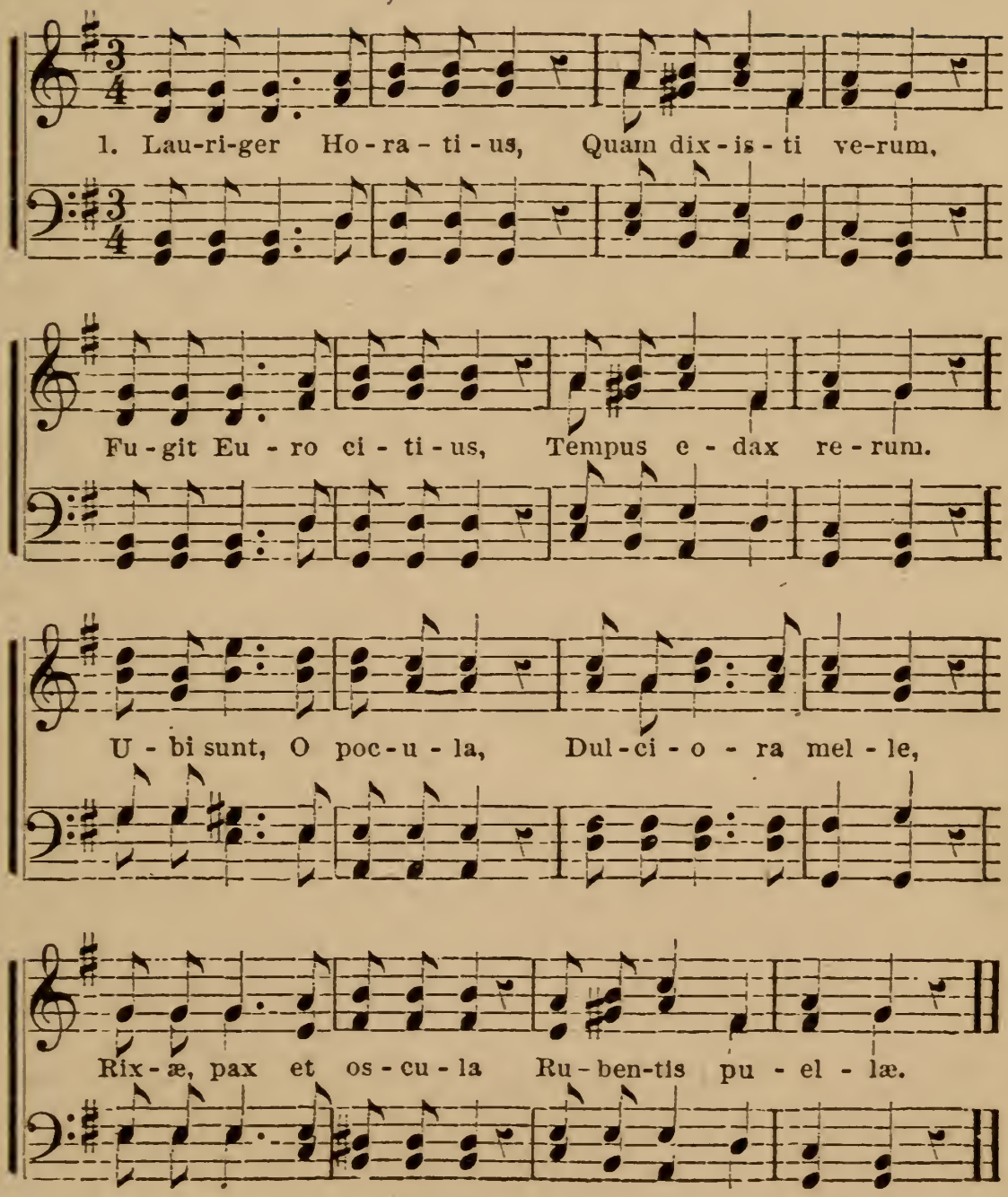
To my Classmates

Of '67,

THIS COLLECTION OF YALE COLLEGE SONGS
IS DEDICATED.

PART I.

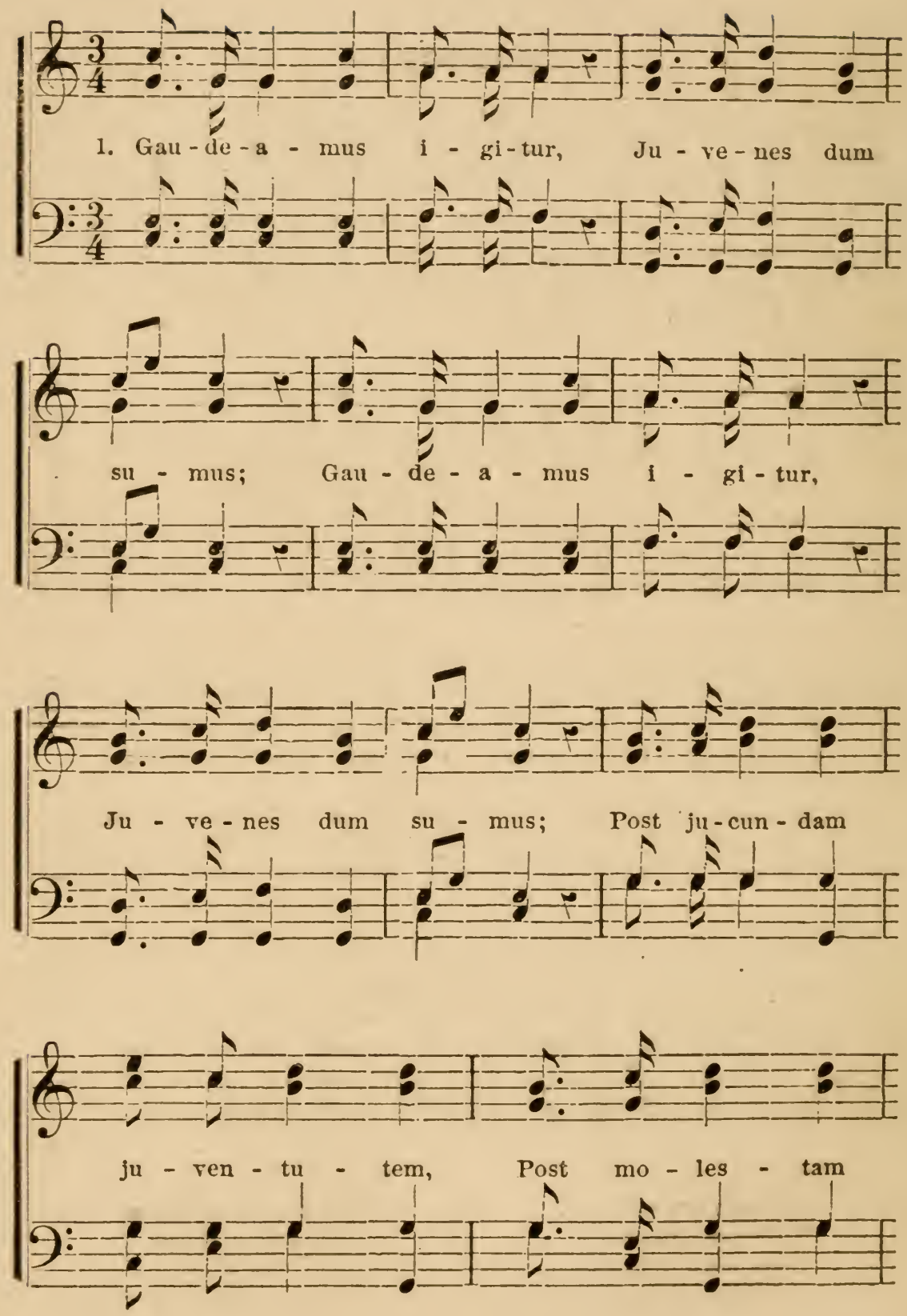
LAURIGER.

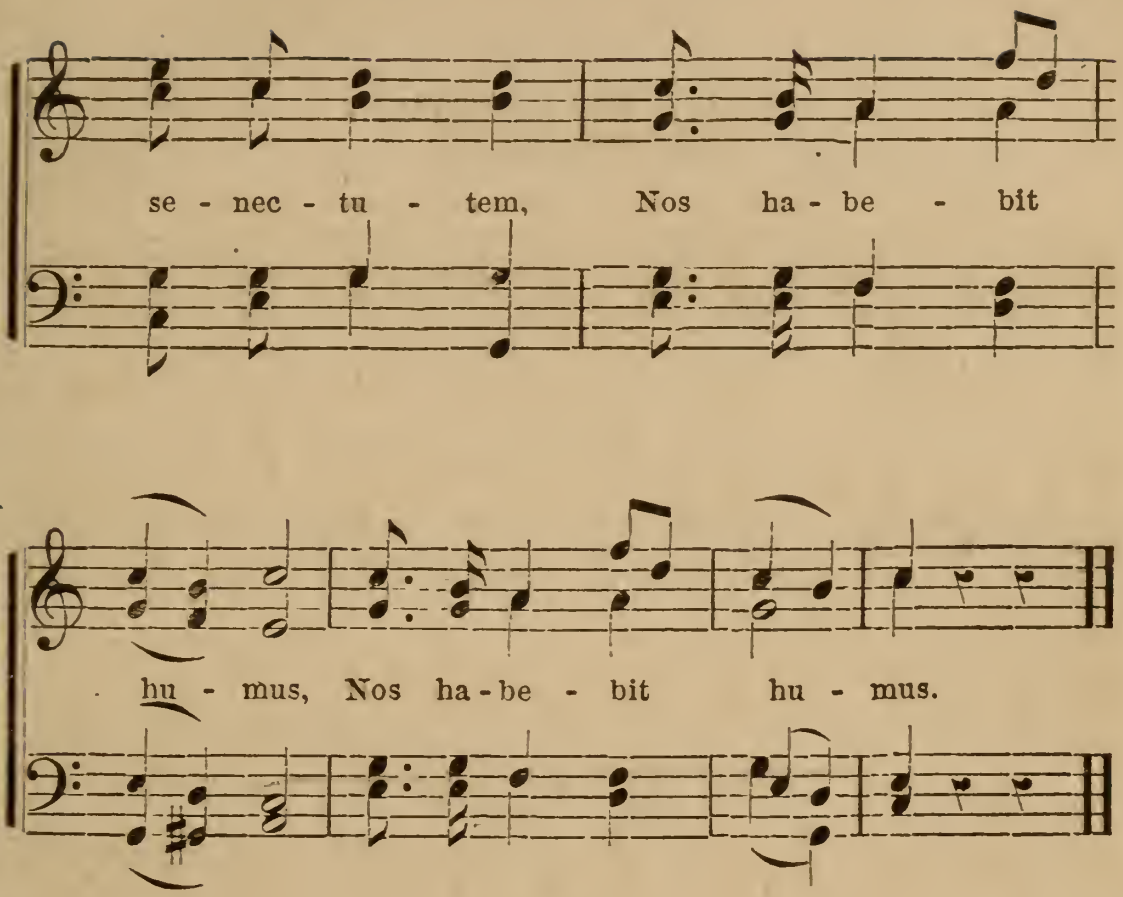


2 Crescit uva molliter,
Et puella crescit,
Sed poeta turpiter,
Sitiens canescit. CHO.

3 Quid juvat æternitas
Nominis; amare
Nisi terræ filias
Licet, et potare? CHO.

GAUDEAMUS.


1. Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur, Ju - ve - nes dum
su - mus; Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur,
Ju - ve - nes dum su - mus; Post ju - cun - dam
ju - ven - tu - tem, Post mo - les - tam



2 Ubi sunt, qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?
Transeas ad superos,
Abeas ad inferos,
Quos si vis videre.

3 Vita nostra brevis est,
Brevi finietur,
Venit mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nemini parcetur.

4 Vivat academia,
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quælibet,
Semper sint in flore.

5 Vivant omnes virgines,
Faciles, formosæ,
Vivant et mulieres,
Teneræ amabiles,
Bonæ laboriosæ.

6 Vivat et republica,
Et qui illam regit,
Vivat nostra civitas,
Mæcenatum caritas,
Quæ nos hic protegit.

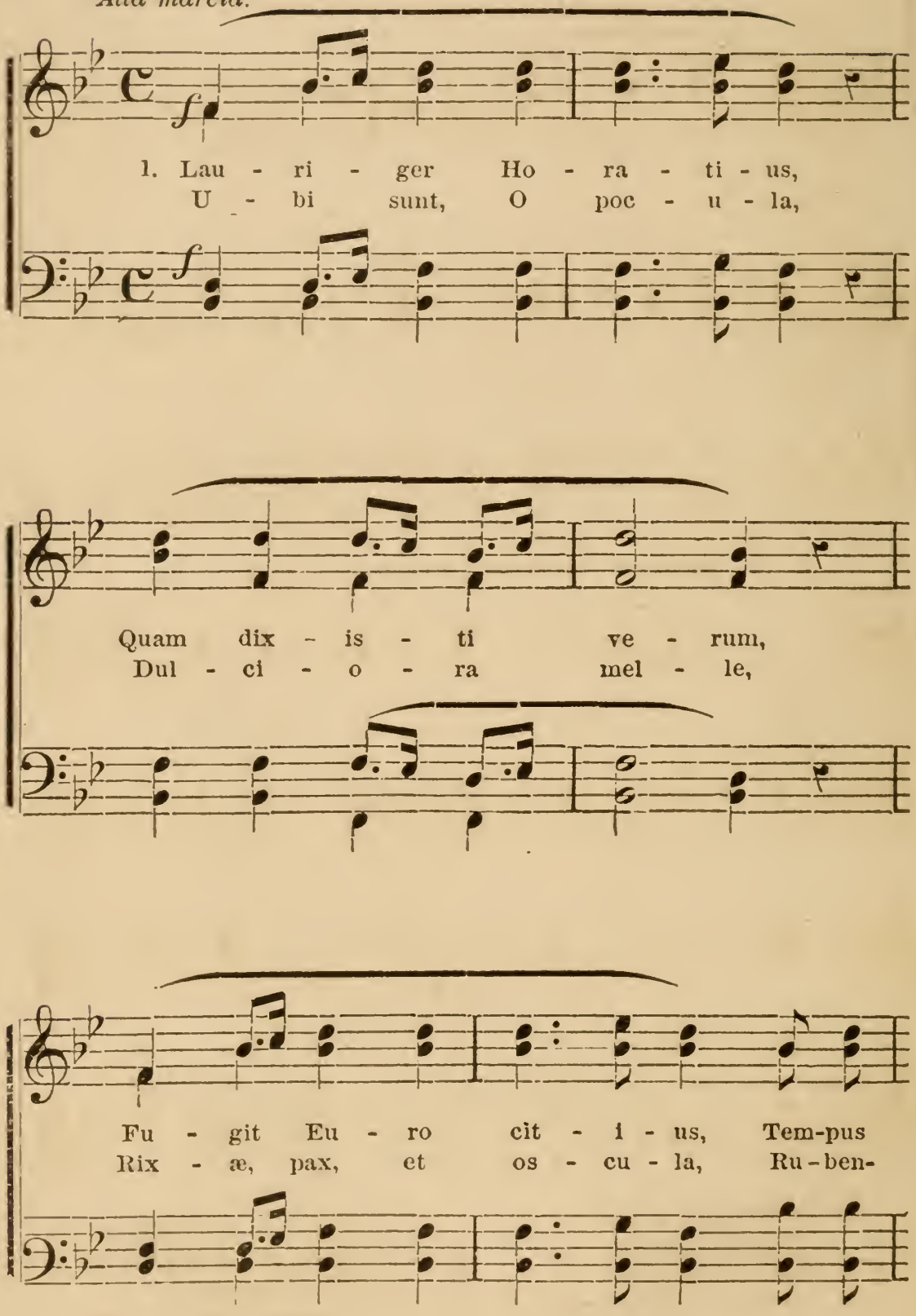
7 Pereat tristitia,
Pereant osores,
Pereat diabolus,
Quivis antiburschius,
Atque irrisores.

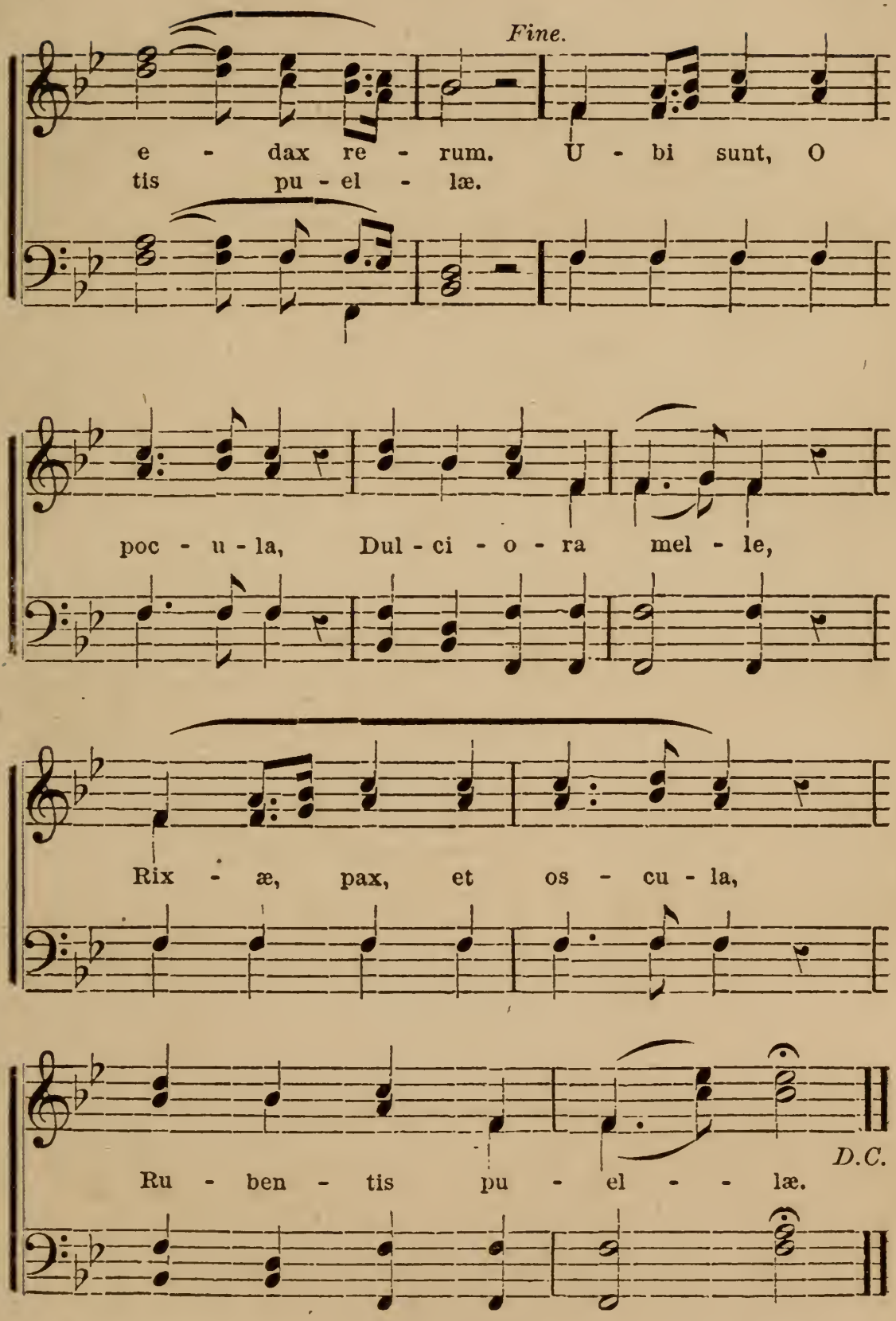
8 Quis confluxus hodie
Academicorum?
E longinquo convenerunt
Protinusque successerunt
In commune forum.

9 Alma Mater floreat,
Quæ nos educavit,
Caros et commilitones,
Dissitas in regiones
Sparsos congregavit.

Jl Puritani.

Alla marcia.

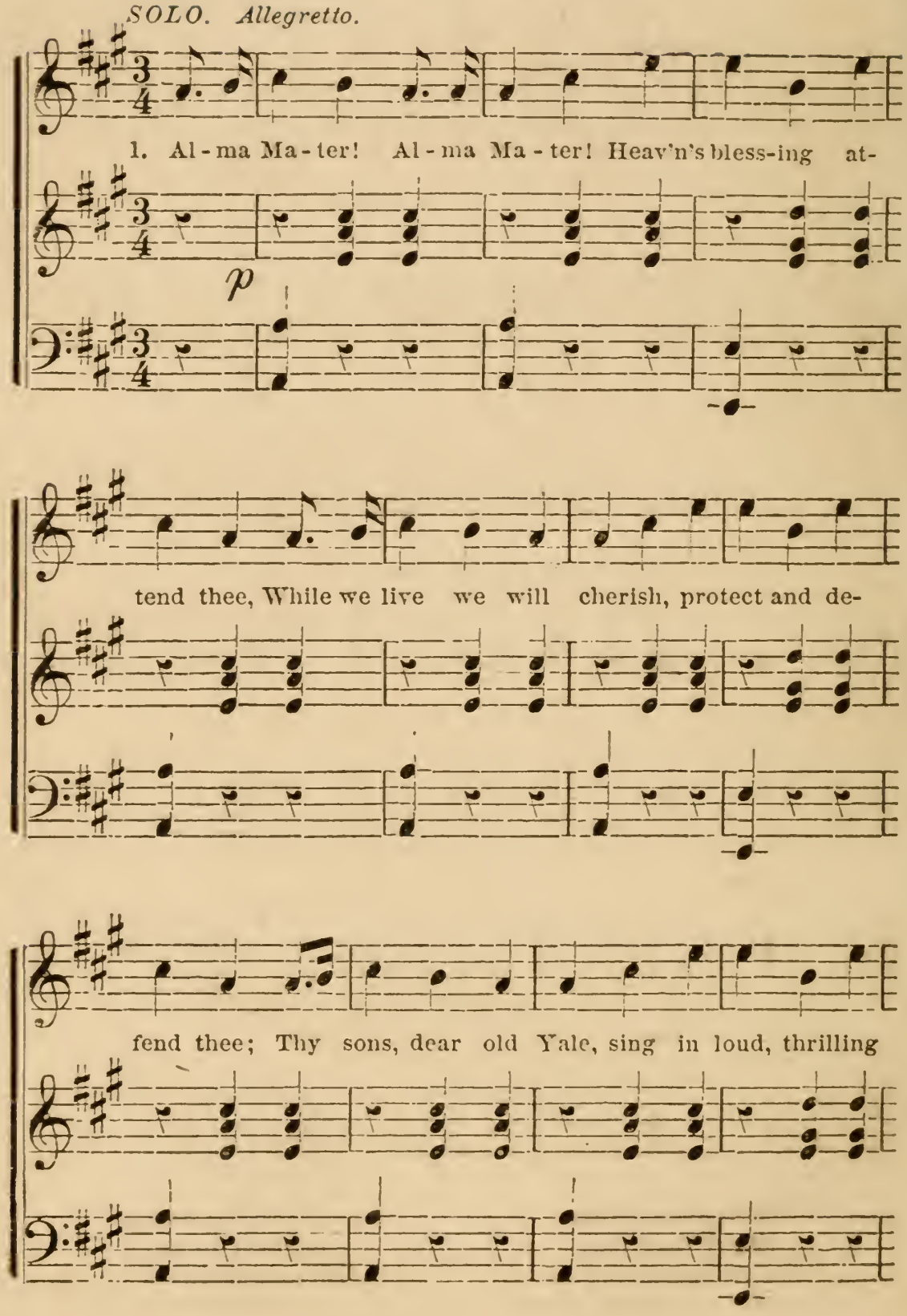


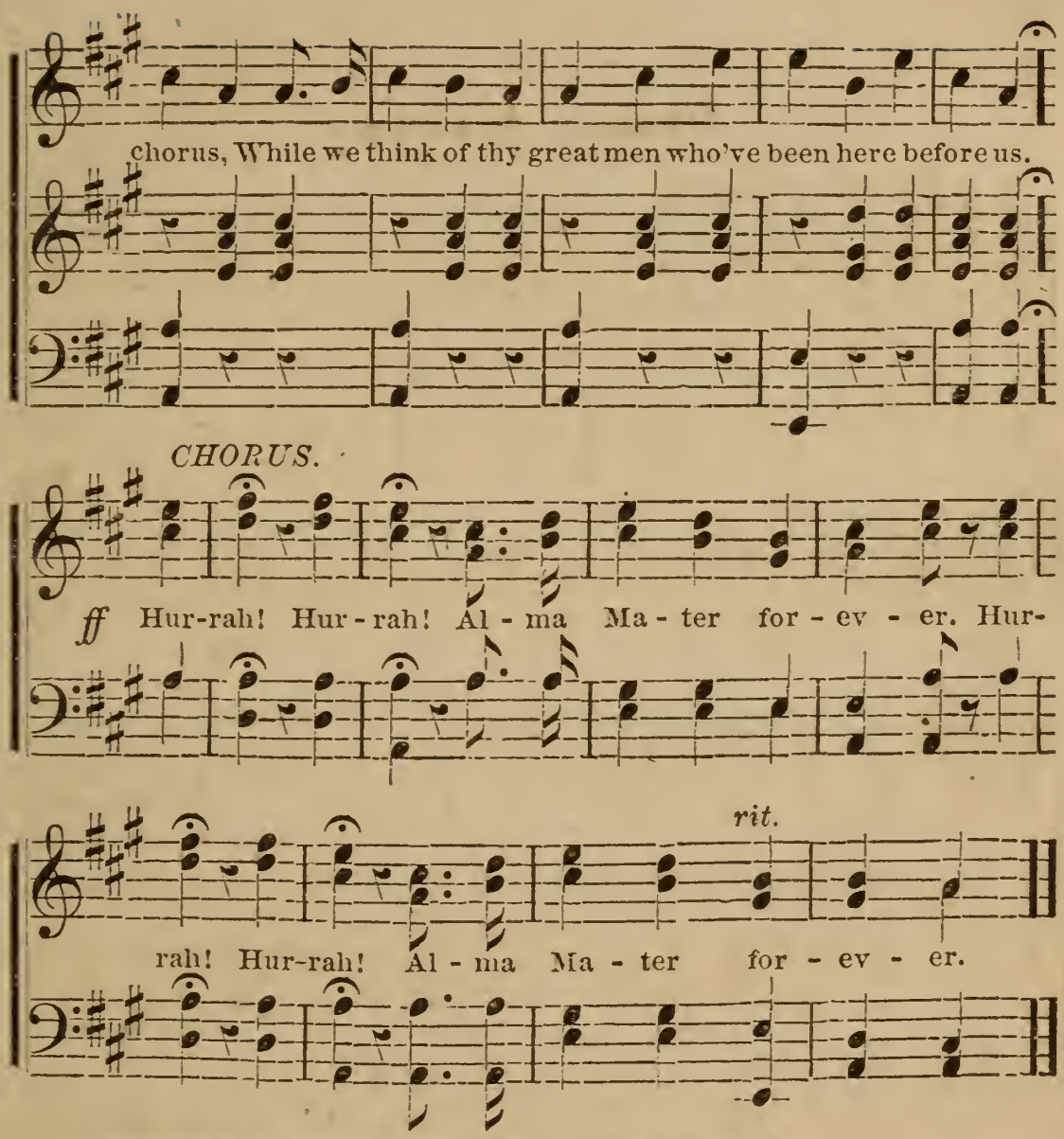


2 Crescit uva molliter,
Et puella crescit,
Sed poeta turpiter,
Sitiens canescit. CHO.

2 Quid juvat æternitas
Nominis; amare
Nisi terræ filias
Licet, et potare! CHO.

ALMA MATER.


SOLO. Allegretto.
1. Al - ma Ma - ter! Al - ma Ma - ter! Heav'n's bless-ing at-
p
tend thee, While we live we will cherish, protect and de-
fend thee; Thy sons, dear old Yale, sing in loud, thrilling



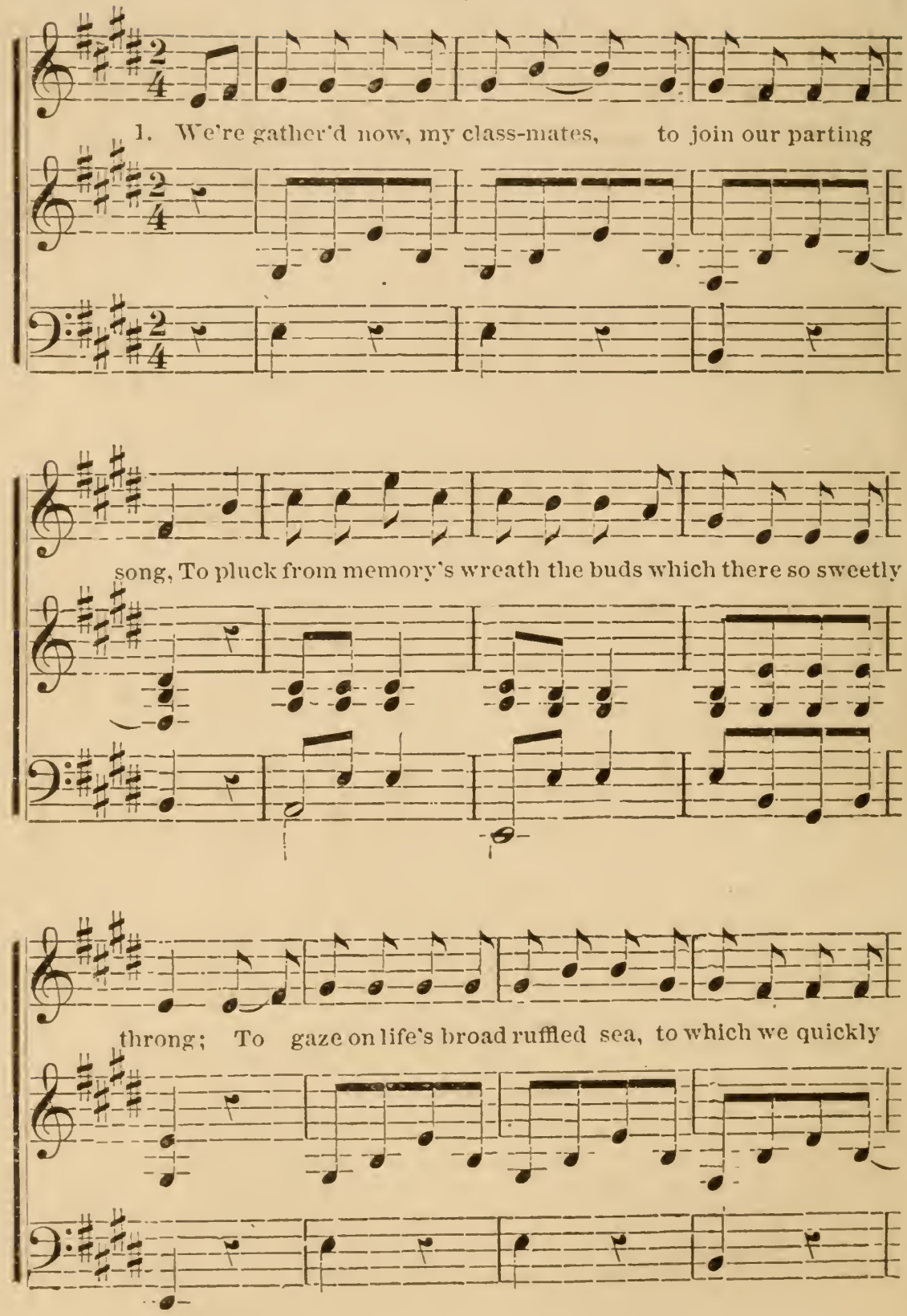
2 Alma Mater! Alma Mater! we ne'er shall forget thee;
Embalmed in the shrine of our hearts have we set thee;
Thou haven of rest in life's tempest-torn ocean,
Where calmly we rode in youth's wildest commotion.
Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

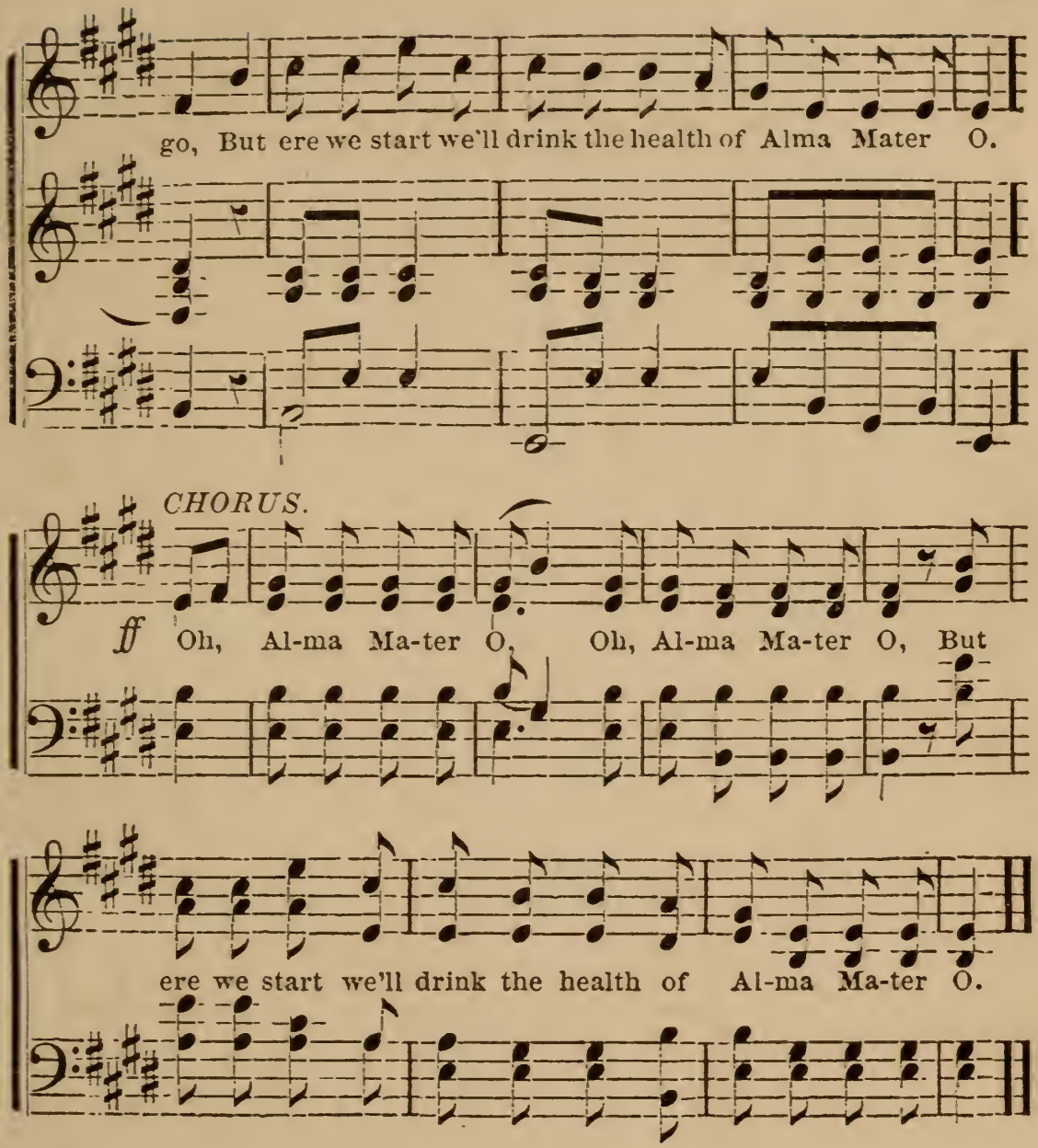
3 Alma Mater! Alma Mater! watch o'er our last parting,
Wipe away those sad tears that too soon may be starting;
Whisper thou o'er our doubts, "Duty calls you, be brave,
Truth's soldiers are fainting, go, succor and save.
Be brave, be true, your country will love you;
Be right—your might in God above you."

4 Alma Mater! Alma Mater! we will bring to thy shrine
Our first fruits of Fame,—let the offering be thine;
You trained our young minds, and you taught us to think;
From thy classic fountains rich draughts did we drink.
Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

5 Alma Mater! Alma Mater! ere we visit thee more,
These elms may be falling, all moss-covered o'er;
Yet we'll tread thy old halls, though with ag'd footfall creeping,
Their echoes shall wake joys that only were sleeping.
Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

Benny Havens.





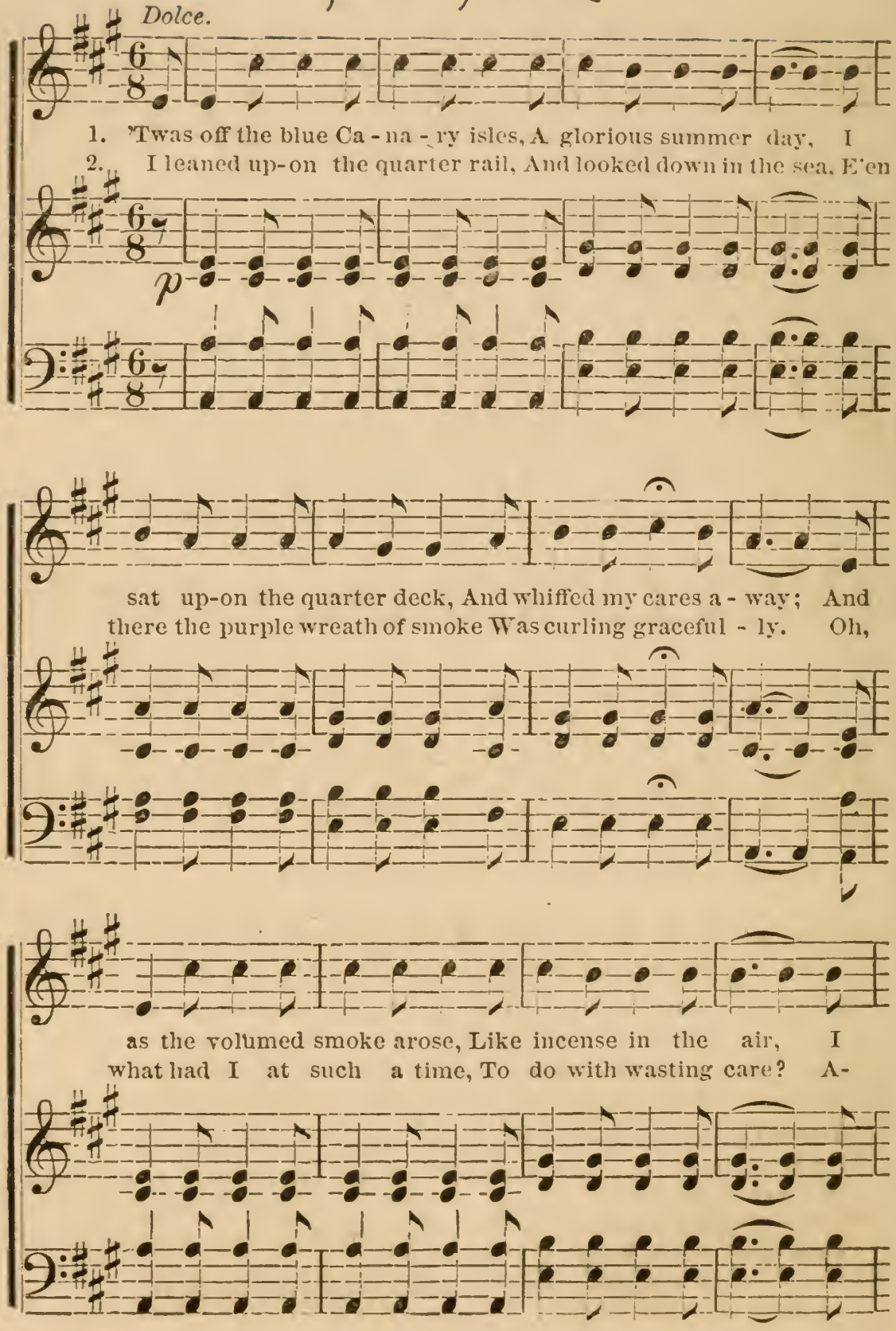
2 We go to taste the joys of life, like bubbles on its tide,
Now glittering in its sunbeams and dancing in their pride,
But bubble like they'll break and burst, and leave us sad, you know,
There's none so sweet as memory of Alma Mater O. CHO.

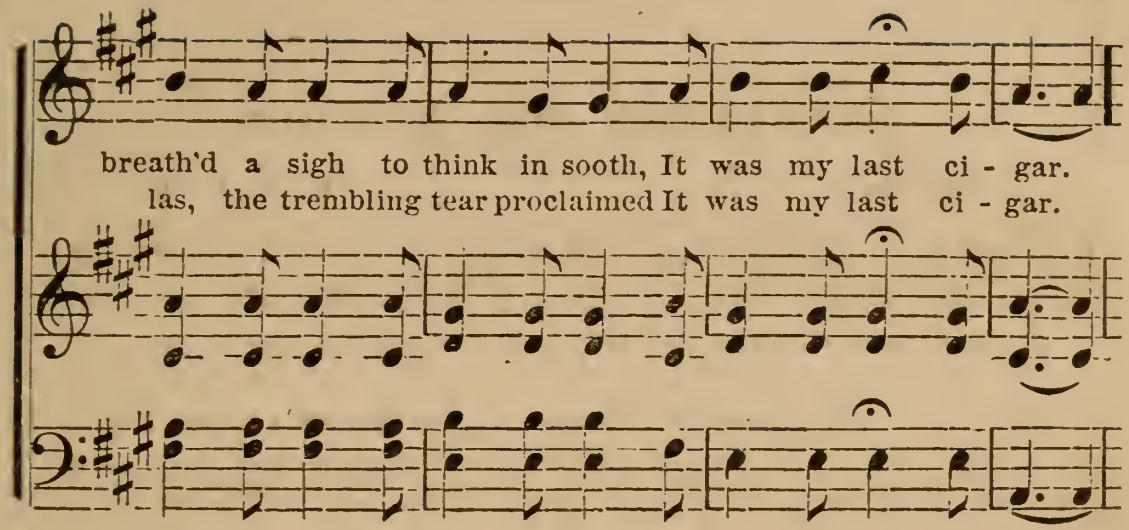
3 Hither we came with hearts of joy, with joy we now will part,
And give to each the parting grasp which speaks a brother's heart,
United firm in pleasing words, which can no breaking know,
For Sons of Yale can ne'er forget their Alma Mater O. CHO.

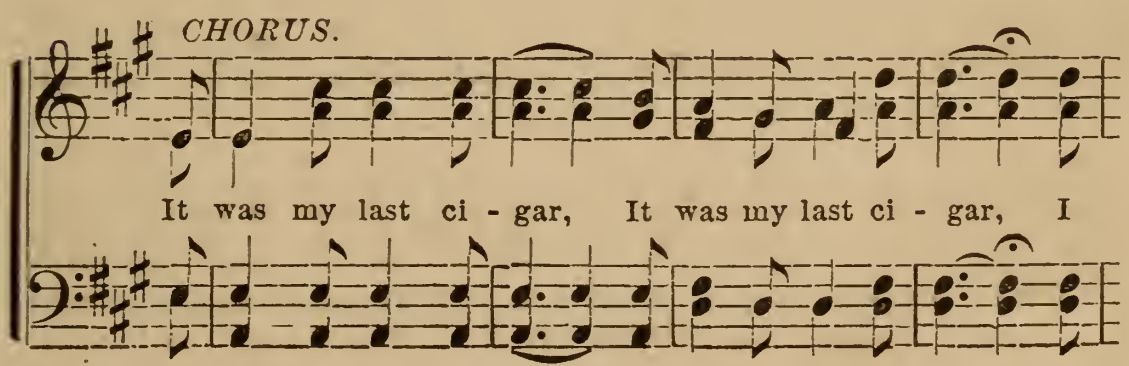
4 Then brush the tear-drop from your eye, and happy let us be,
For joy alone should fill the hearts of those as blest as we;
One cheerful chorus, ringing loud, we'll give before we go,
The memory of college days and Alma Mater O.

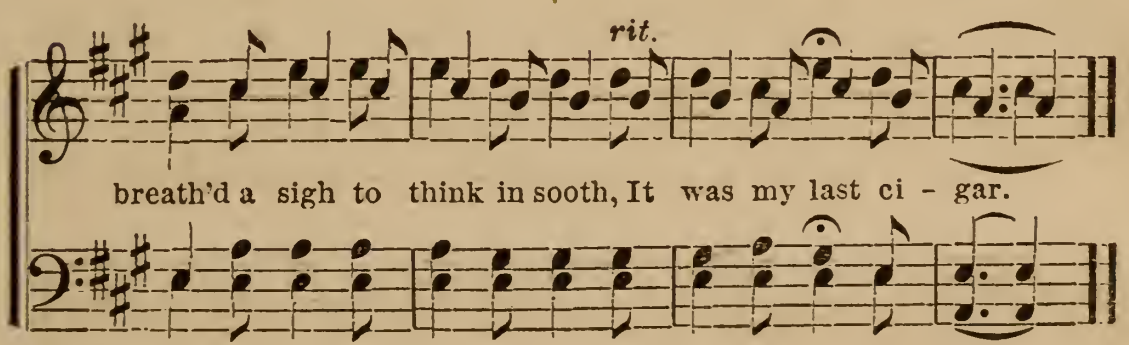
CHO. — Oh, Alma Mater O, Alma Mater O,
Hurrah! hurrah! for college days and Alma Mater O.

LAST CIGAR.


Dolce.
1. 'Twas off the blue Ca - na - ry isles, A glorious summer day, I
2. I leaned up-on the quarter rail, And looked down in the sea, E'en
p
sat up-on the quarter deck, And whiffed my cares a - way; And
there the purple wreath of smoke Was curling graceful - ly. Oh,
as the volumed smoke arose, Like incense in the air, I
what had I at such a time, To do with wasting care? A-





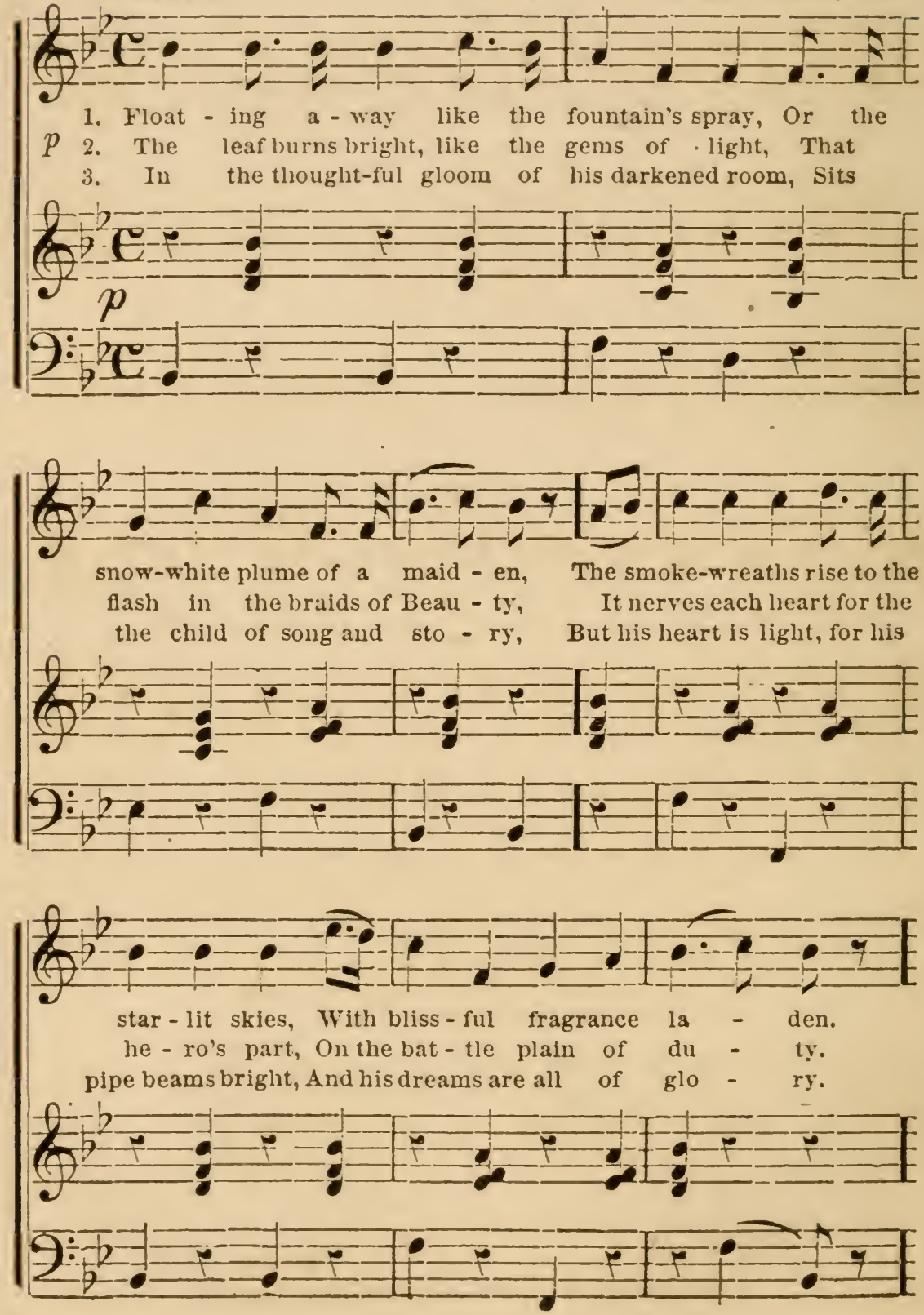


3 I watched the ashes as it came
Fast drawing toward the end,
I watched it as a friend would watch
Beside a dying friend;
But still the flame crept slowly on,
It vanished into air,
I threw it from me, spare the tale,
It was my last cigar. CHO.

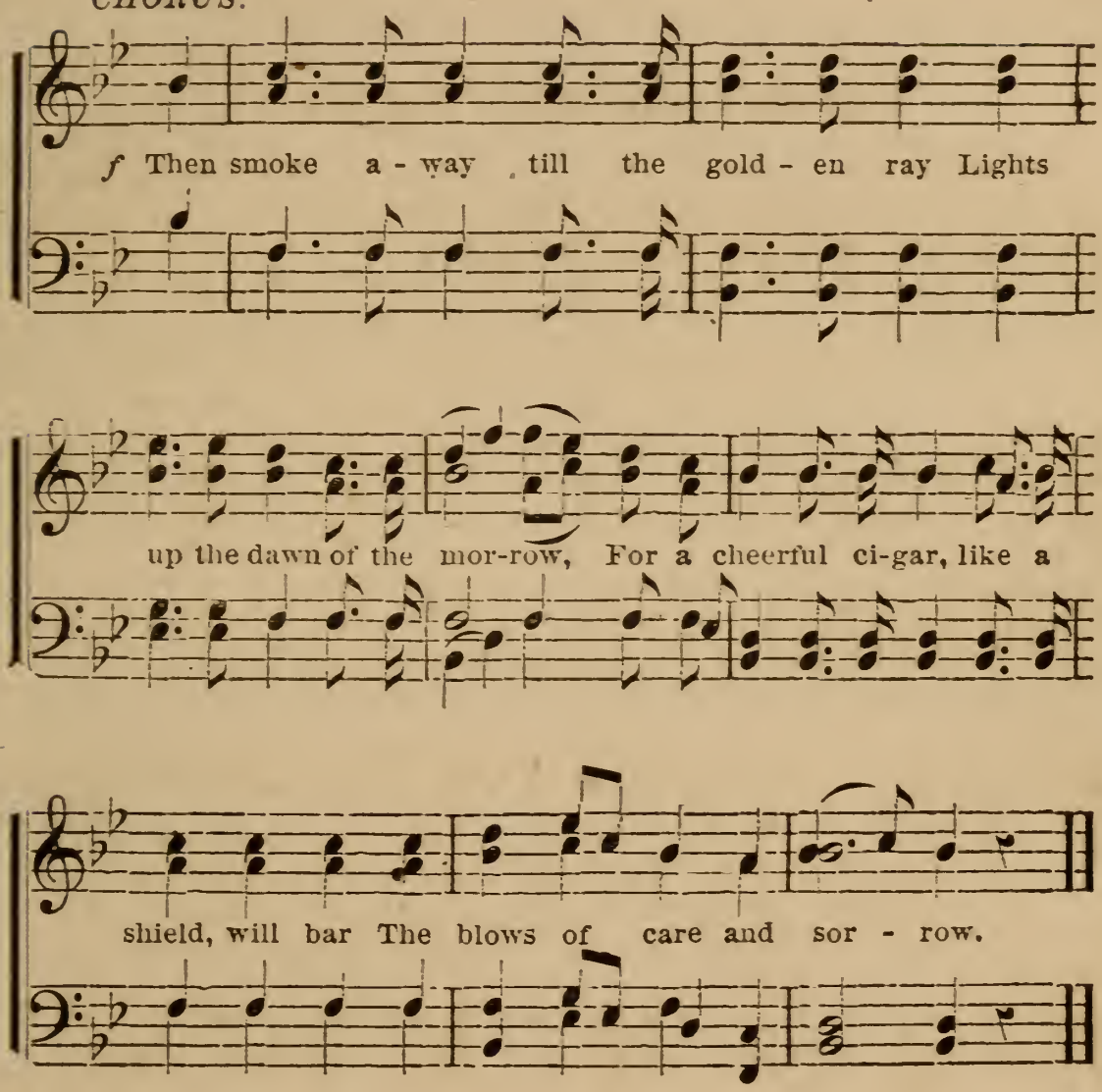
4 I've seen the land of all I love
Fade in the distance dim,
I've watched above the blighted heart,
Where once proud hope hath been;
But I've never known a sorrow
That could with that compare,
When off the blue Canaries.
I smoked my last cigar. CHO.

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

Andante. F. M. FINCH, '49.



CHORUS.



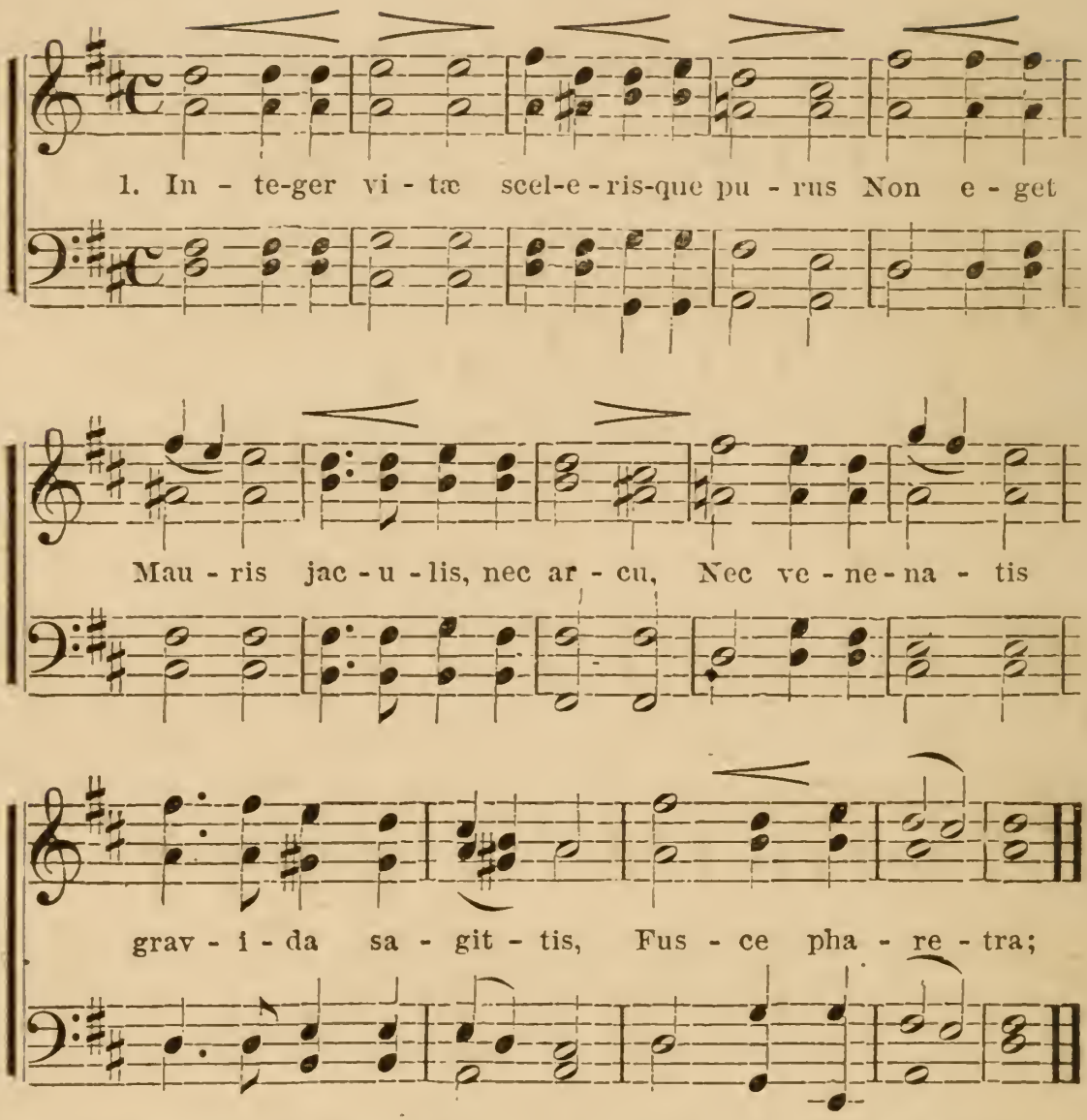
4 By the blazing fire sits the gray-haired sire,
And infant arms surround him;
And he smiles on all in that quaint old hall,
While the smoke-curls float around him. CHO.

5 In the forest grand of our native land,
When the savage conflict's ended,
The "Pipe of Peace" brought a sweet release
From toil and terror blended. CHO.

6 The dark-eyed train of the maids of Spain,
'Neath their arbor shades trip lightly,
And a gleaming cigar, like a new-born star,
In the clasp of their lips burns brightly. CHO.

7 It warms the soul like the blushing bowl,
With its rose-red burden streaming,
And drowns it in bliss, like the first warm kiss
From the lips with love-buds teeming. CHO.

INTEGER VITÆ.



2 Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes,

3 Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit inermem:

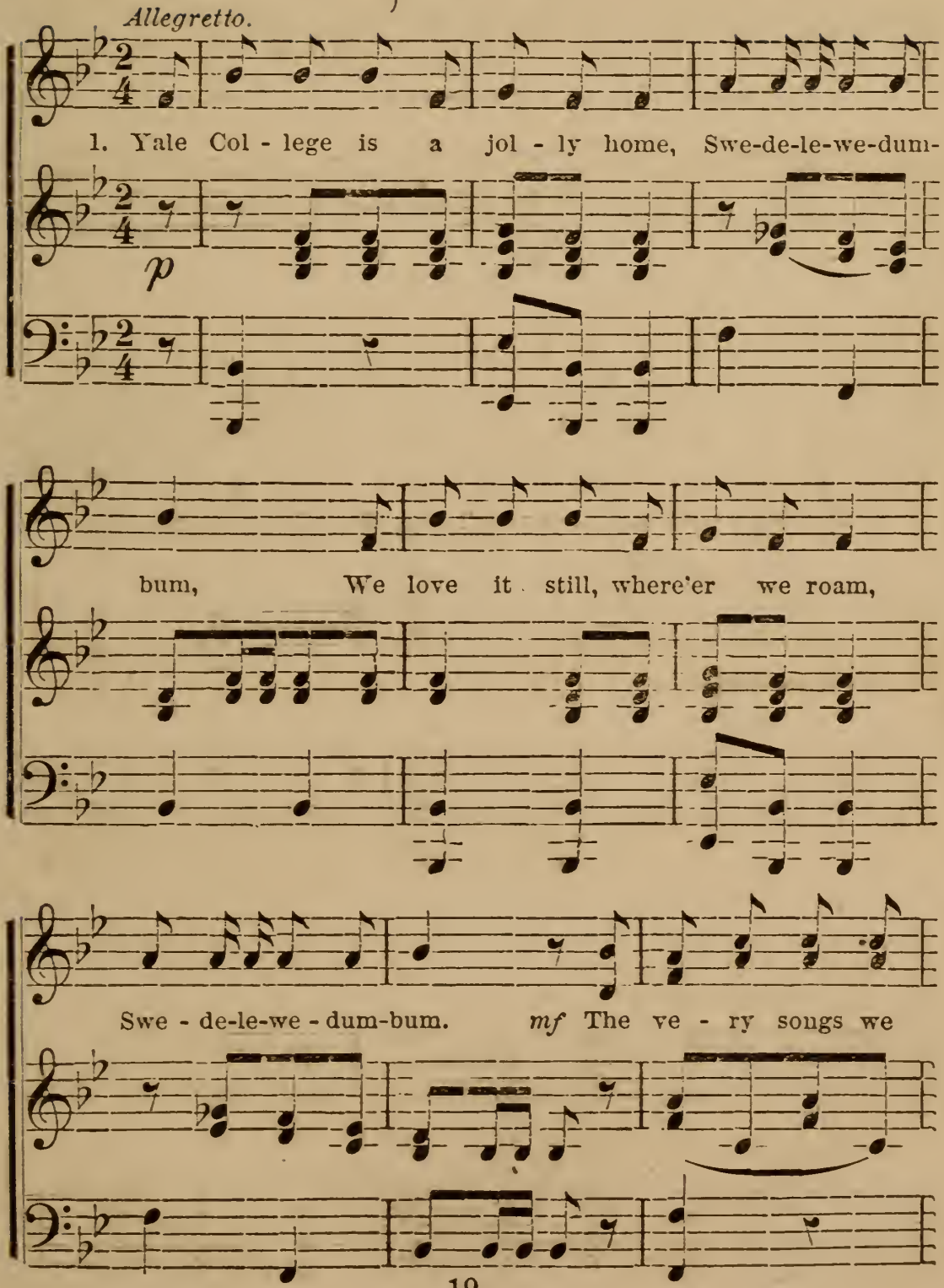
4 Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit æsculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

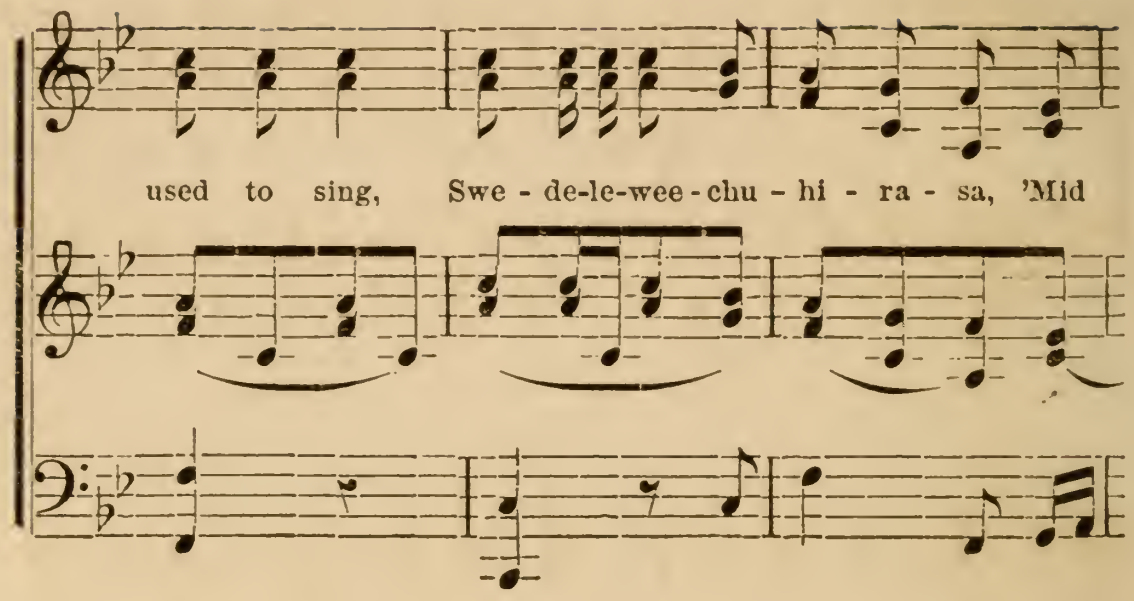
5 Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura;
Quod latus mundi nebulæ malusque
Jupiter urget.

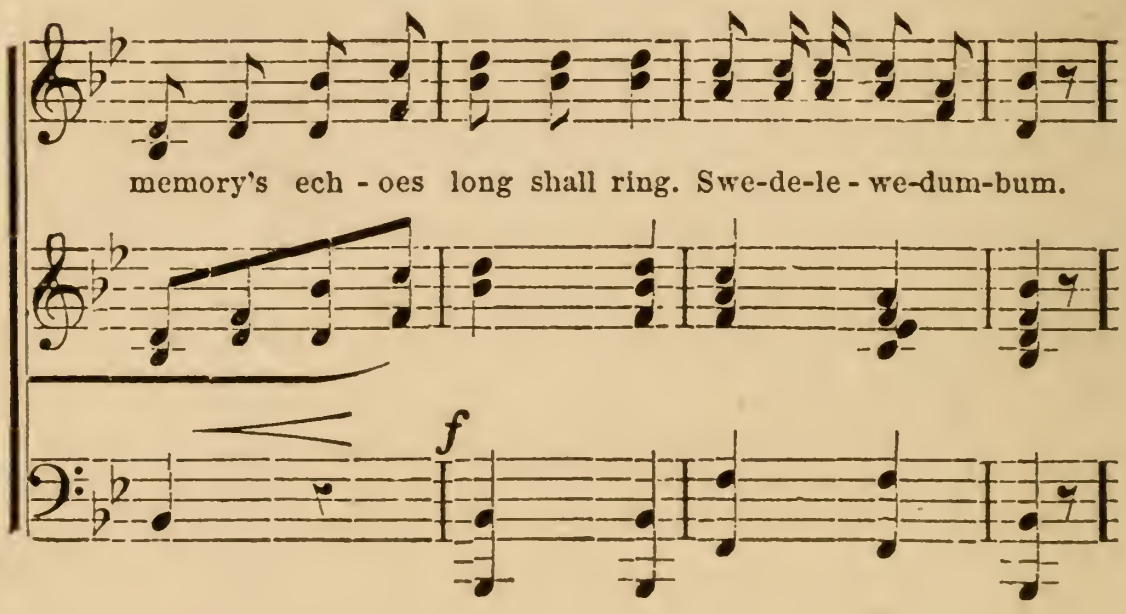
6 Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terra domibus negata;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo
Dulce loquentem.

PART II.

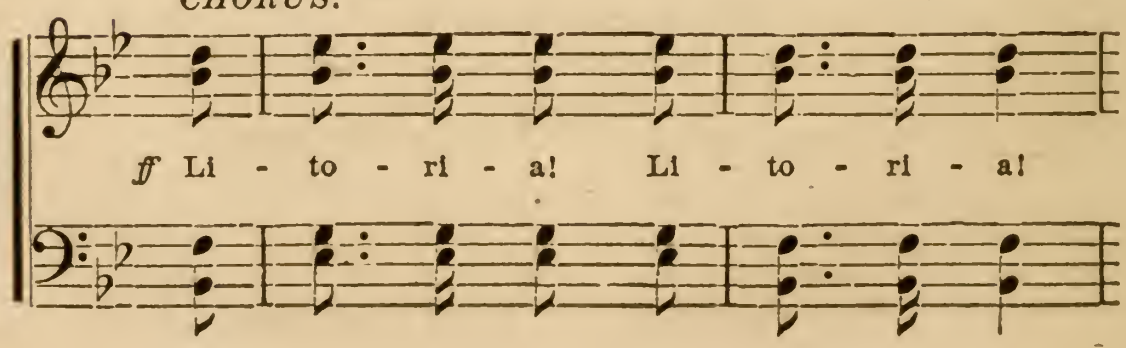
LITORIA.

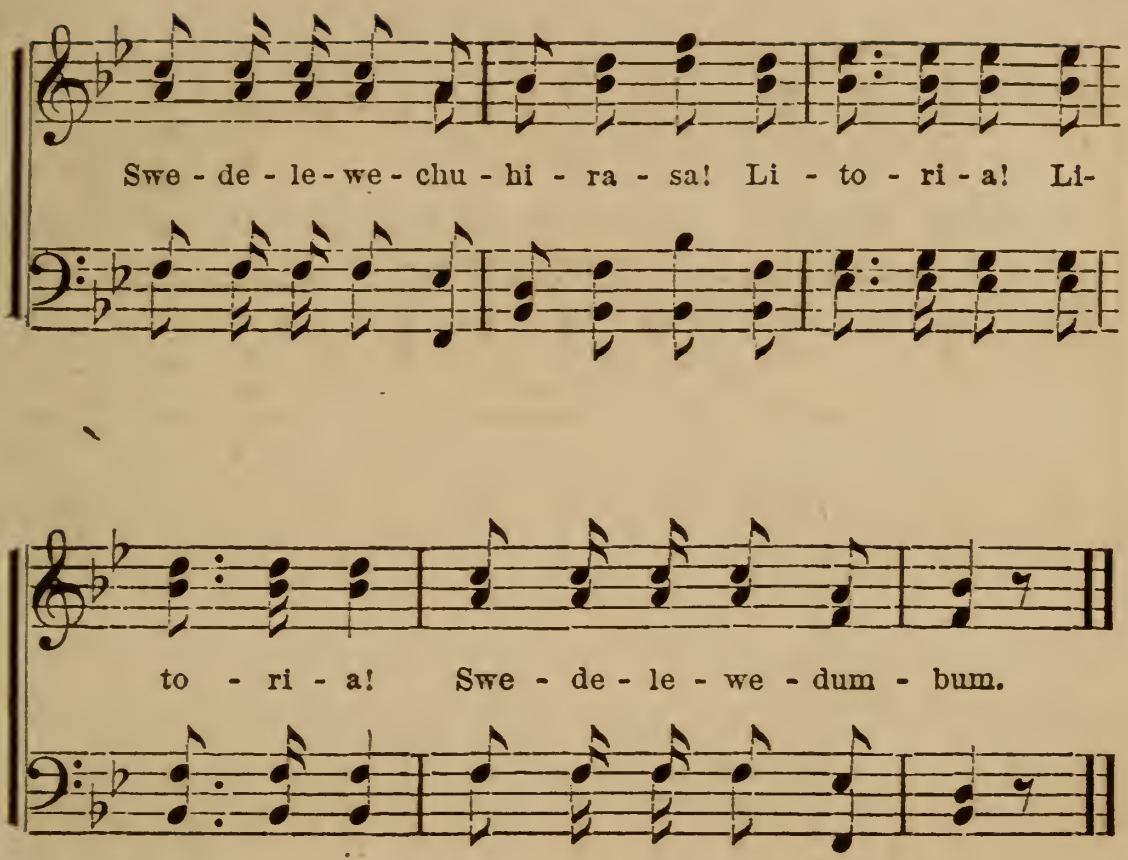



used to sing, Swe - de-le-wee - chu - hi - ra - sa, 'Mid


memory's ech - oes long shall ring. Swe-de-le - we-dum-bum.
f

CHORUS.


ff Li - to - ri - a! Li - to - ri - a!



2 As Freshmen first we come to Yale:
Examinations make us pale.
But when we reach our Senior year,
Of such things we have lost our fear. CHO.

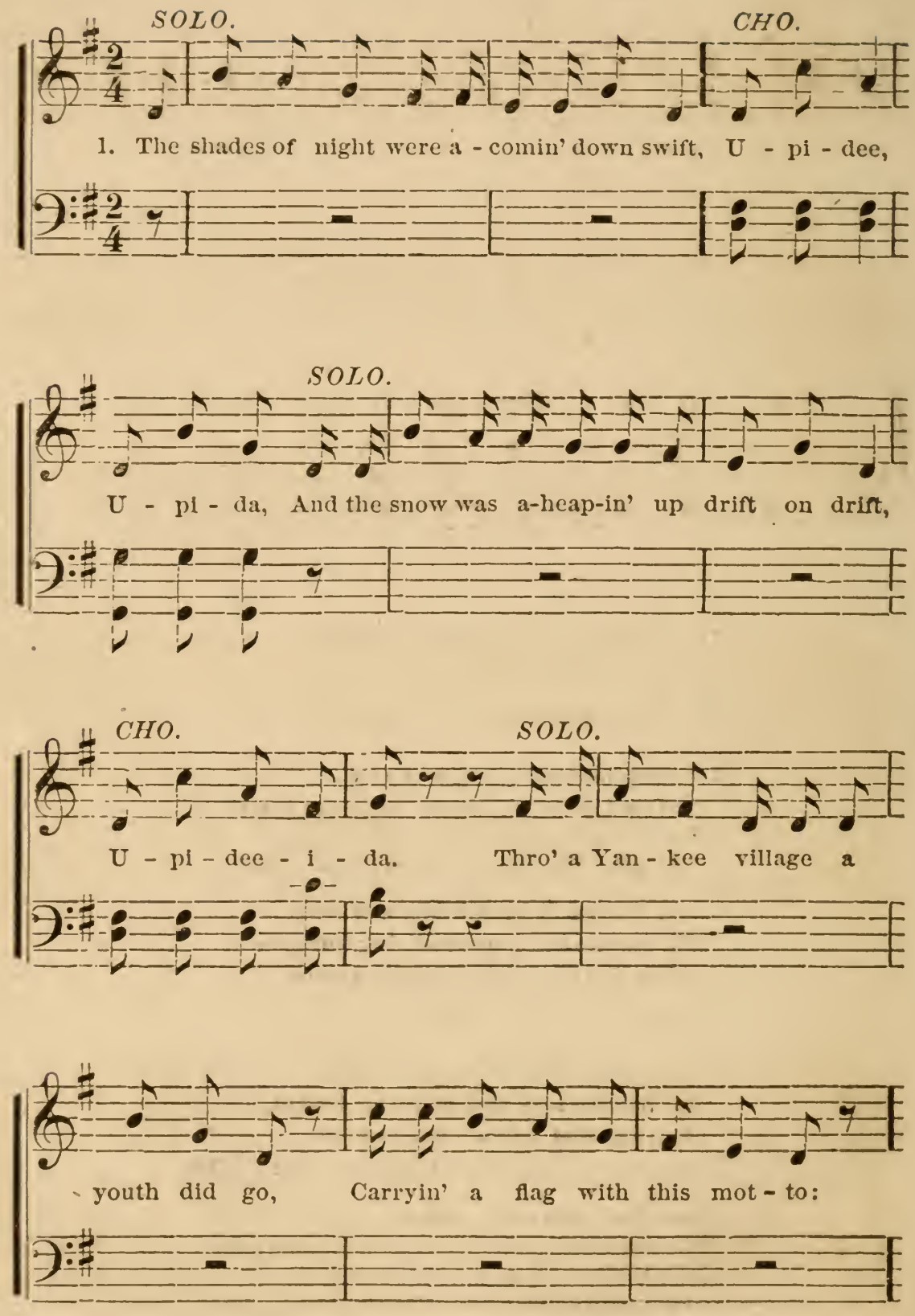
3 As Sophomores we have a task—
'Tis best performed with torch and mask;
For Euclid dead the Students weep,
And bury him while Tutors sleep. CHO.

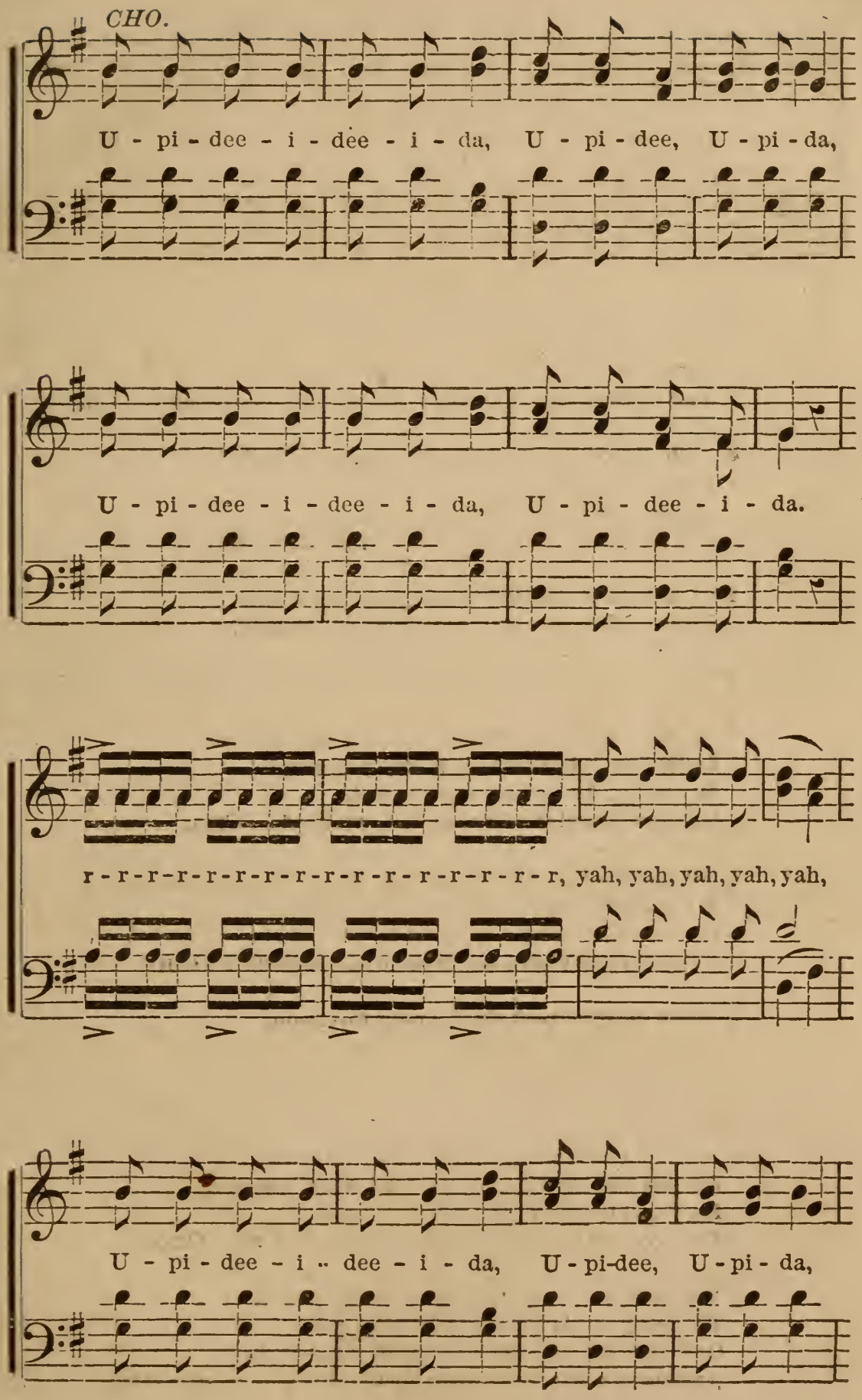
4 "In Junior Year we take our ease,
We smoke our pipe and sing our glees,"
When College life begins to swoon,
It drinks new life from the Wooden Spoon. CHO.

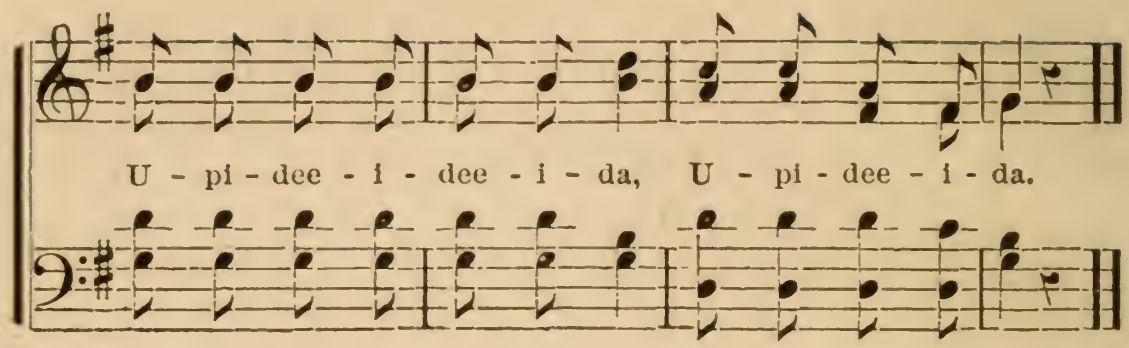
5 In Senior Year we play our parts
In making love and winning hearts;
The saddest tale we have to tell,
Is when we bid our friends farewell! CHO.

6 And then into the world we come:
We've made good friends, and studied some.
And till the sun and moon shall pale
We'll love and rev'rence Mother Yale. CHO.

UPIDEE.


SOLO.
CHO.
1. The shades of night were a - comin' down swift, U - pi - dee,
SOLO.
U - pi - da, And the snow was a-heap-in' up drift on drift,
CHO.
SOLO.
U - pi - dee - i - da. Thro' a Yan - kee village a
youth did go, Carryin' a flag with this mot - to:


CHO.
U - pi - dee - i - dee - i - da, U - pi - dee, U - pi - da,
U - pi - dee - i - dee - i - da, U - pi - dee - i - da.
r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r, yah, yah, yah, yah, yah,
U - pi - dee - i - dee - i - da, U - pi - dee, U - pi - da,



2 O'er his high forehead curled copious hair,
He'd a Roman nose, and complexion fair;
He'd a bright blue eye, and an auburn lash,
And he ever kept a shoutin' through his moustache: — CHO.

3 "Oh, dont go up," said an old man; "stop!
It's blowing gales up there on top,
You'll tumble off on the t'other side,"
But the hurrying stranger still replied: — CHO.

4 "Oh, dont go up such a shocking bad night,
Come rest in this lap," said a maiden bright;
A tear on his Roman nose did come;
But still he remarked, as upward he clumb: — CHO.

5 "Look out for the branch of the sycamore tree,
Dodge the rolling stones if any you see;"
So saying, the farmer went to bed,
But that singular voice replied overhead: — CHO.

6 He saw through the windows as he kept a-gettin' upper,
A number of families sitting at supper;
He eyed those slippery rocks very keen,
But fled as he cried, and cried while a-fleein': — CHO.

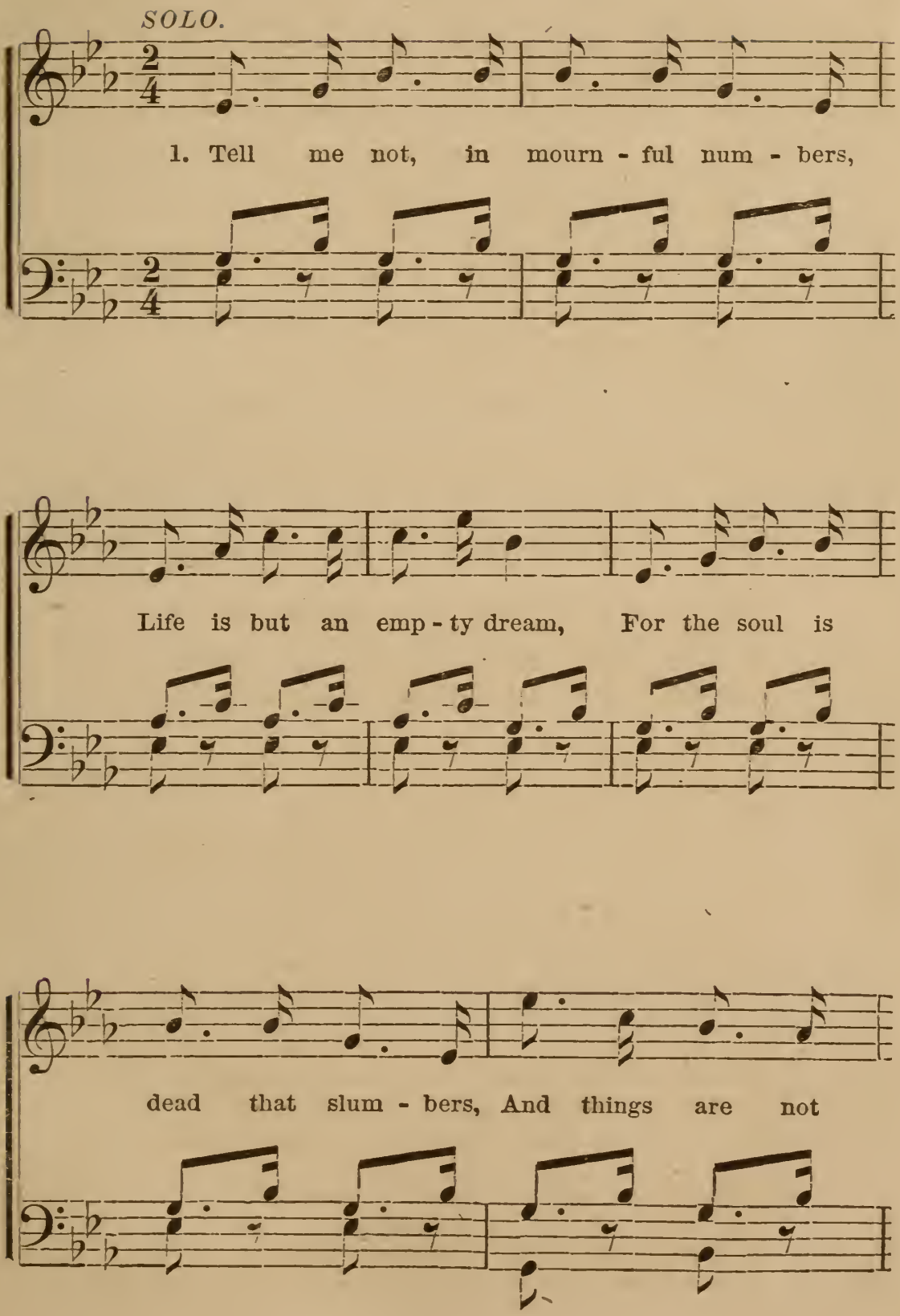
7 About quarter-past six the next forenoon,
A man accidentally going up soon,
Heard spoken above him as much as twice,
Those very same words in a very weak voice: — CHO.

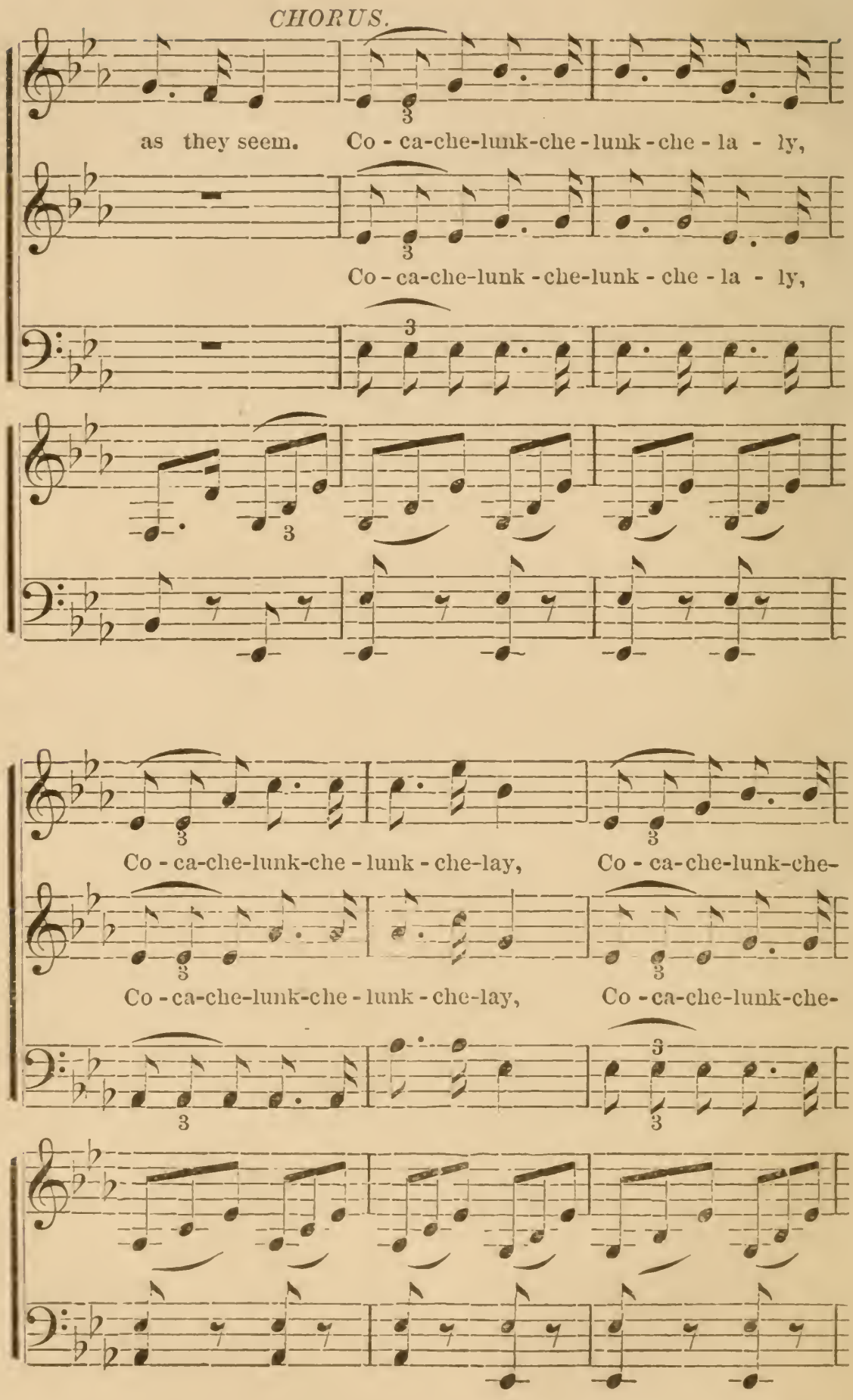
8 Not far, I believe, from a quarter of seven,
He was slow getting up, the road being uneven;
He found buried up in the snow and ice,
The boy and the flag with the strange device: — CHO.

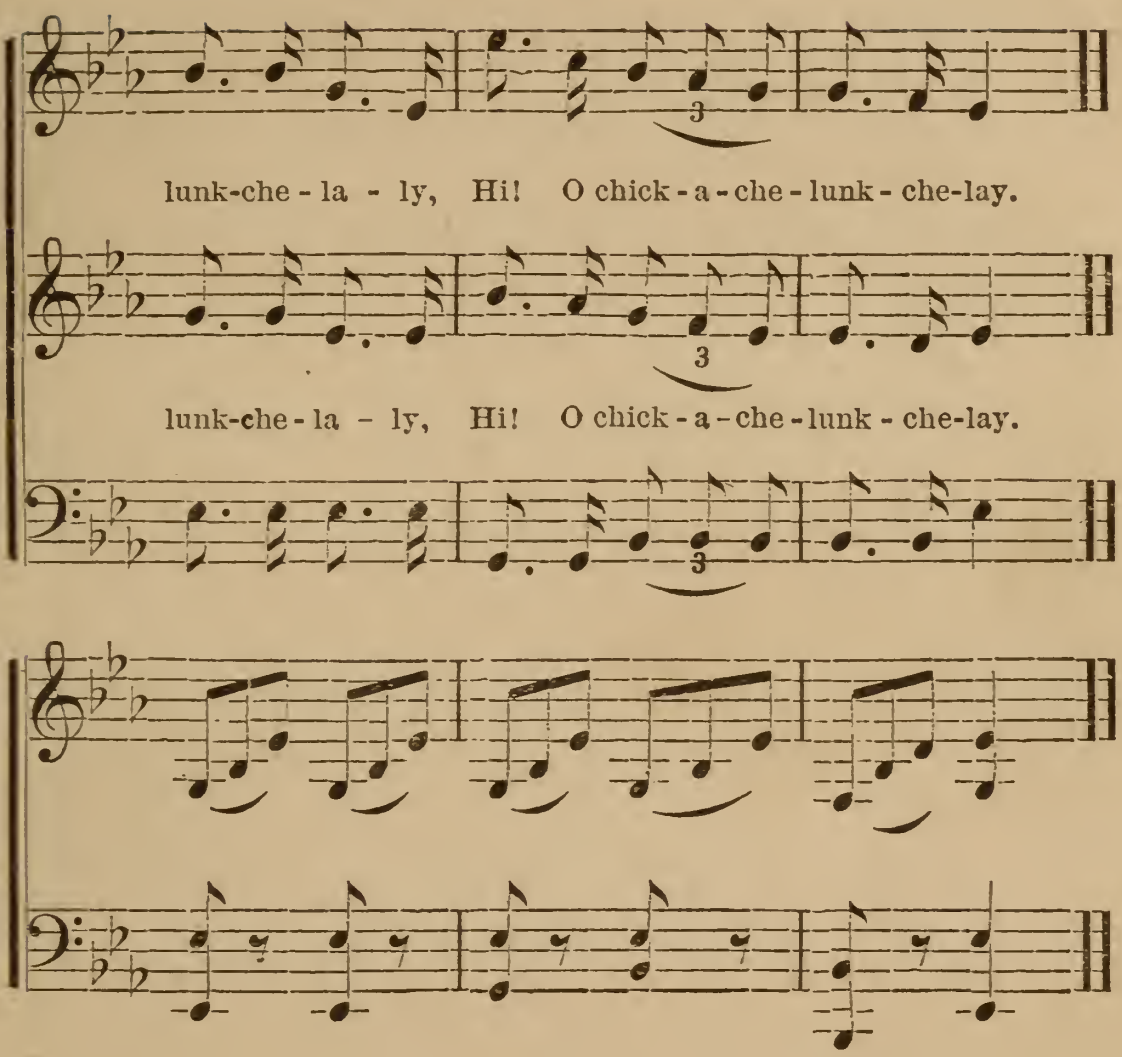
9 Yes, he's dead, defunct, without any doubt,
The lamp of his life entirely gone out,
On the drear hill-side the youth was a-layin',
And there was no more use for him to be a-sayin': — CHO.

CO - CA - CHE - LUNK.

SOLO.




CHORUS.
as they seem. Co - ca-che-lunk-che - lunk - che - la - ly,
Co - ca-che-lunk - che-lunk - che - la - ly,
Co - ca-che-lunk-che - lunk - che-lay, Co - ca-che-lunk-che-
Co - ca-che-lunk-che - lunk - che-lay, Co - ca-che-lunk-che-



2.

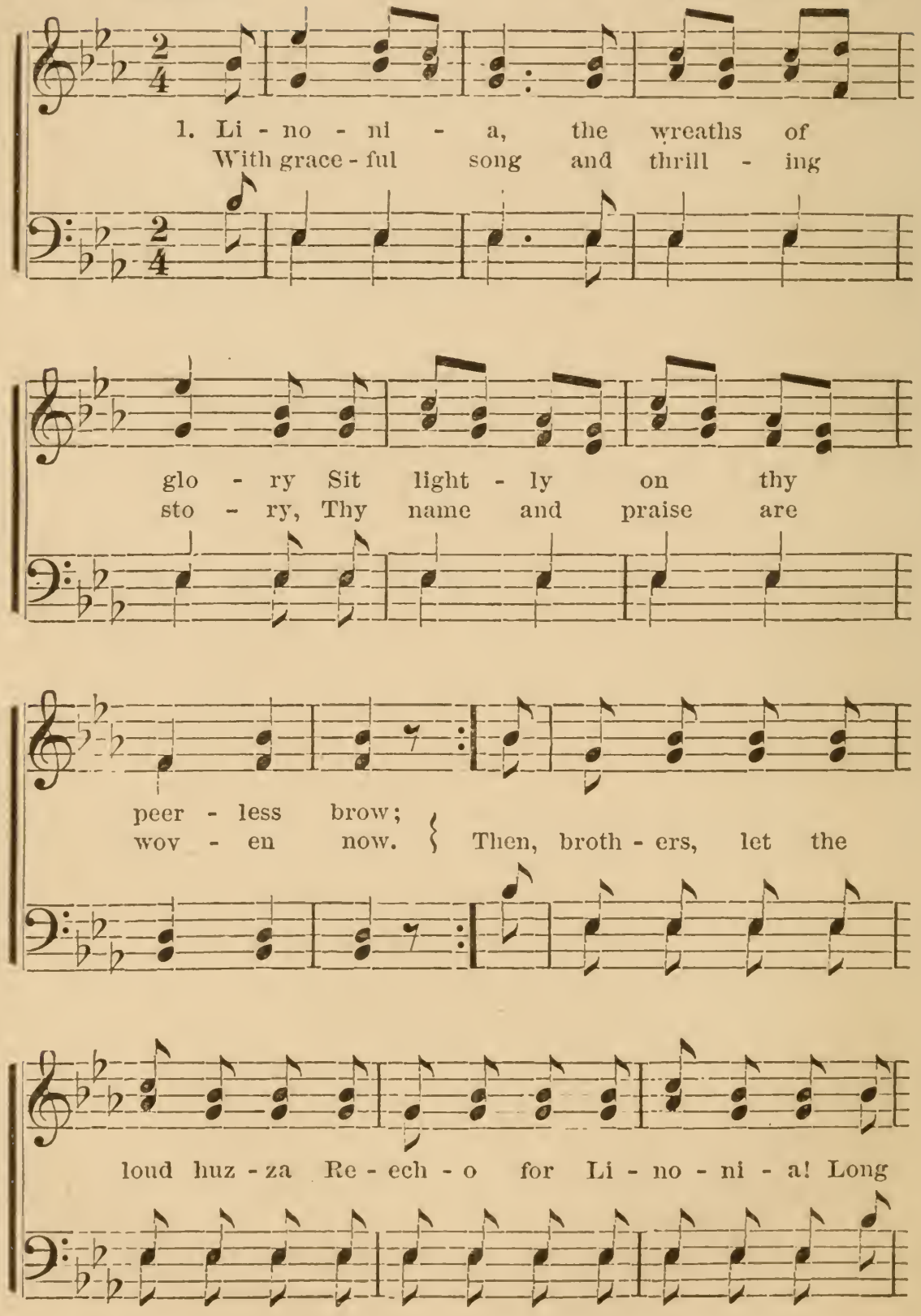
Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

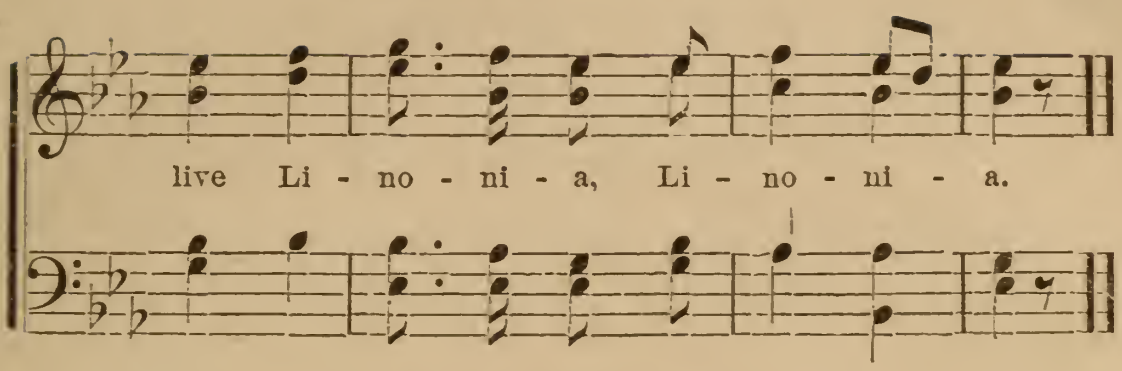
3.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

CRAMBAMBULI.

Andante. F. M. FINCH, '49.





2 From northern rock and southern valley,
From crystal lake and prairie land,
Her children, at her summons, rally
And gather round her, hand in hand.
Then let it ring — the loud huzza,
For gallant, gay Linonia!
Long live Linonia — Linonia!

3 On Senate floor and field of battle,
Her sons have struck the patriot's blow;
Nor foreign threat, nor musket rattle,
Could bend their noble spirits low.
Then proudly shout huzza, huzza!
Our hearts are thine, Linonia!
Long live Linonia — Linonia!

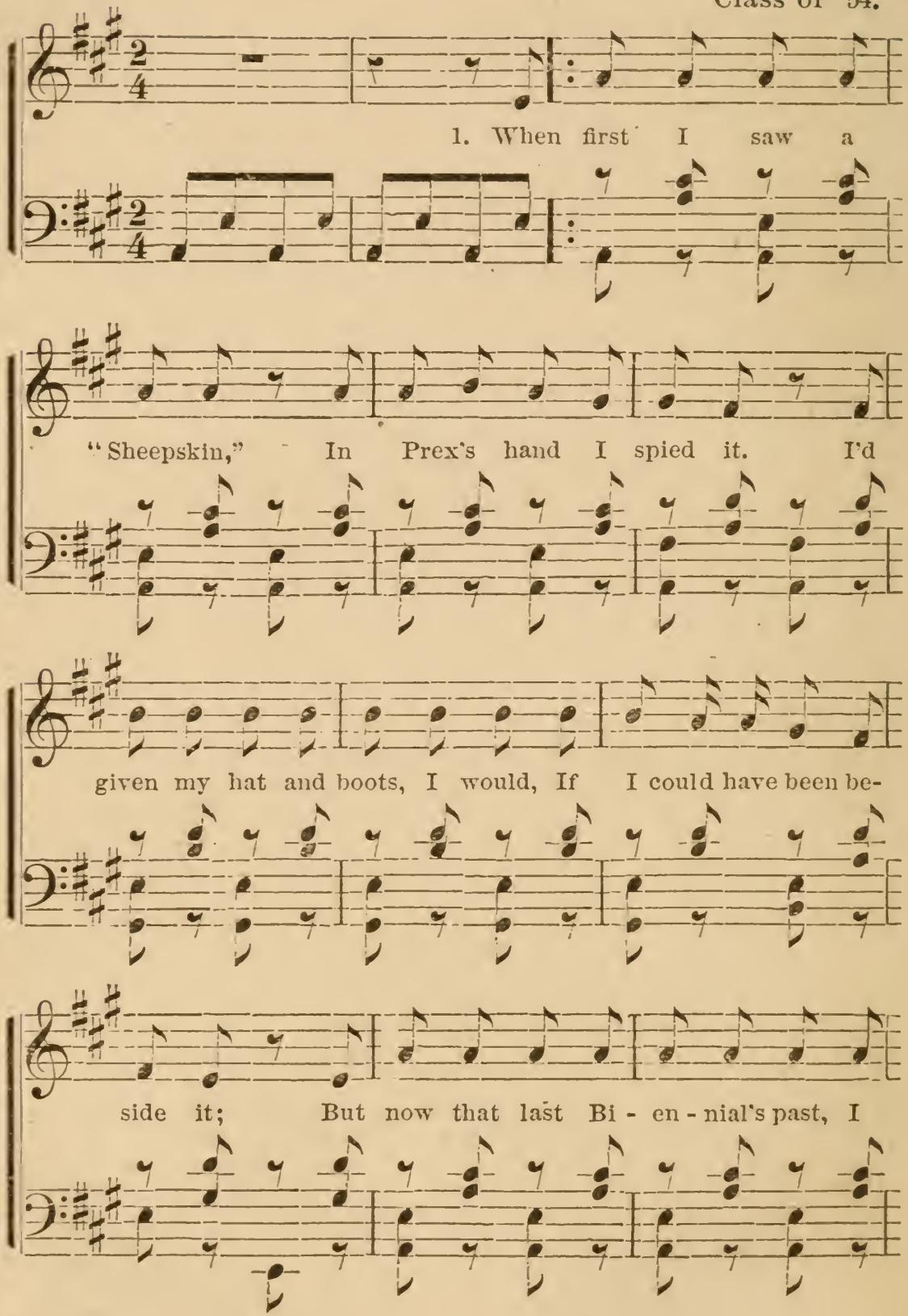
4 Her ancient walls have oft resounded
With shout and song of victory:
By warm and fearless hearts surrounded,
Her banners all wave merrily.
Then onward, all! huzza, huzza!
Fight bravely for Linonia!
Long live Linonia — Linonia!

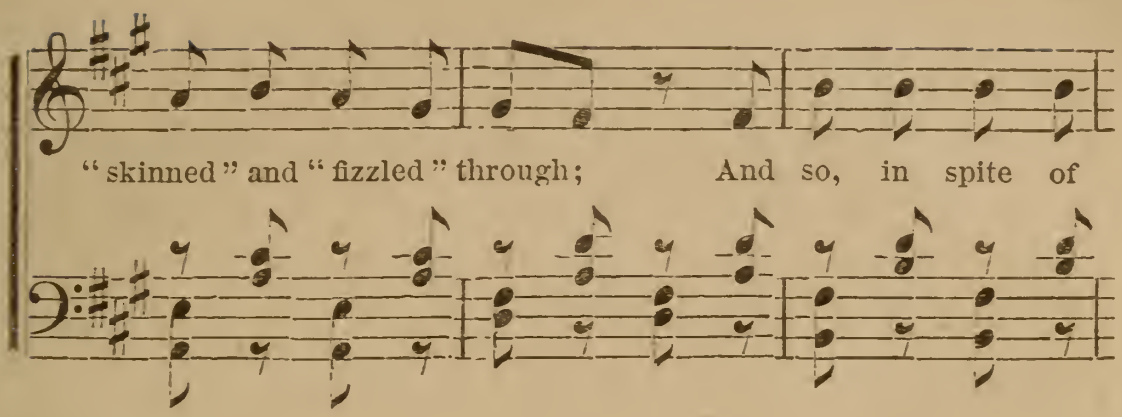
5 Along the patient path of duty,
Her voice shall cheer our weary way;
Beneath the trustful smile of beauty,
Our thoughts to her shall often stray;
And ere our children lisp "mamma,"
We'll make them sing Linonia,
Long live Linonia — Linonia!

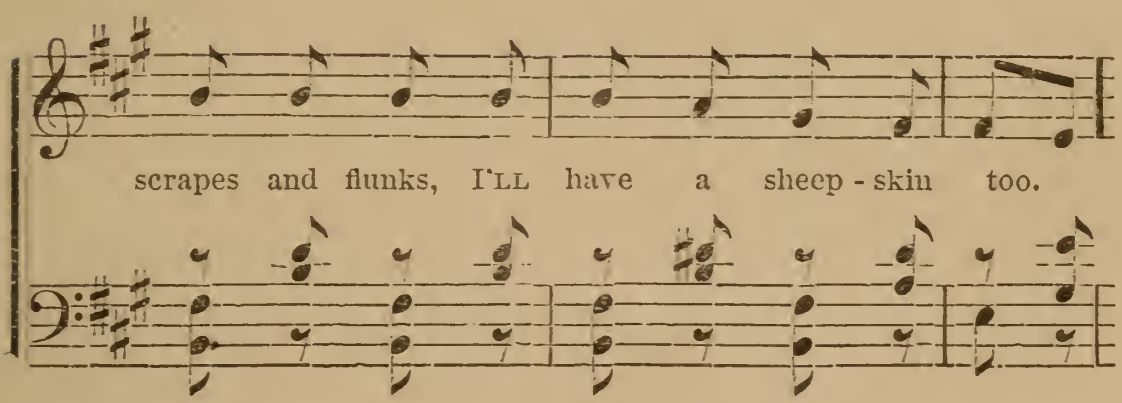
6 Then, brothers, let the swelling chorus
Our mingled pride and joy proclaim;
Linonia's shield is blazing o'er us,
It lights the winding path of fame.
Then let it ring — the proud huzza!
Three cheers for brave Linonia!
Long live Linonia — Linonia!

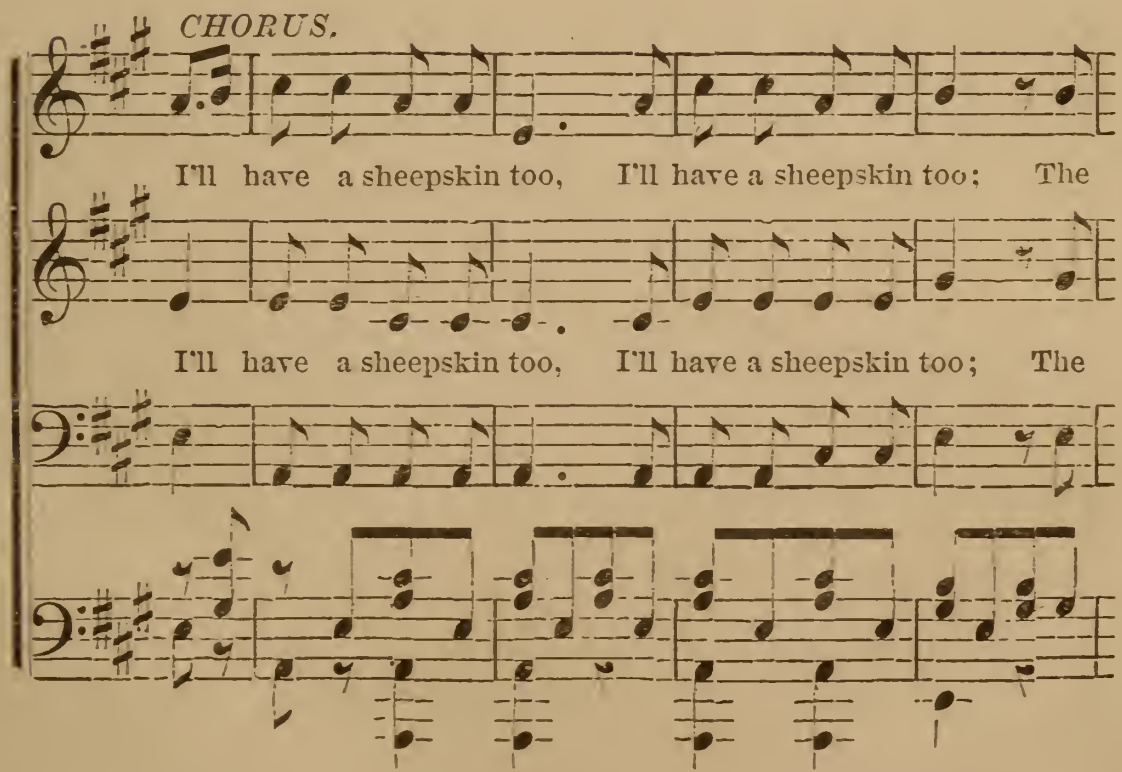
A LITTLE MORE CIDER.

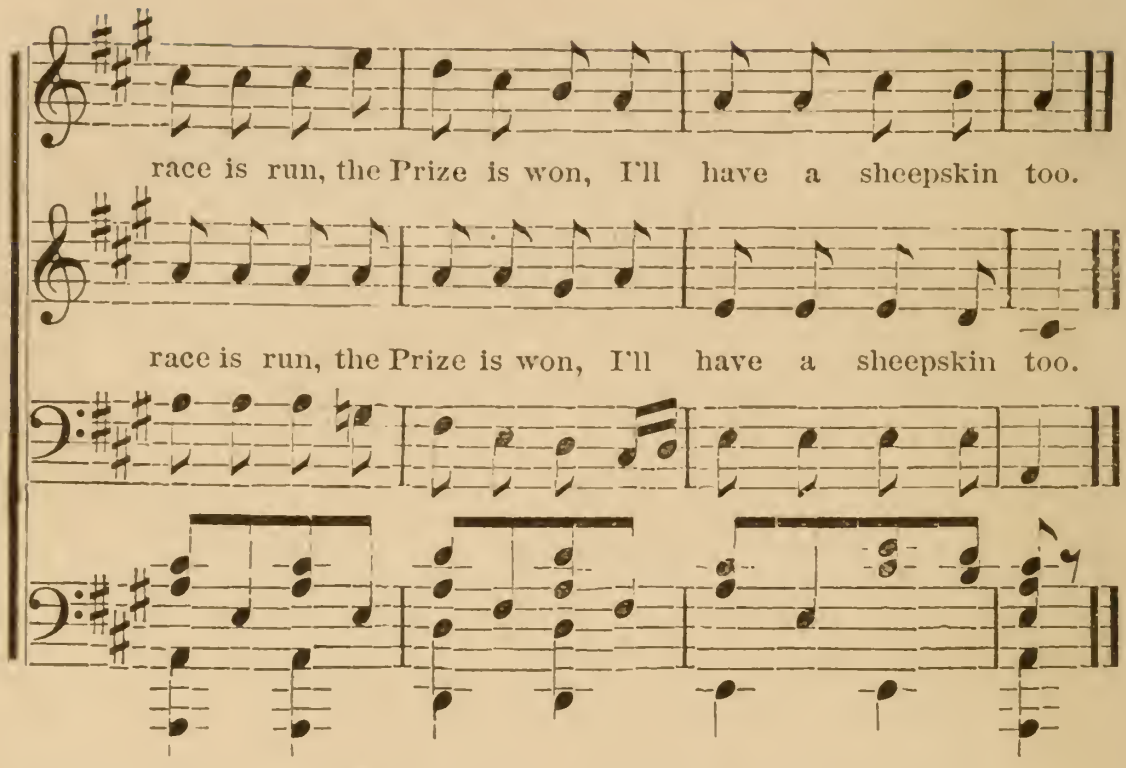
Class of '54.




"skinned" and "fizzled" through; And so, in spite of


scrapes and flunks, I'LL have a sheep-skin too.


CHORUS.
I'll have a sheepskin too, I'll have a sheepskin too; The
I'll have a sheepskin too, I'll have a sheepskin too; The



2 Green elms are waving o'er us,
Green grass beneath our feet,
The ring is round, and on the ground
We sit a class complete;
But when these elms shall shed their leaves,
This grass be turned to hay,
The noble class of Fifty-four
Will all be far away.
We'll be Alumni too,
We'll be Alumni too,
With white degrees we'll take our ease,
And be Alumni too.

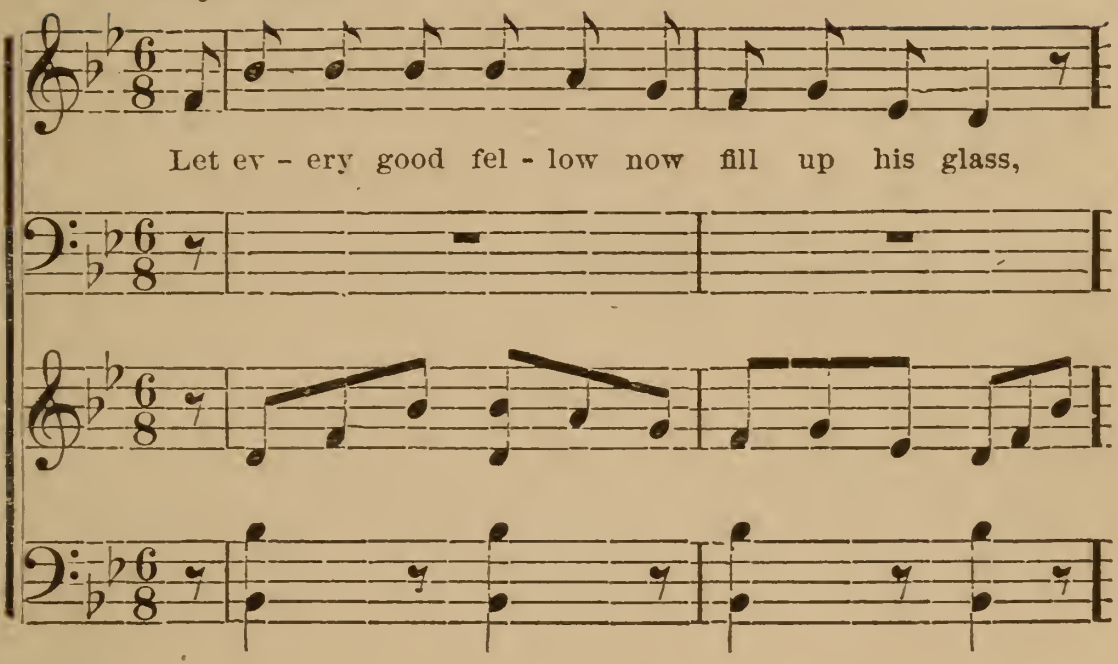
3 I tell you what, my classmates,
My mind it is made up,
I'm coming back three years from this,
To take that silver cup;
I'll bring along the "requisite,"
A little white-haired lad,
With "bib" and fixings all complete,
And I shall be his "dad."
And I shall be his dad,
And I shall be his dad,
And you shall see how this "A. B."
Will look when he's a dad.

4 Then swell the chorus louder,
And make the old elms ring;
Remember, fellows, one and all,
This is our parting "sing;"
And blow the smoke and music out,
In volume full and strong,
Till old "Grove Hall," "York Square," and all,
Shall hear our farewell song.
Shall hear our farewell song,
Shall hear our farewell song.
Till old "Grove Hall," "York Square," and all,
Shall hear our farewell song.

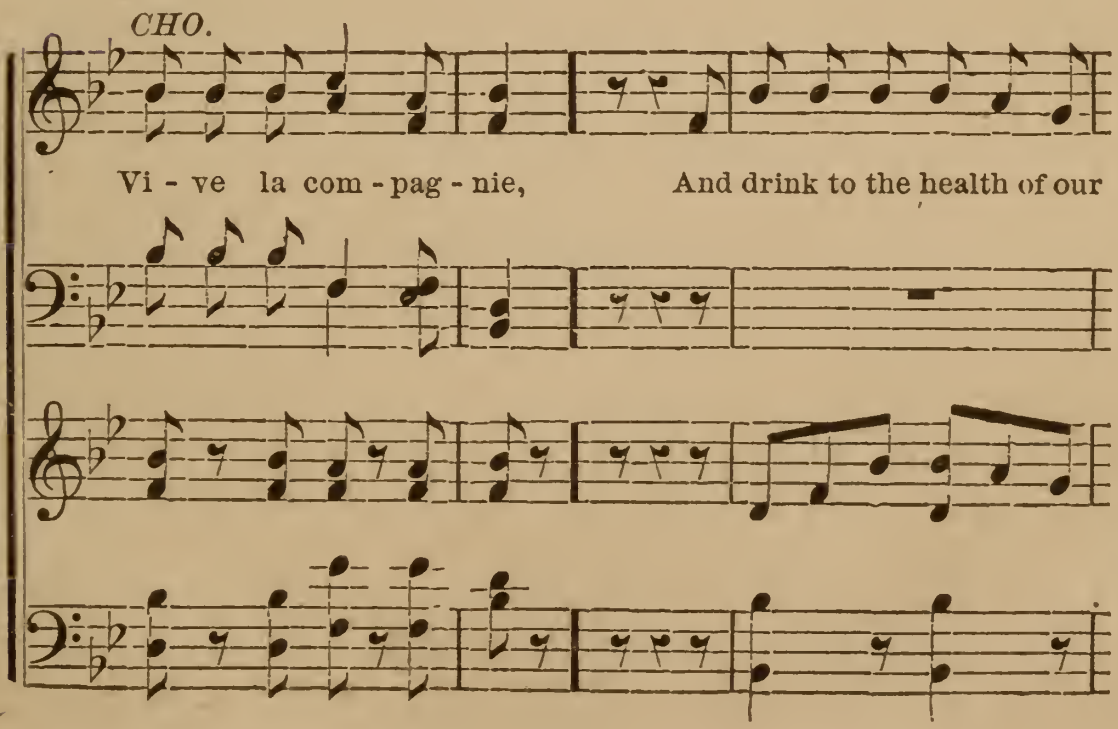
5 This lemonade it has no "stick,"
But let us take a glass,
And fill us up a "stirrup cup,"
Together as a class;
And then, before we say farewell,
And part to meet no more,
Drink to the Sophomore "Martyrs,"
Of the class of Fifty-four.
The class of Fifty-four,
The class of Fifty-four,
A long adieu, oh, tried and true,
Old class of Fifty-four.

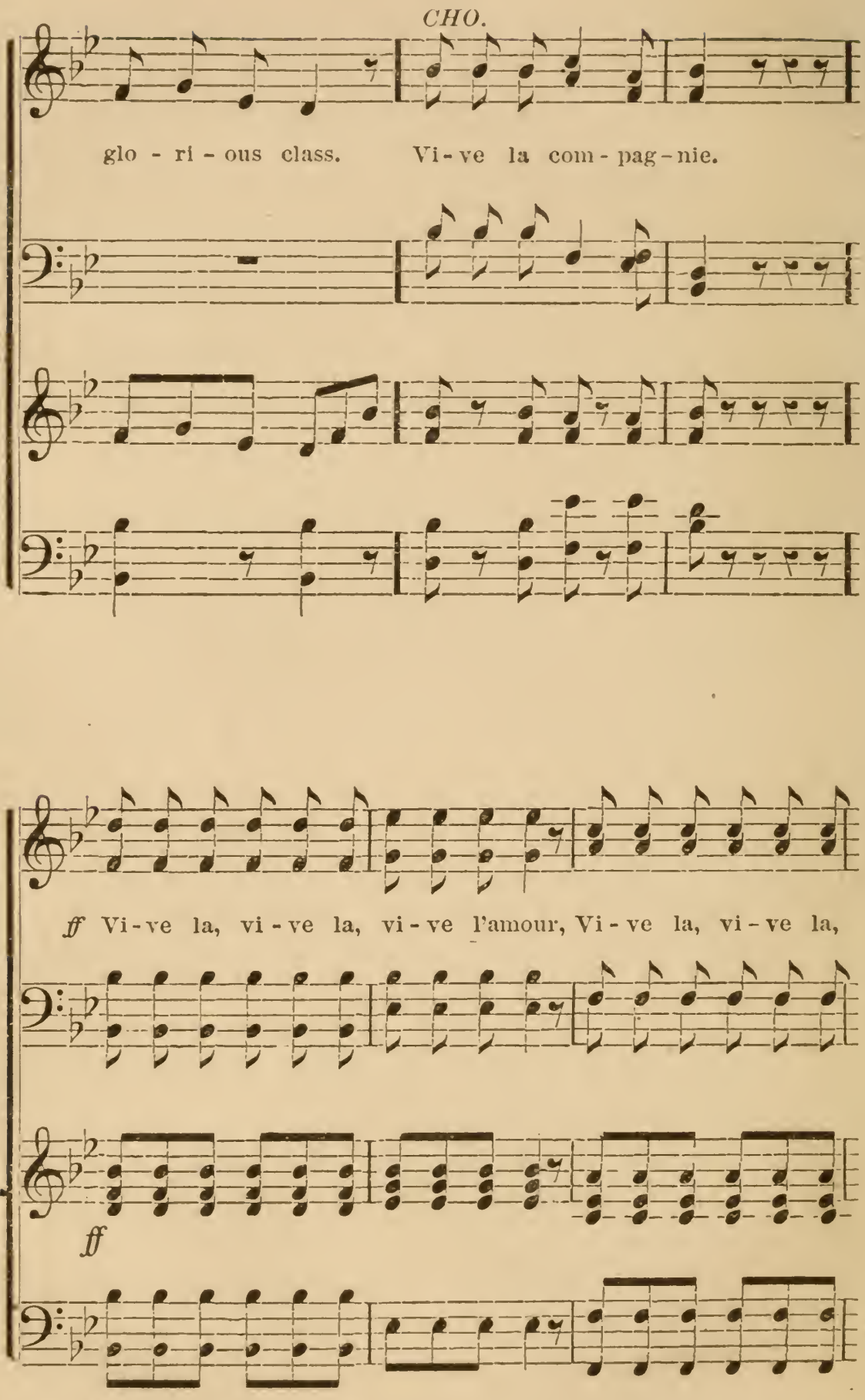
VIVE L'AMOUR.

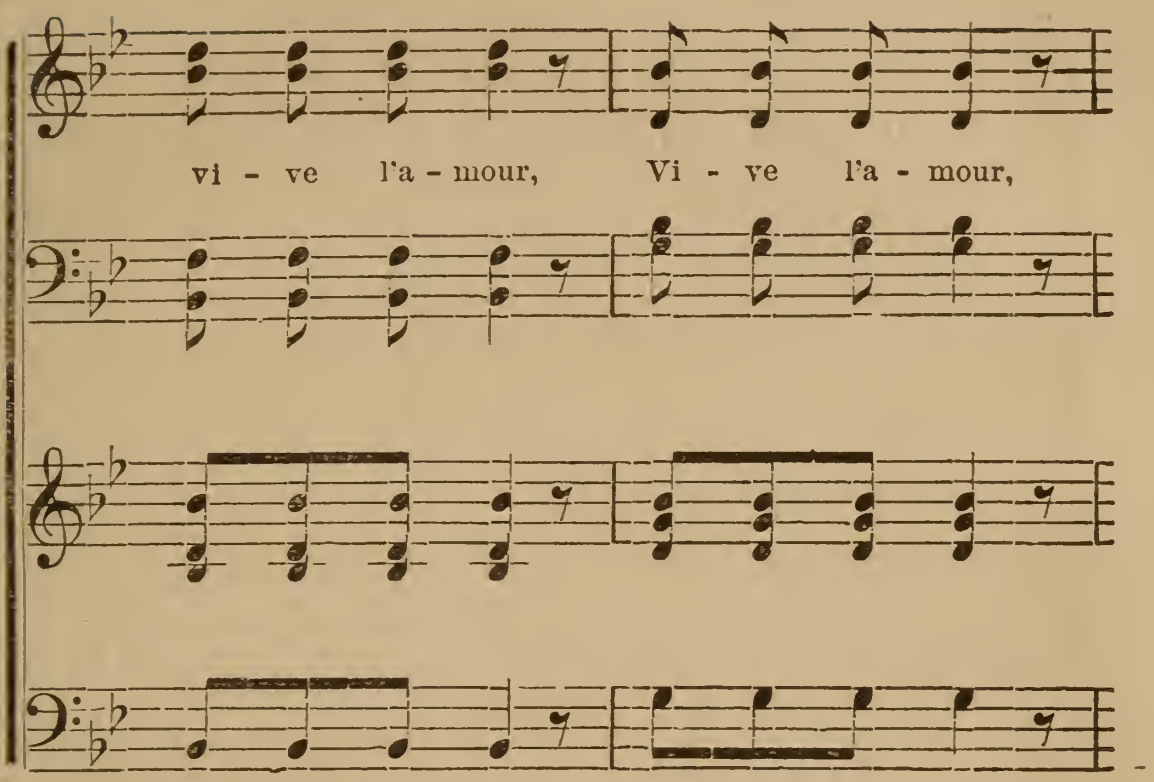
Allegro molto. f

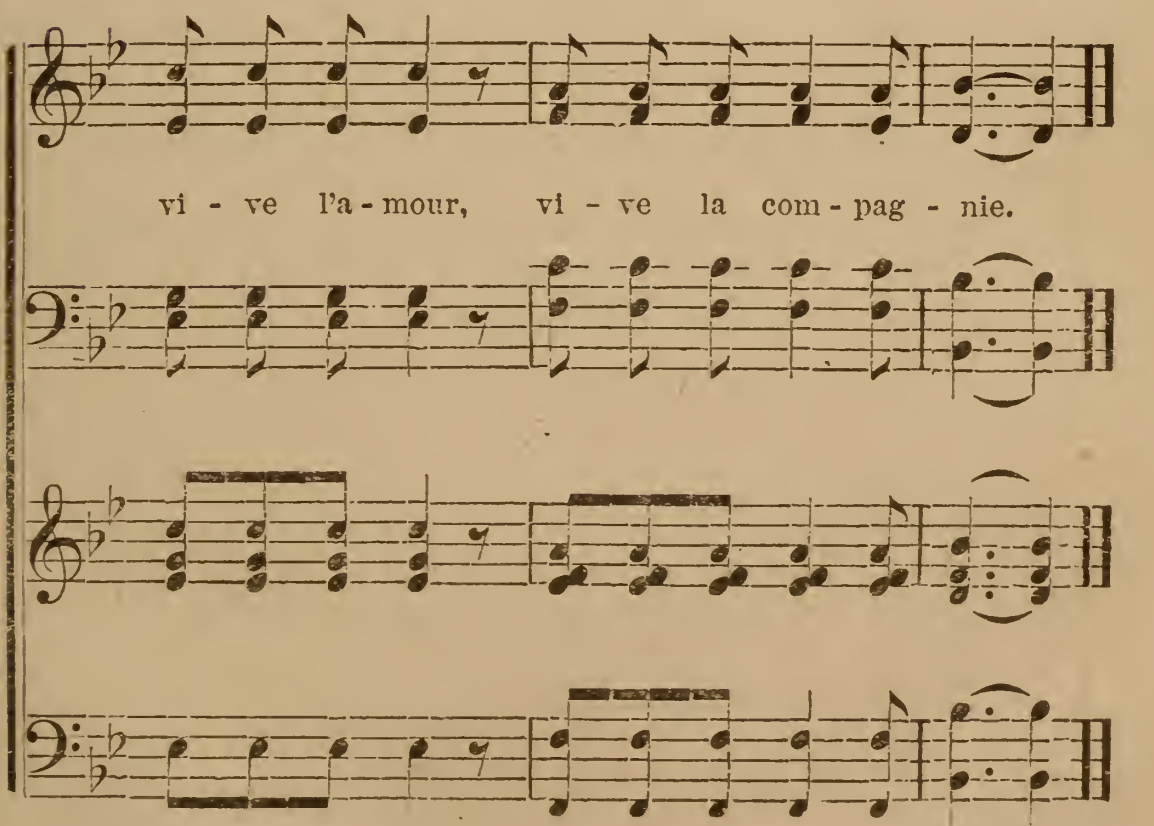


CHO.



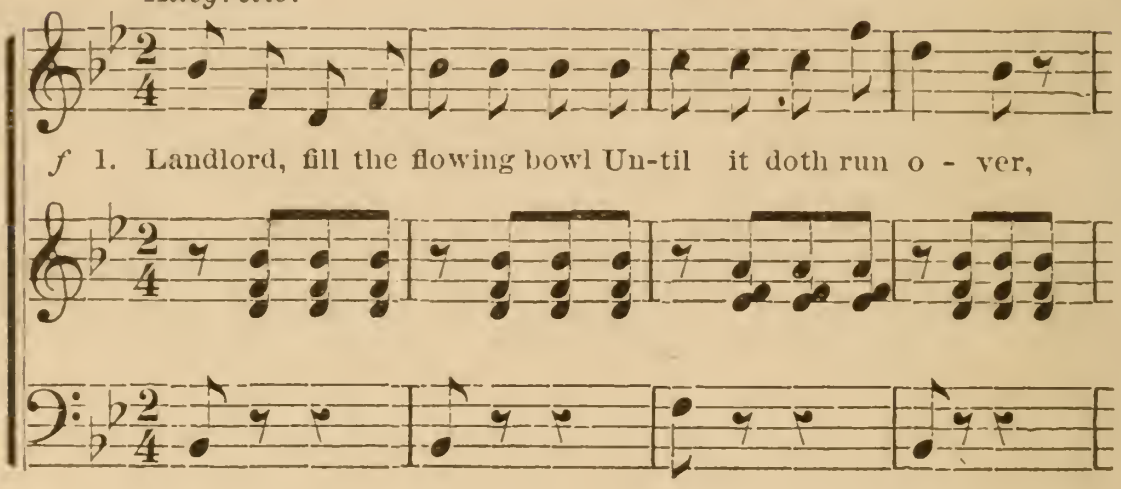

CHO.
glo - ri - ous class. Vi - ve la com - pag - nie.
ff Vi - ve la, vi - ve la, vi - ve l'amour, Vi - ve la, vi - ve la,
ff

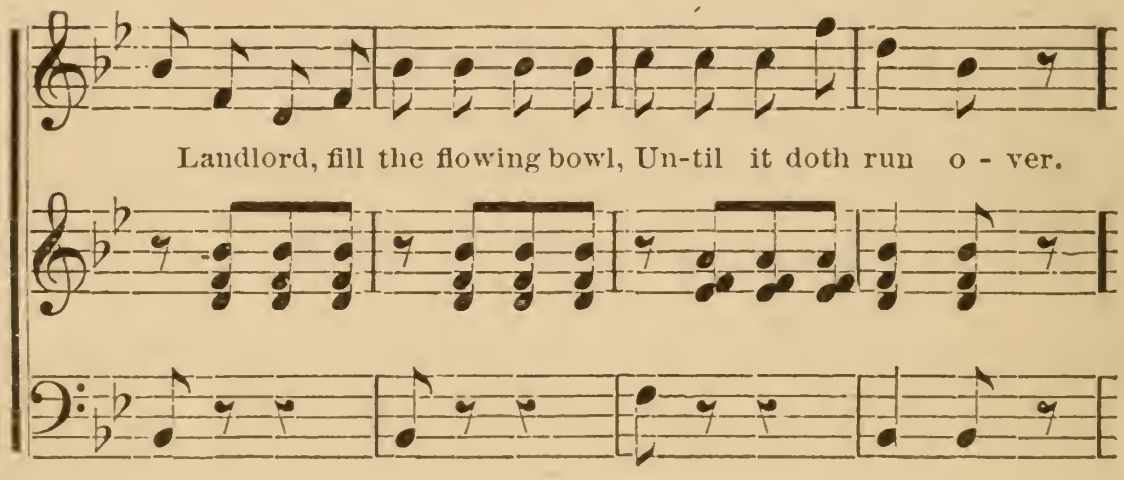

vi - ve l'a - mour, Vi - ve l'a - mour,


vi - ve l'a - mour, vi - ve la com - pag - nie.

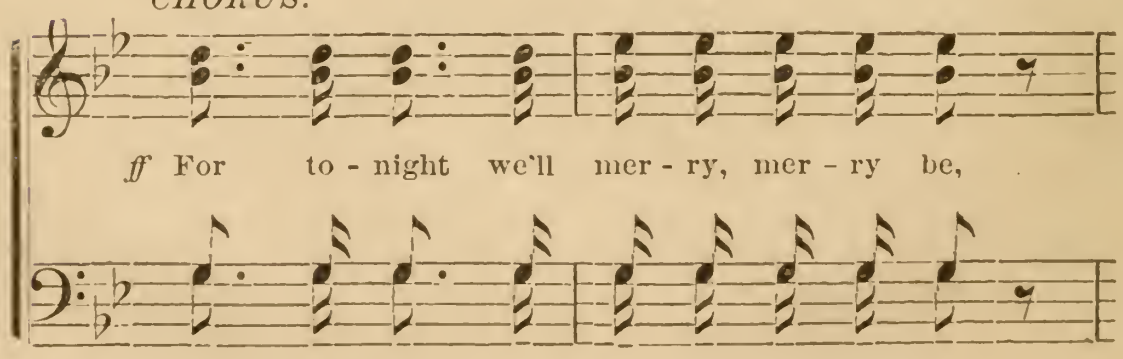
LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL.

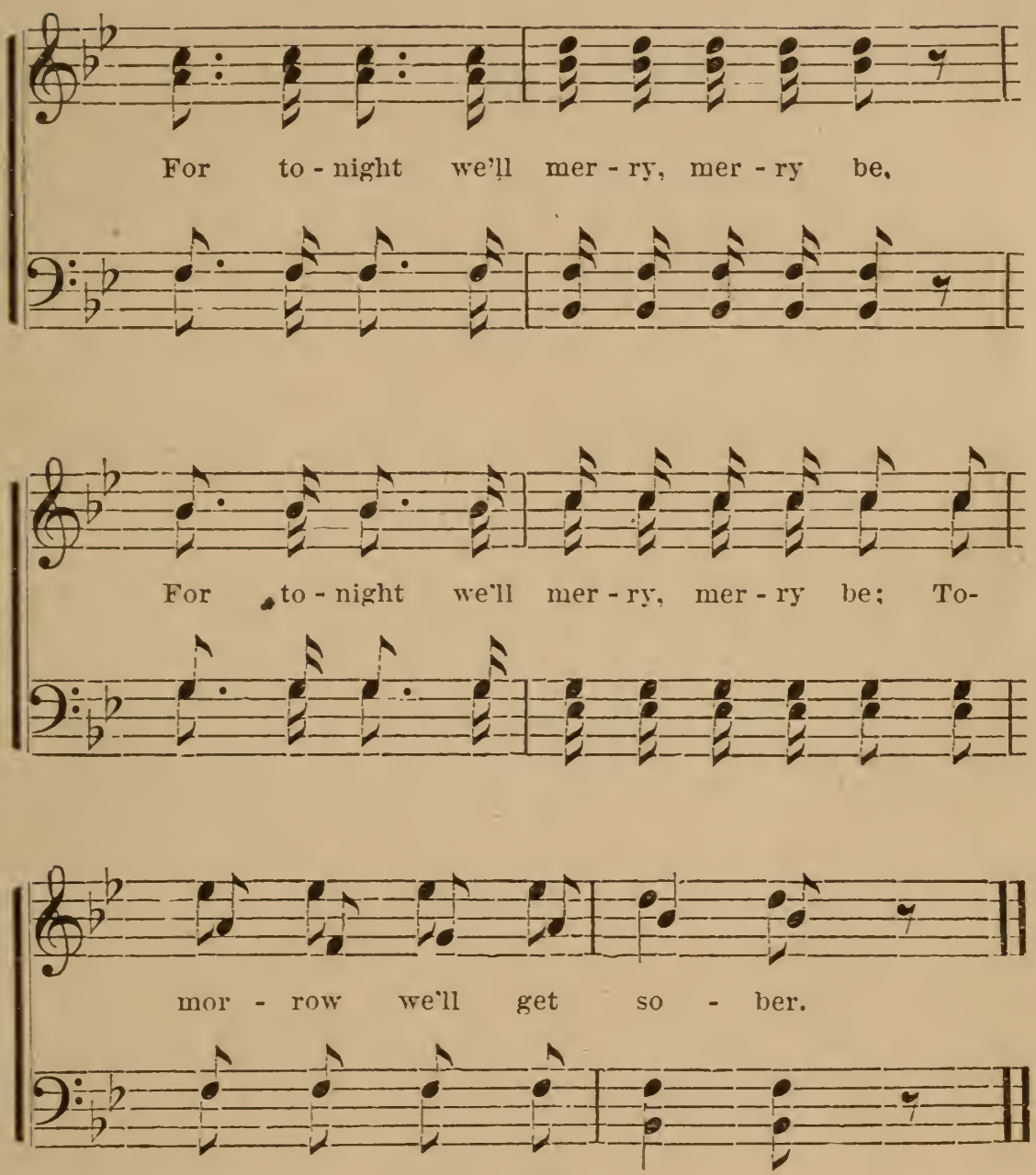
Allegretto.





CHORUS.





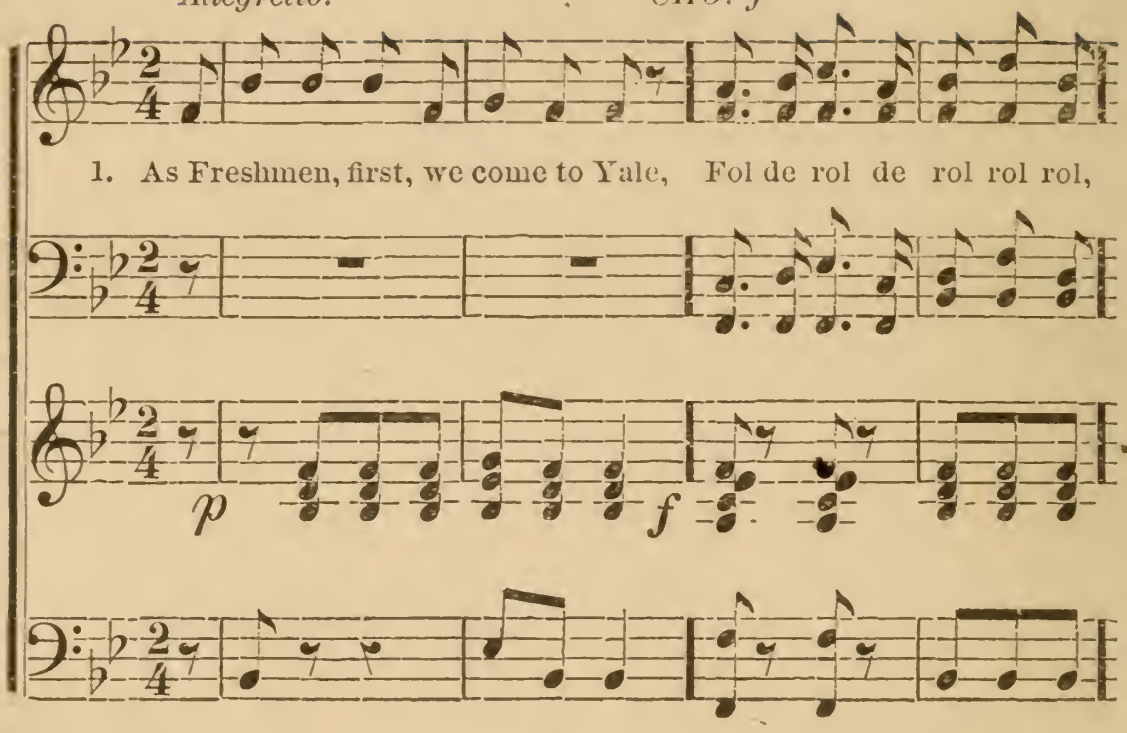
2 The man that drinks good whiskey punch,
And goes to bed right mellow,
Lives as he ought to live,
And dies a jolly good fellow. CHO.

3 The man who drinks cold water pure,
And goes to bed quite sober,
Falls as the leaves do fall,
So early in October. CHO.

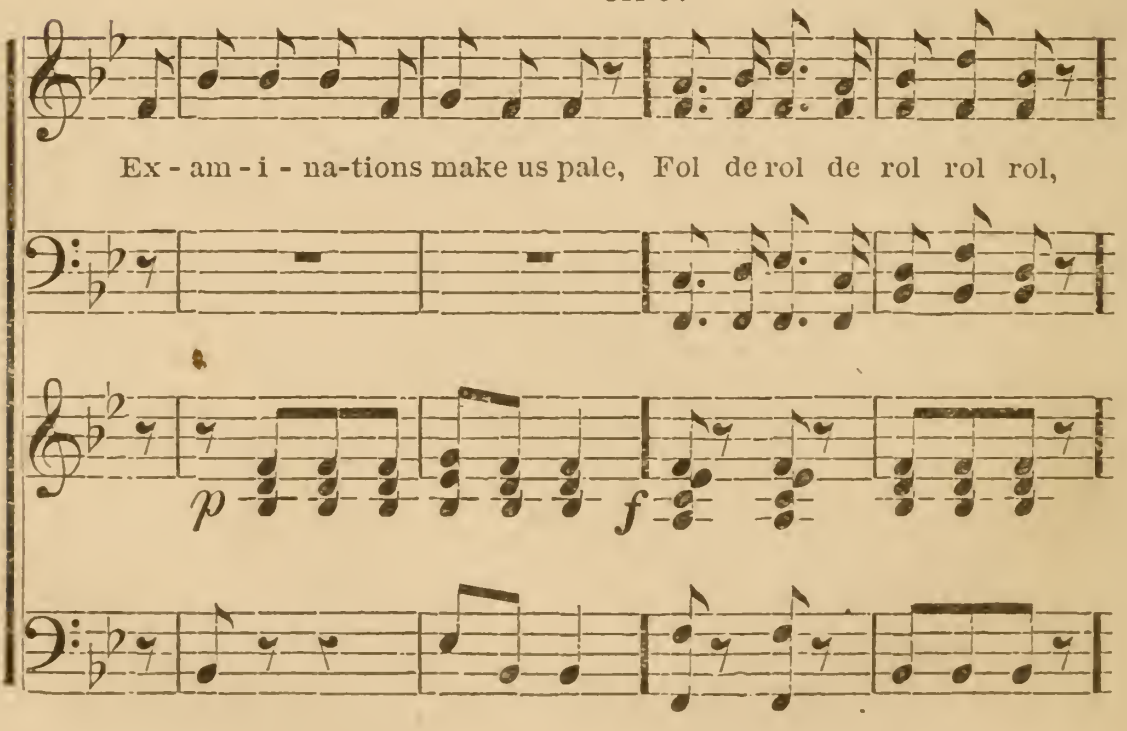
4 But he who drinks just what he likes,
And getteth "half-seas over,"
Will live until he dies, perhaps,
And then lie down in clover. CHO.

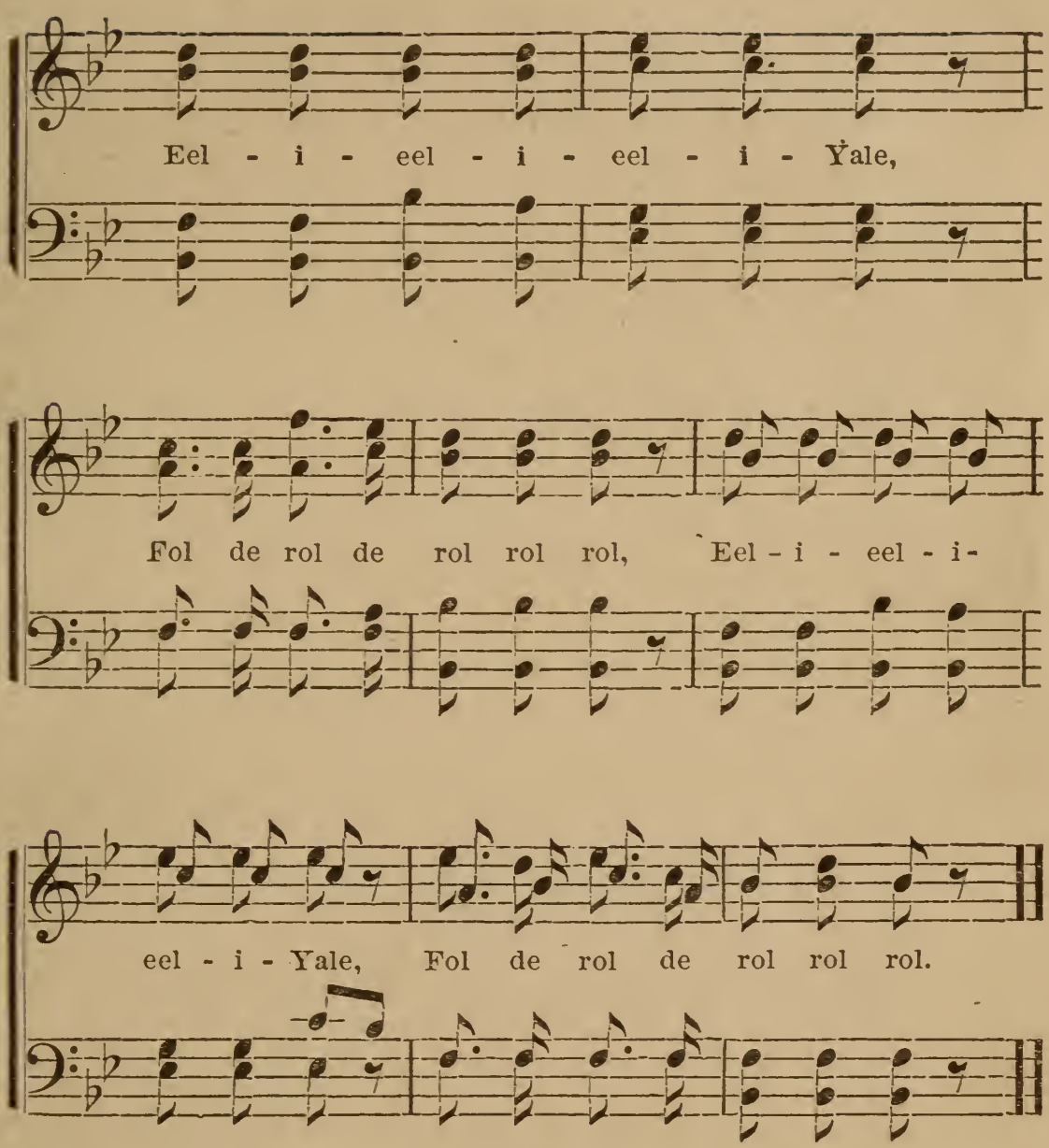
J - EEL.

Allegretto. *CHO. f*



CHO.





2 As Sophomores we have a task;
'Tis best performed by torch and mask. CHO.

3 In Junior year we take our ease,
We smoke our pipes and sing our glees. CHO.

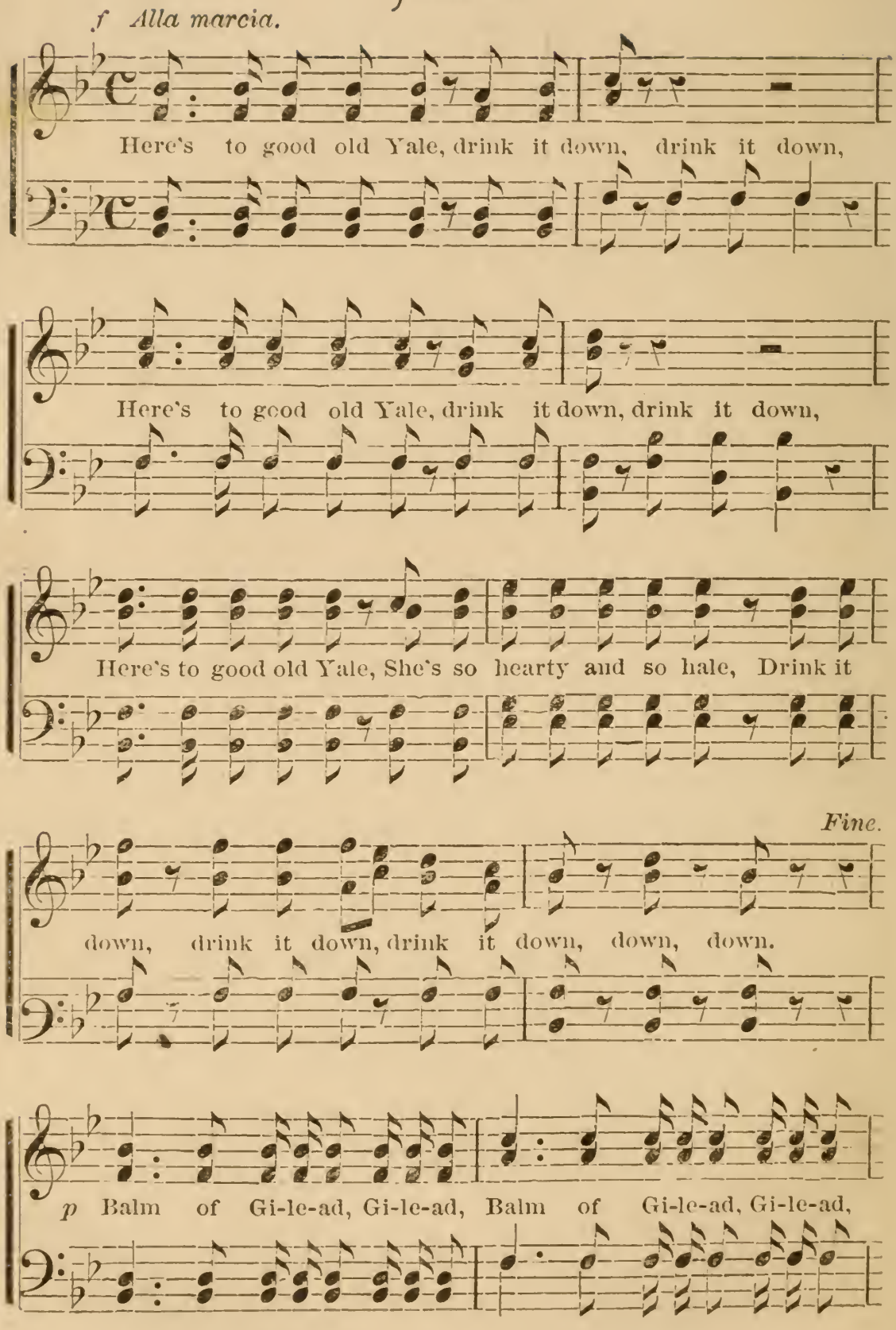
4 In Senior year we act our parts
In making love, and winning hearts. CHO.

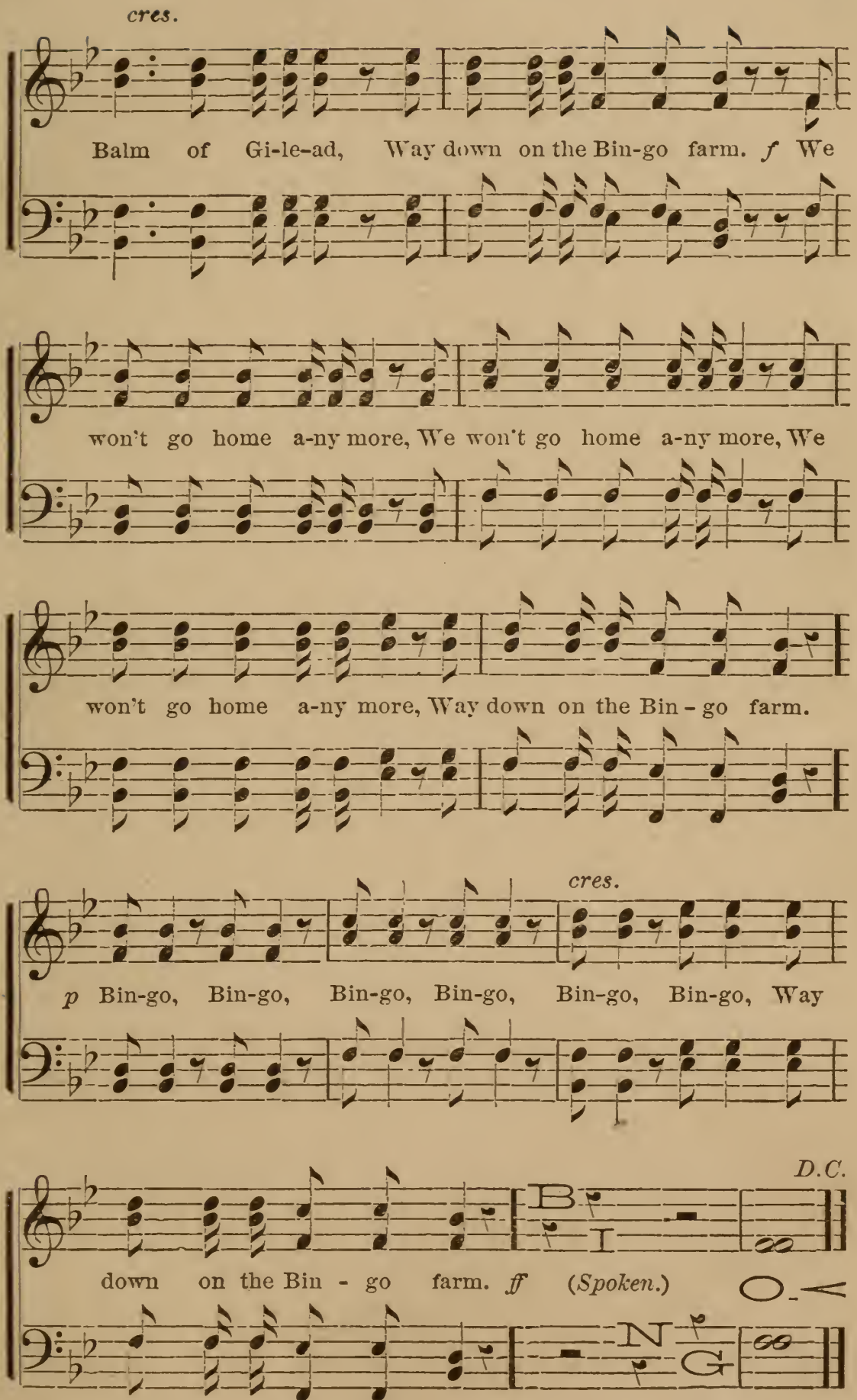
5 And then into the world we come,
We've made good friends, and studied—some. CHO.

Adagio. 6 The saddest tale we have to tell,
Is when we bid our friends farewell. CHO.

* Eel-i-Yale; in honor of Elihu, or "Eli," Yale, the patron of Yale college.

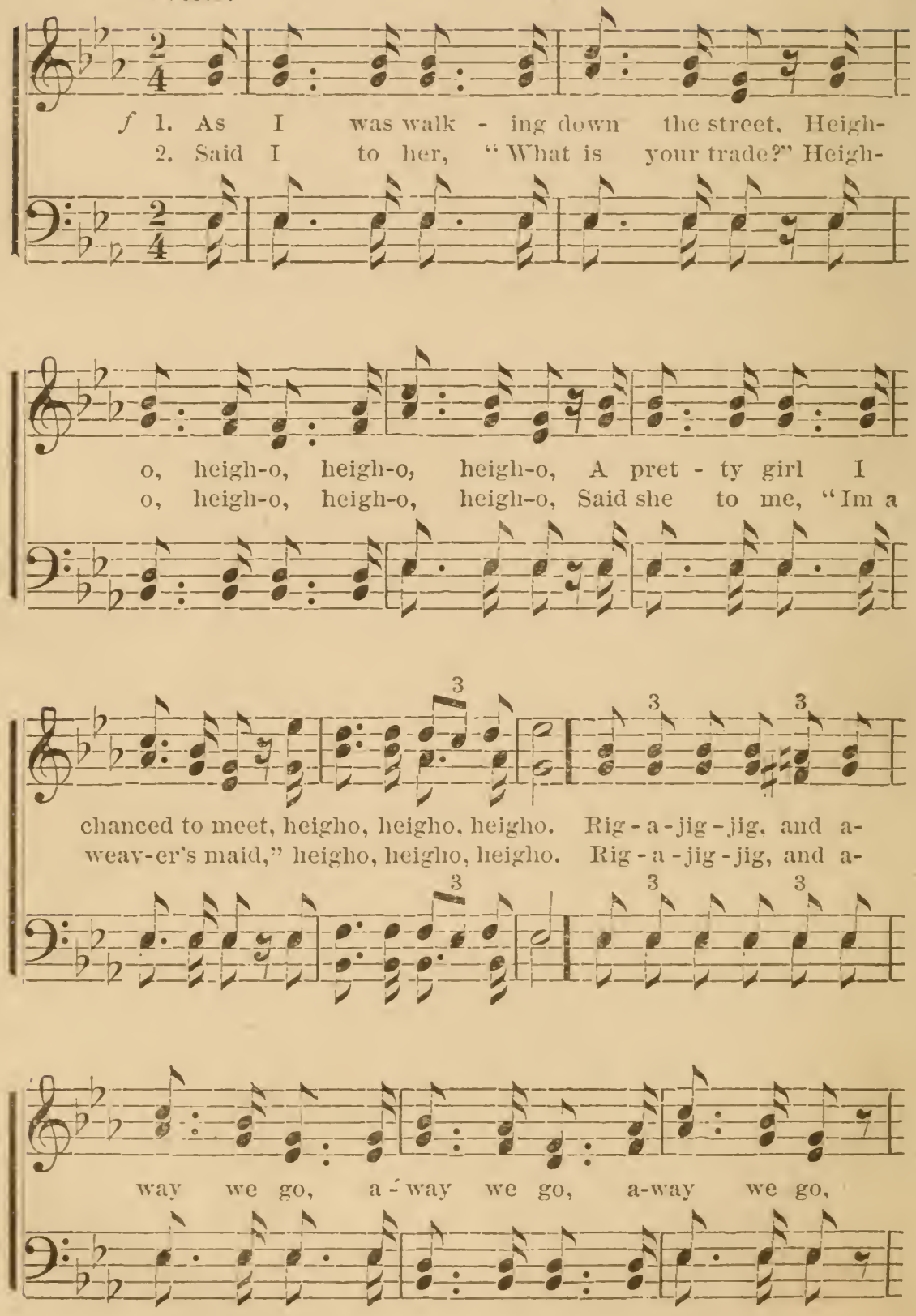
BINGO.

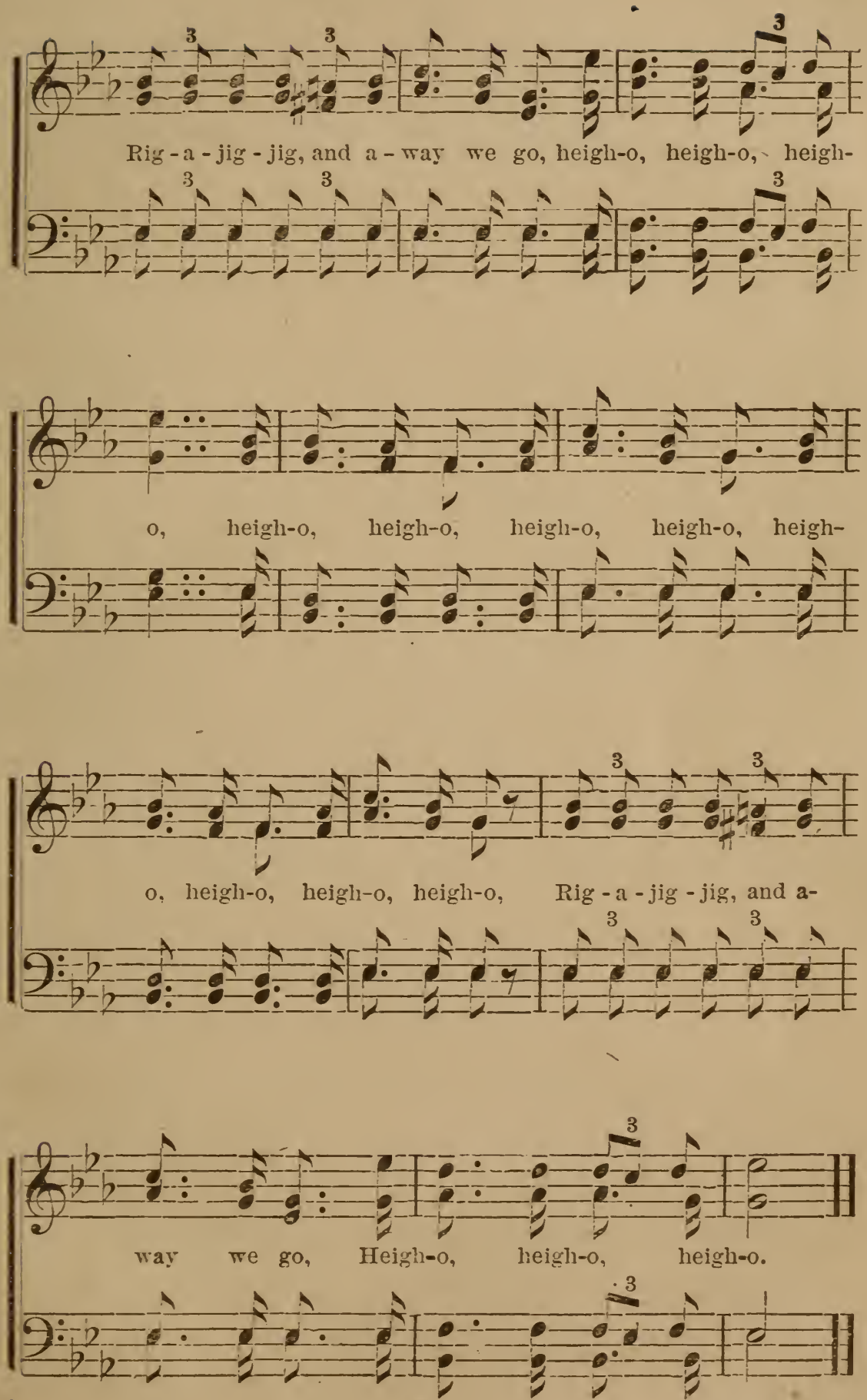

f Alla marcia.
Here's to good old Yale, drink it down, drink it down,
Here's to good old Yale, drink it down, drink it down,
Here's to good old Yale, She's so hearty and so hale, Drink it
Fine.
down, drink it down, drink it down, down, down.
p Balm of Gi-le-ad, Gi-le-ad, Balm of Gi-le-ad, Gi-le-ad,


cres.
Balm of Gi-le-ad, Way down on the Bin-go farm. f We
won't go home a-ny more, We won't go home a-ny more, We
won't go home a-ny more, Way down on the Bin - go farm.
cres.
p Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Way
D.C.
down on the Bin - go farm. ff (Spoken.)
B
I
N
G
O

RIG - A - JIG.

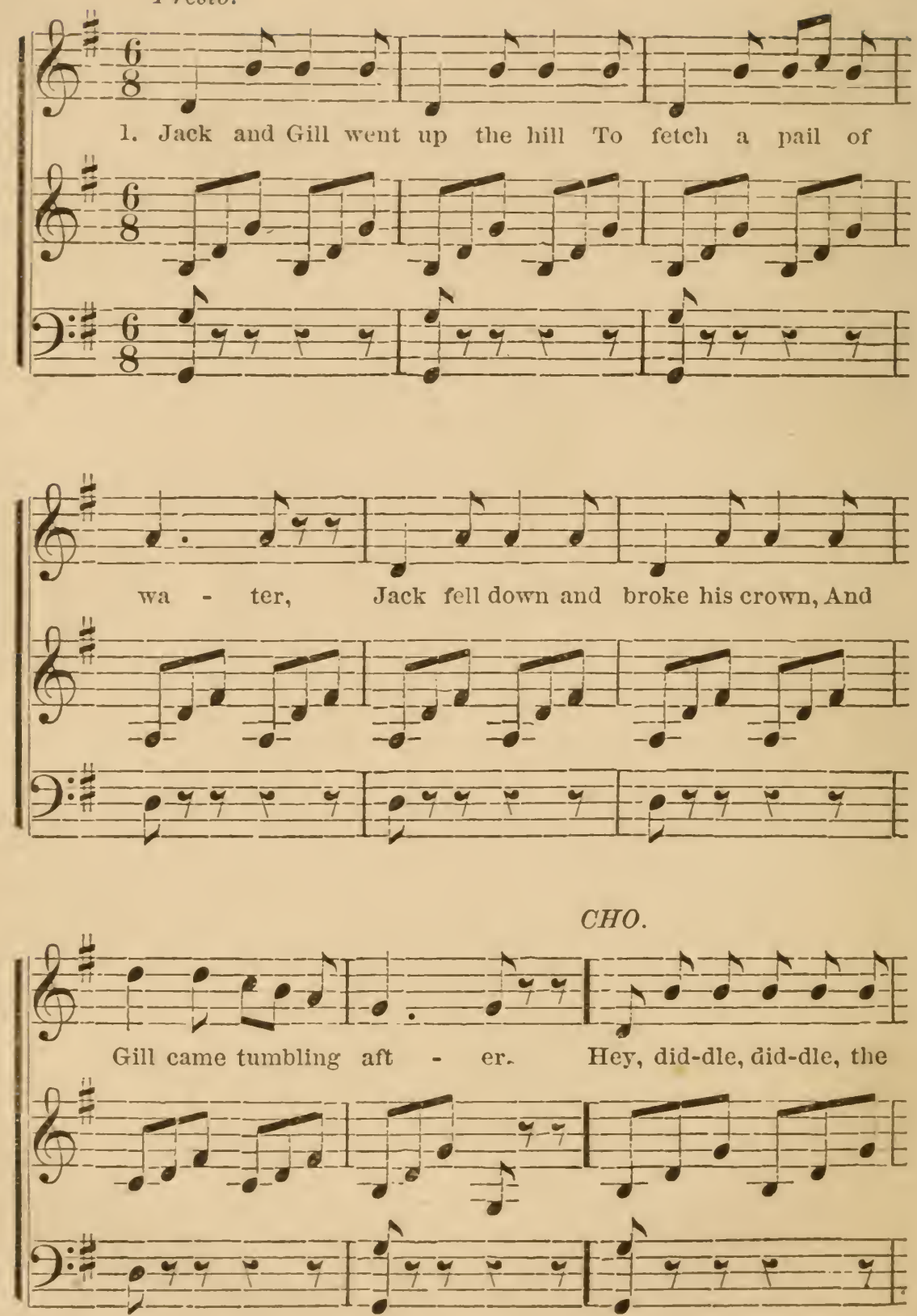
Presto.

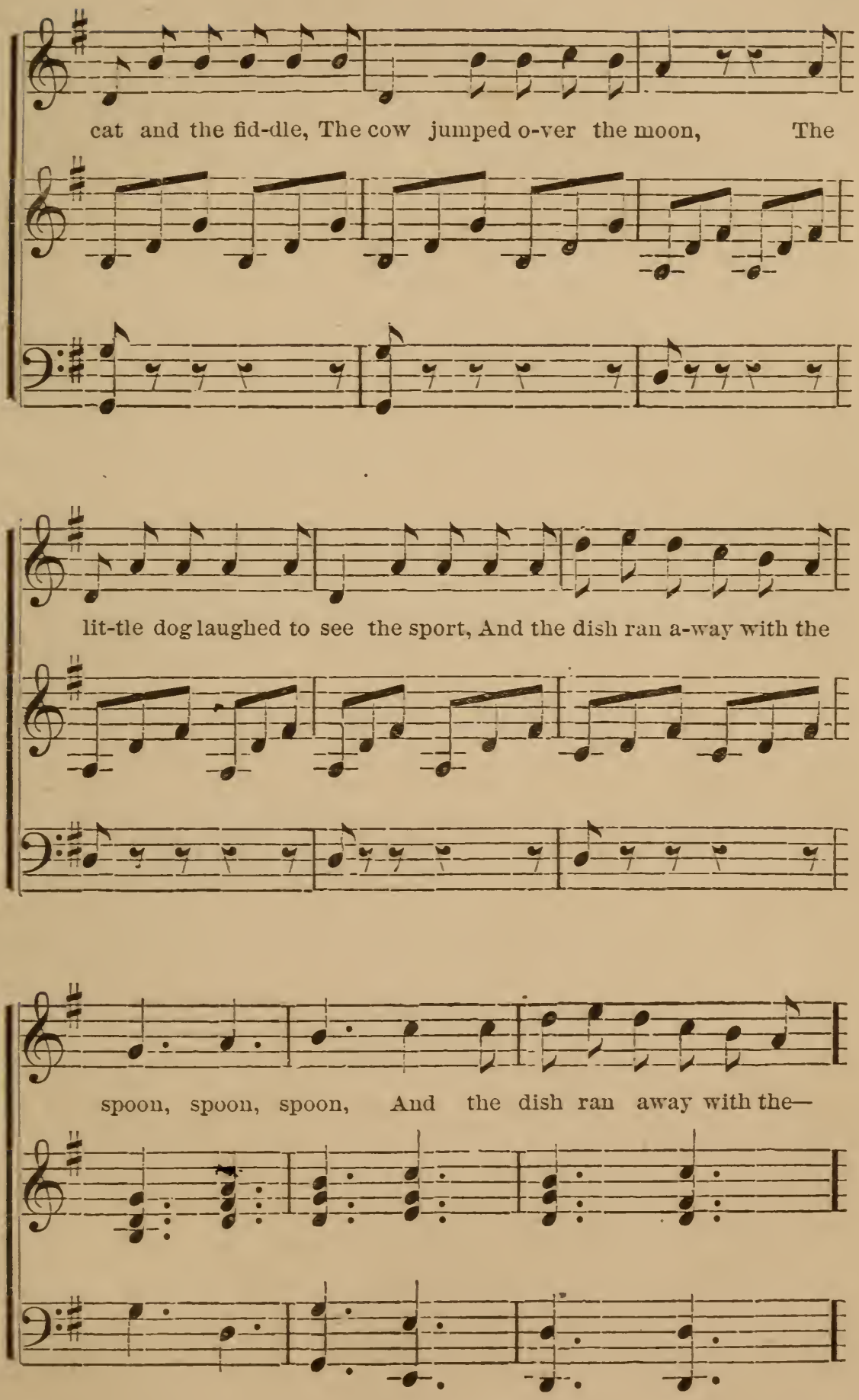



Rig - a - jig - jig, and a - way we go, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-
o, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-
o, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, Rig - a - jig - jig, and a-
way we go, Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o.

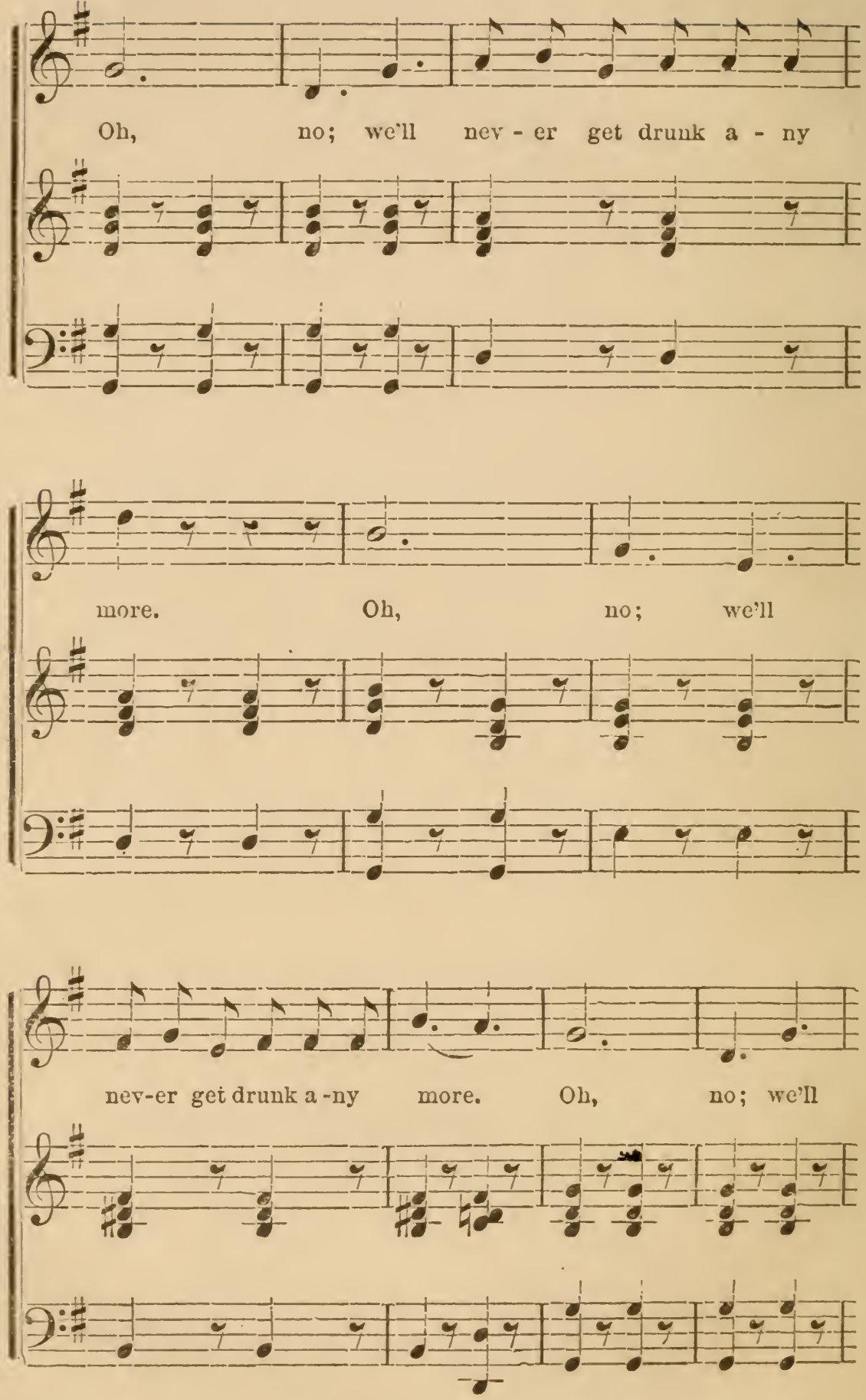
JACK AND GILL.

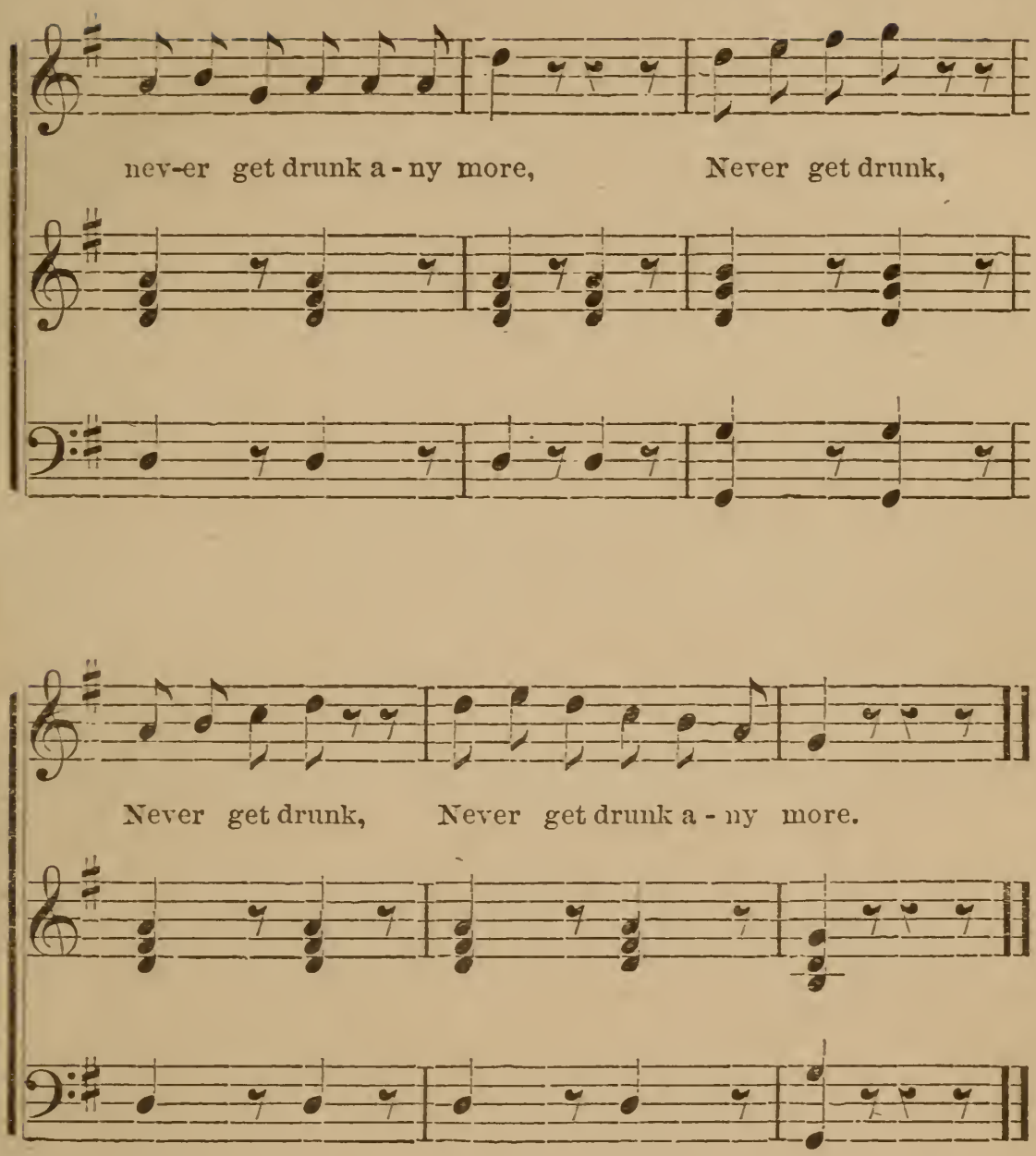
Presto.




cat and the fid-dle, The cow jumped o-ver the moon, The
lit-tle dog laughed to see the sport, And the dish ran a-way with the
spoon, spoon, spoon, And the dish ran away with the—

CHO.


Oh, no; we'll nev - er get drunk a - ny
more. Oh, no; we'll
nev-er get drunk a -ny more. Oh, no; we'll



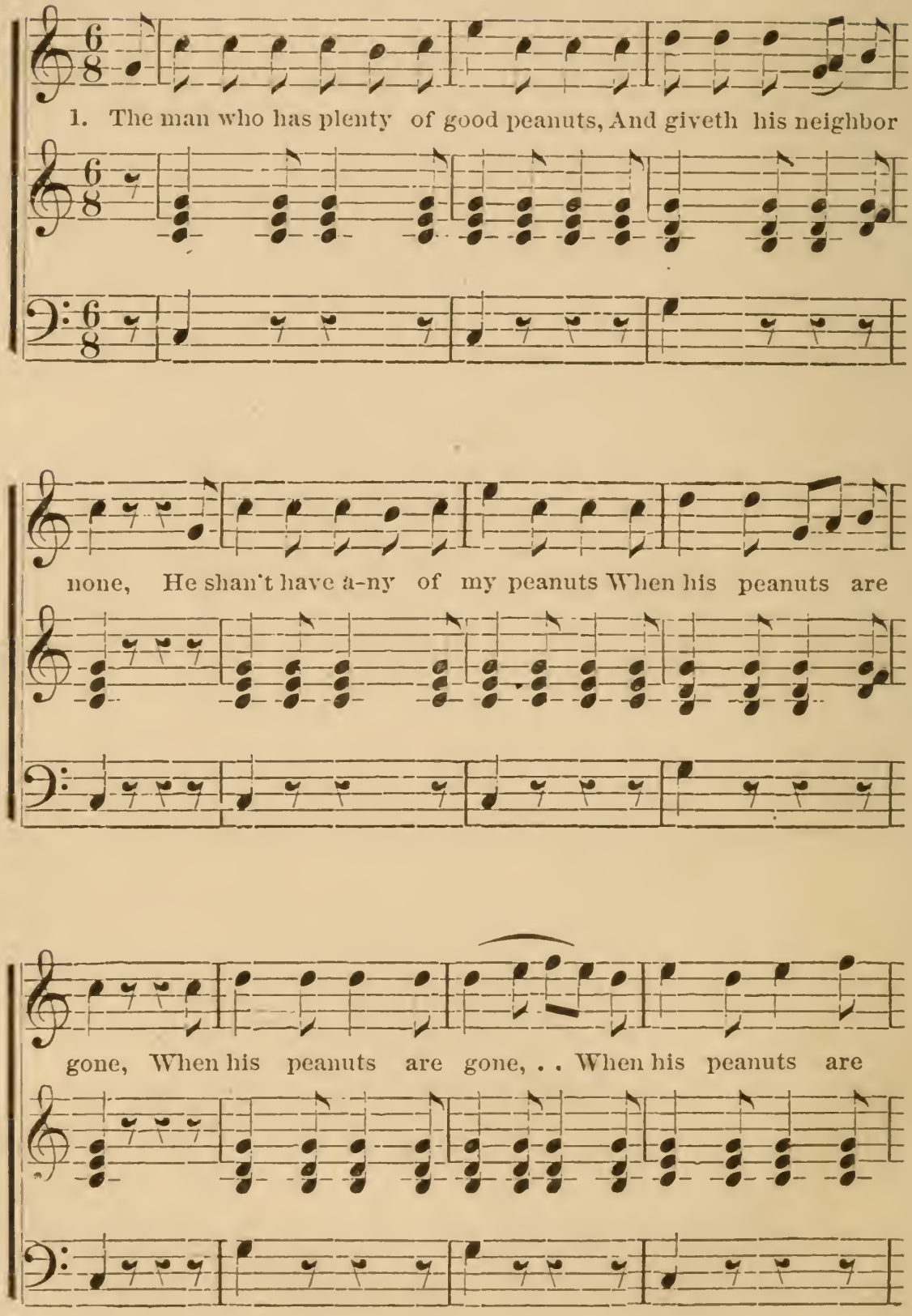
2.

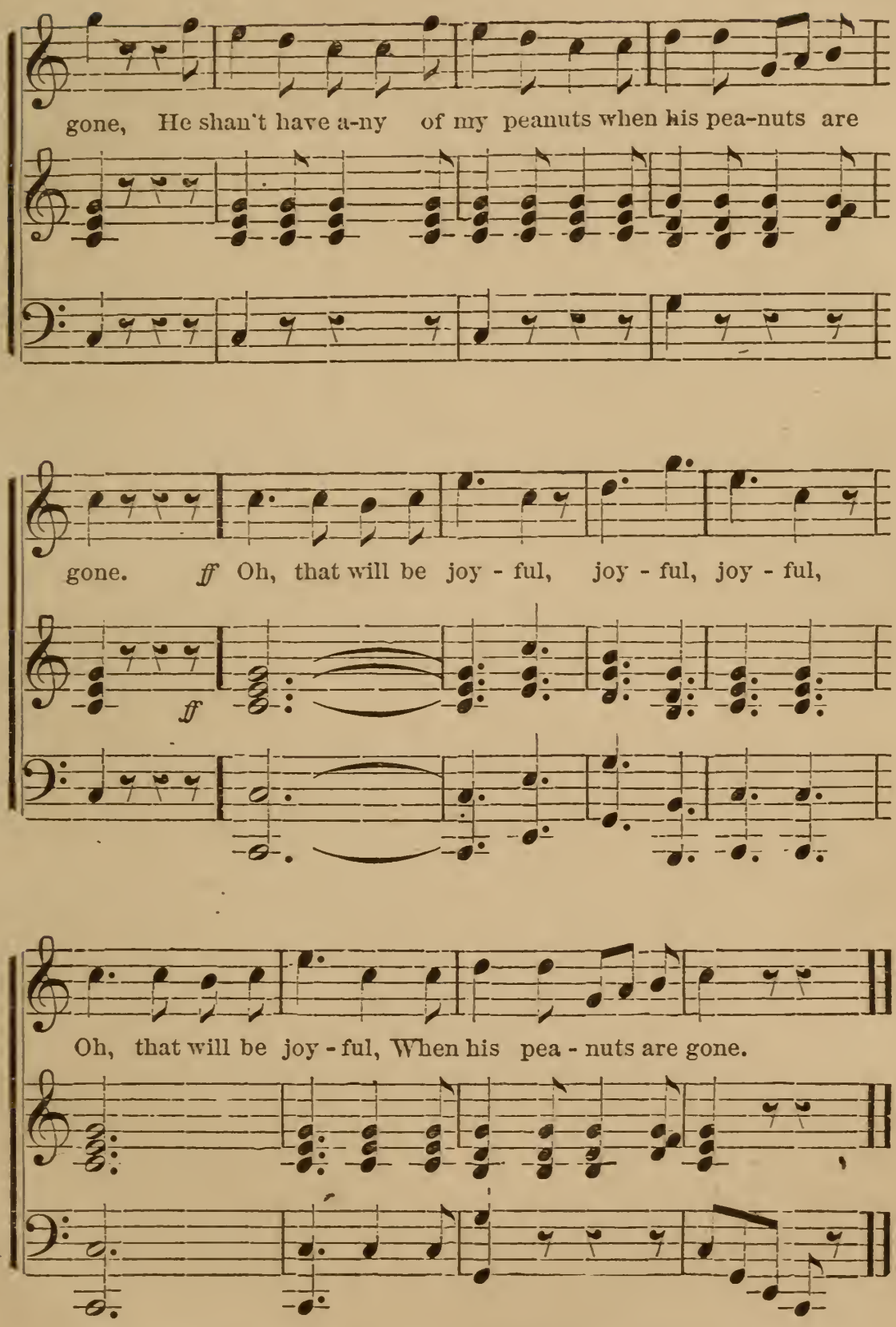
Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone;
When she got there the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

3.

Mother, may I go out to swim?
Oh, yes, my darling daughter;
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
But don't go near the water. CHO.

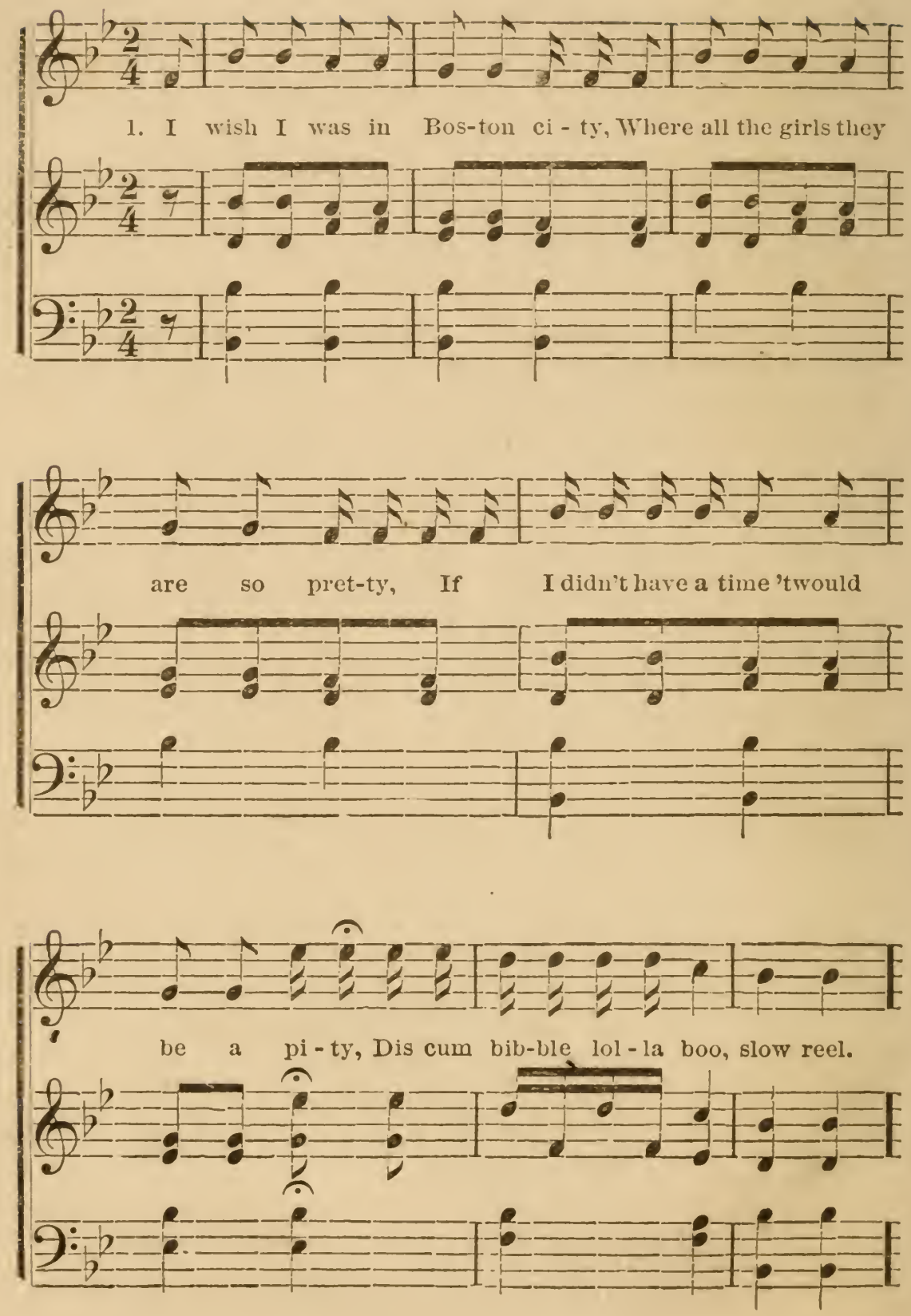
OH, THAT WILL BE JOYFUL.



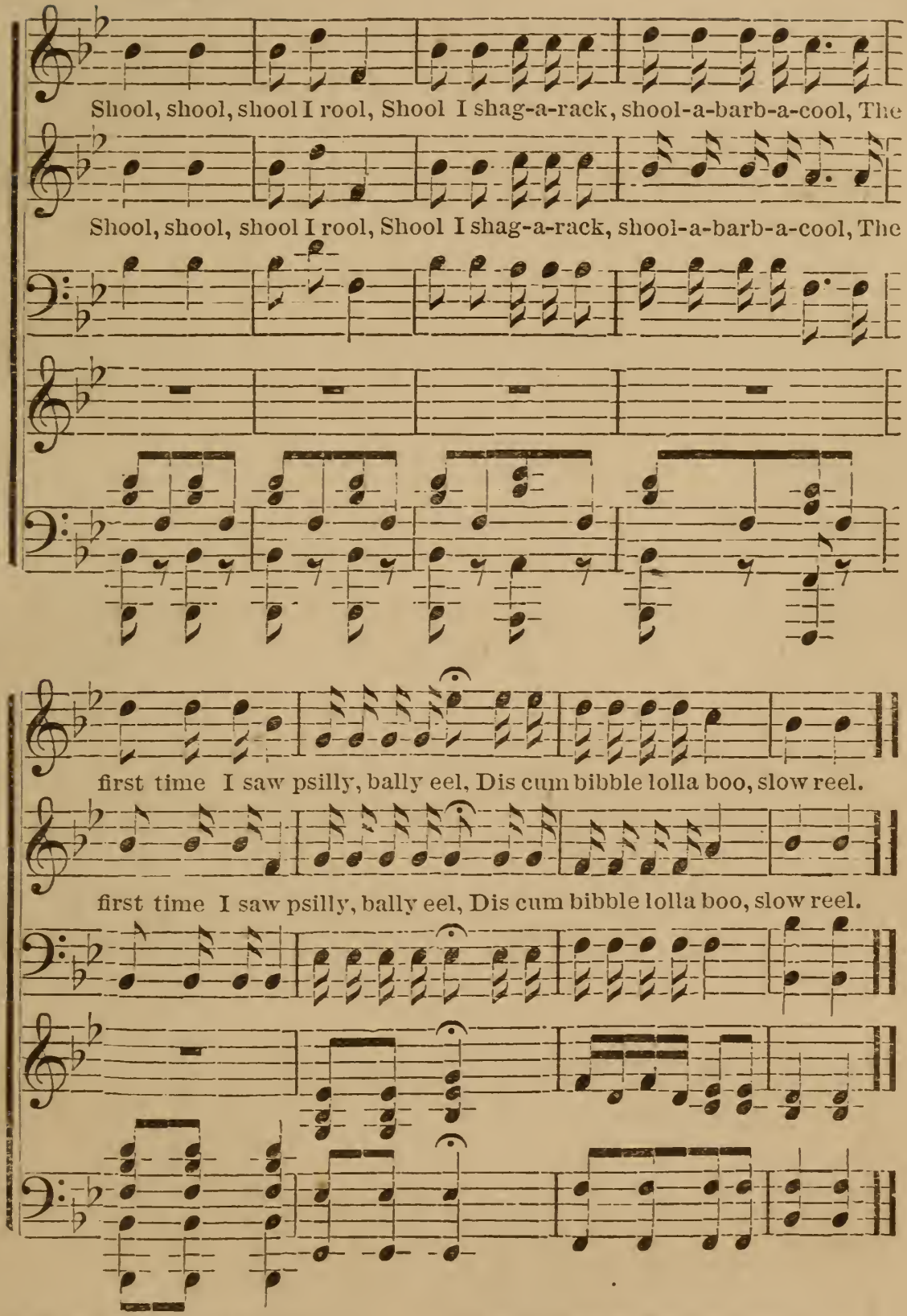


2 The man who has plenty of good soft, sweet soda crackers,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my good soft, sweet, &c.

SHOOL.


1. I wish I was in Bos-ton ci - ty, Where all the girls they
are so pret-ty, If I didn't have a time 'twould
be a pi - ty, Dis cum bib-ble lol - la boo, slow reel.

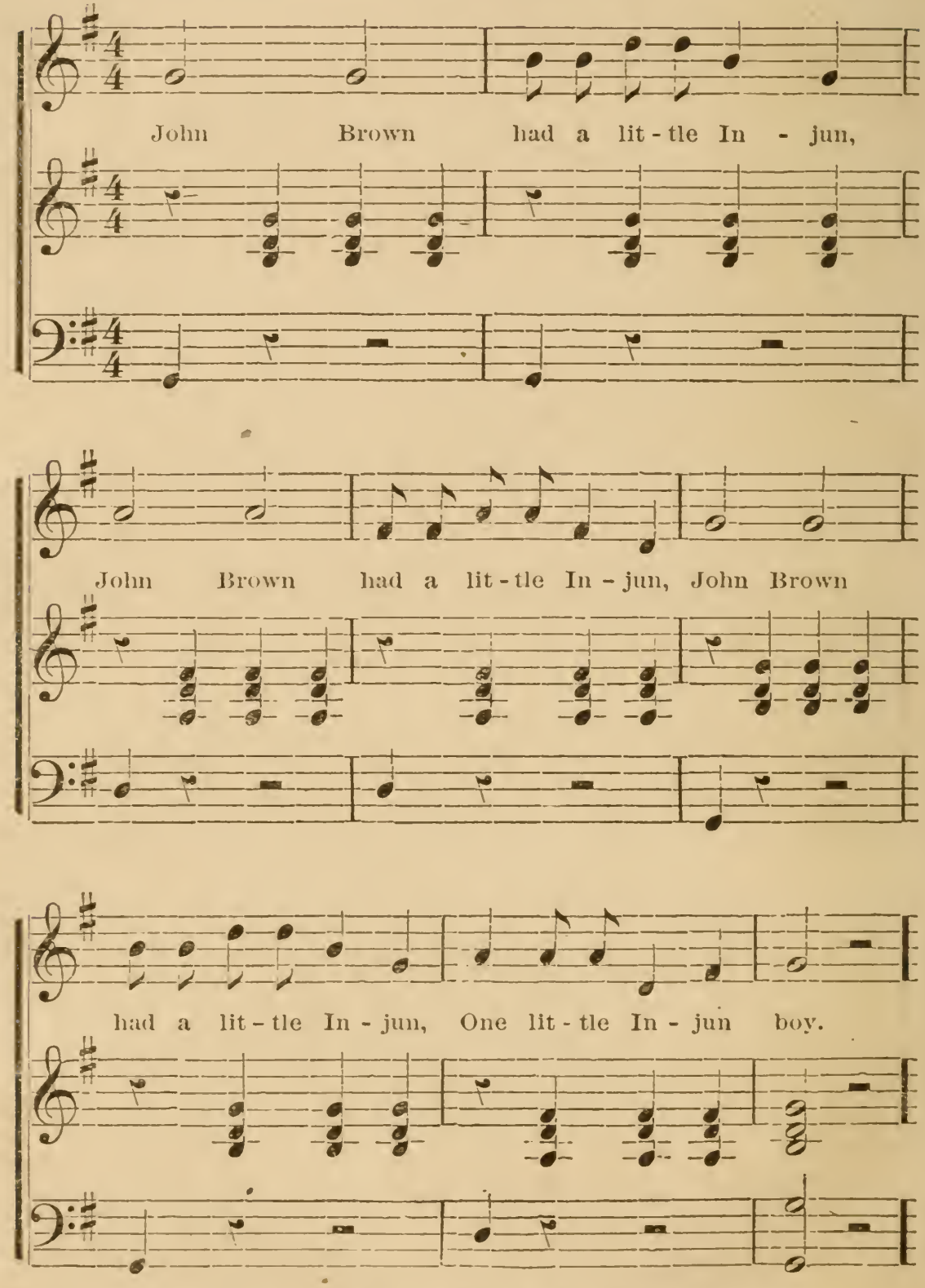
CHORUS.



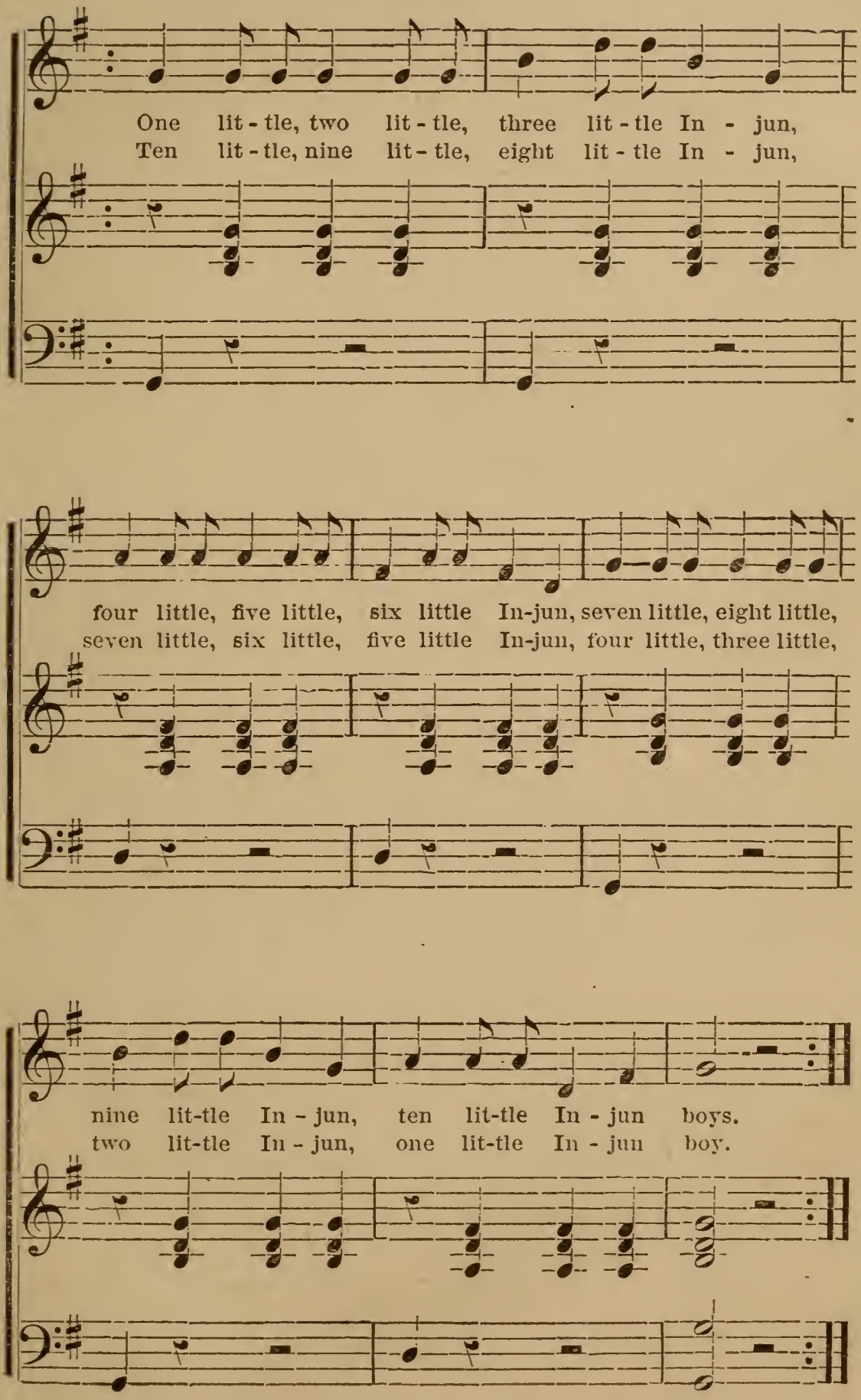
2 I wish I was on yonder hill,
For there I'd sit and cry my fill,
And every drop should turn a mill,
Dis cum bibble lolla boo. Slow reel. CHO.

2 I wish I was a married man,
And had a wife whose name was Fan,
I'd sing her a song on this same plan,
Dis cum bibble lolla boo. Slow reel. CHO.

JOHN BROWN HAD A LITTLE INJUN.

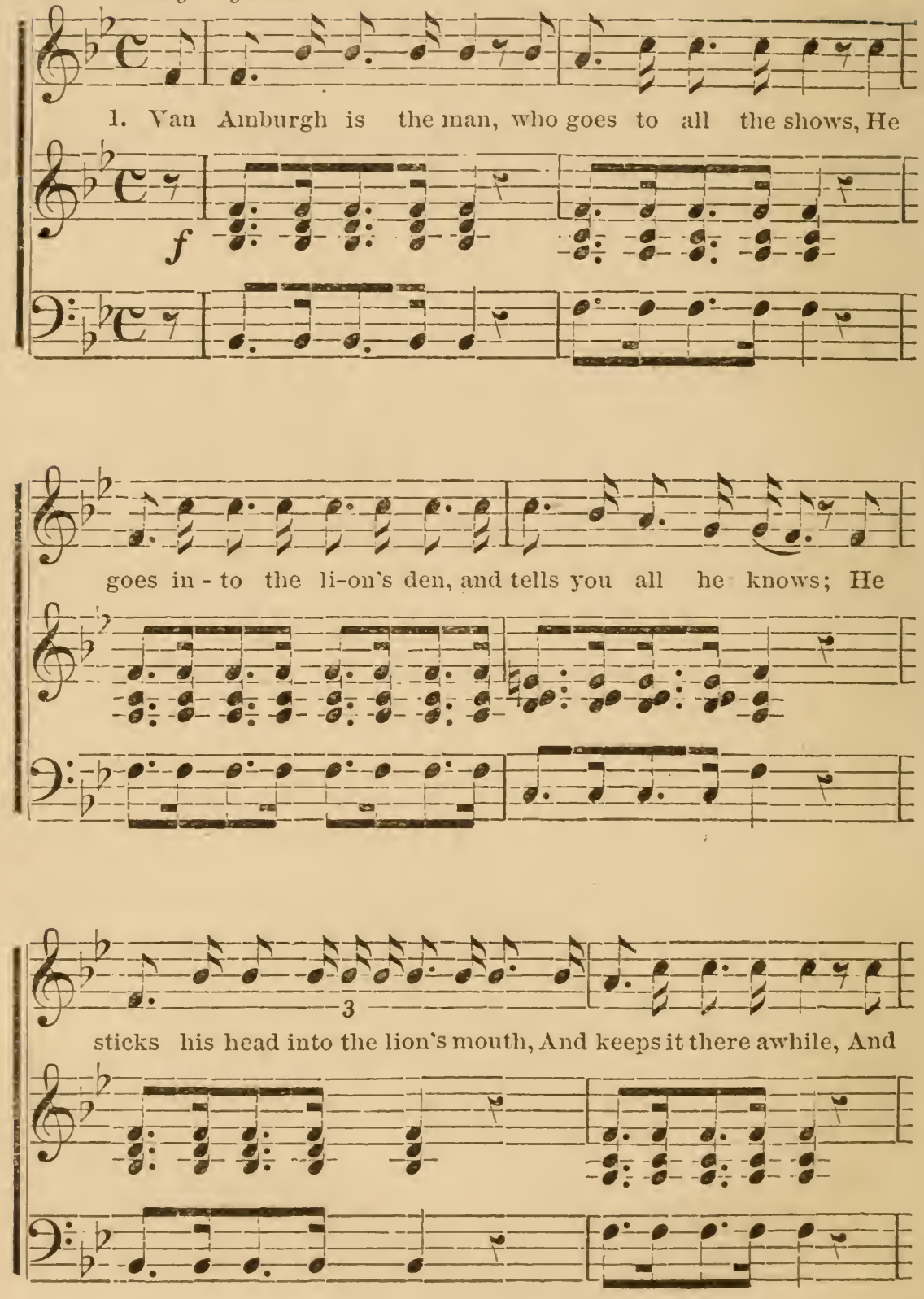


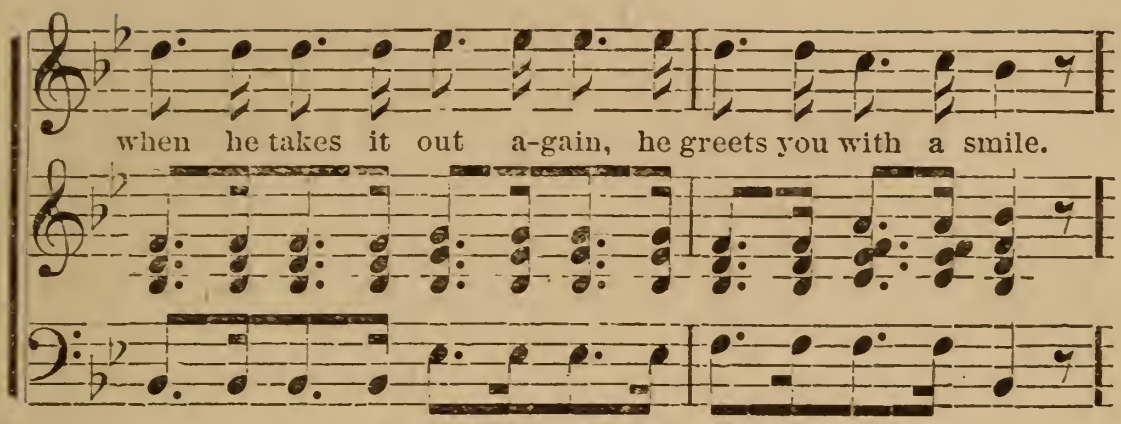
N.B.—This song is often sung as a three-part Round.


One lit - tle, two lit - tle, three lit - tle In - jun,
Ten lit - tle, nine lit - tle, eight lit - tle In - jun,
four little, five little, six little In-jun, seven little, eight little,
seven little, six little, five little In-jun, four little, three little,
nine lit-tle In - jun, ten lit-tle In - jun boys.
two lit-tle In - jun, one lit-tle In - jun boy.

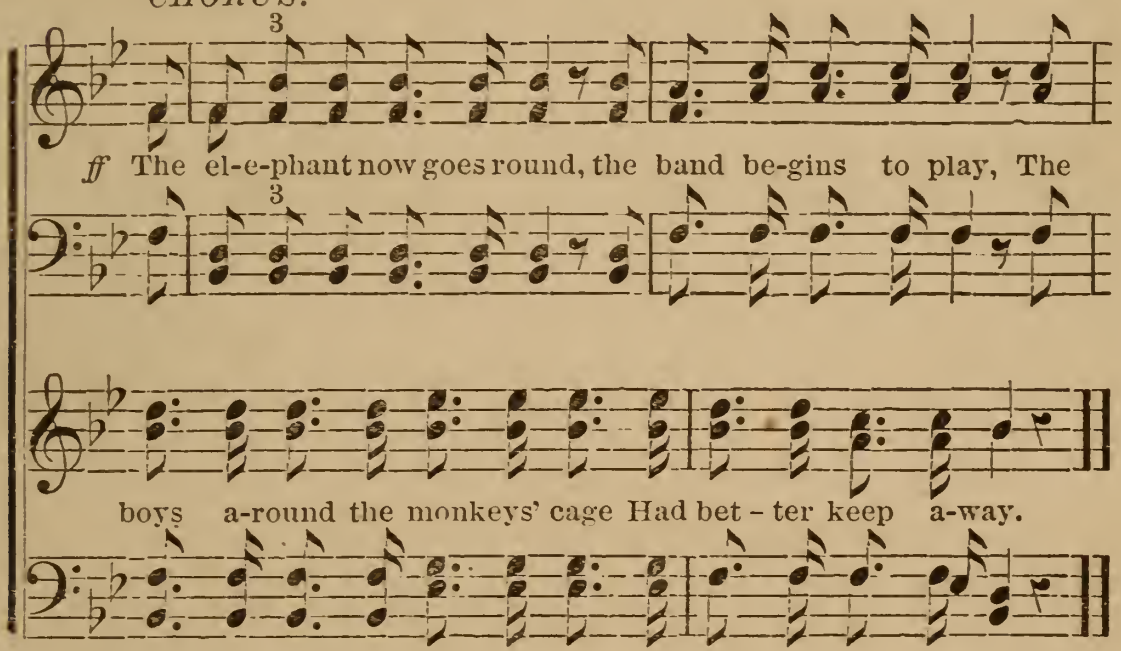
MENAGERIE.

Allegro giocoso.





CHORUS.



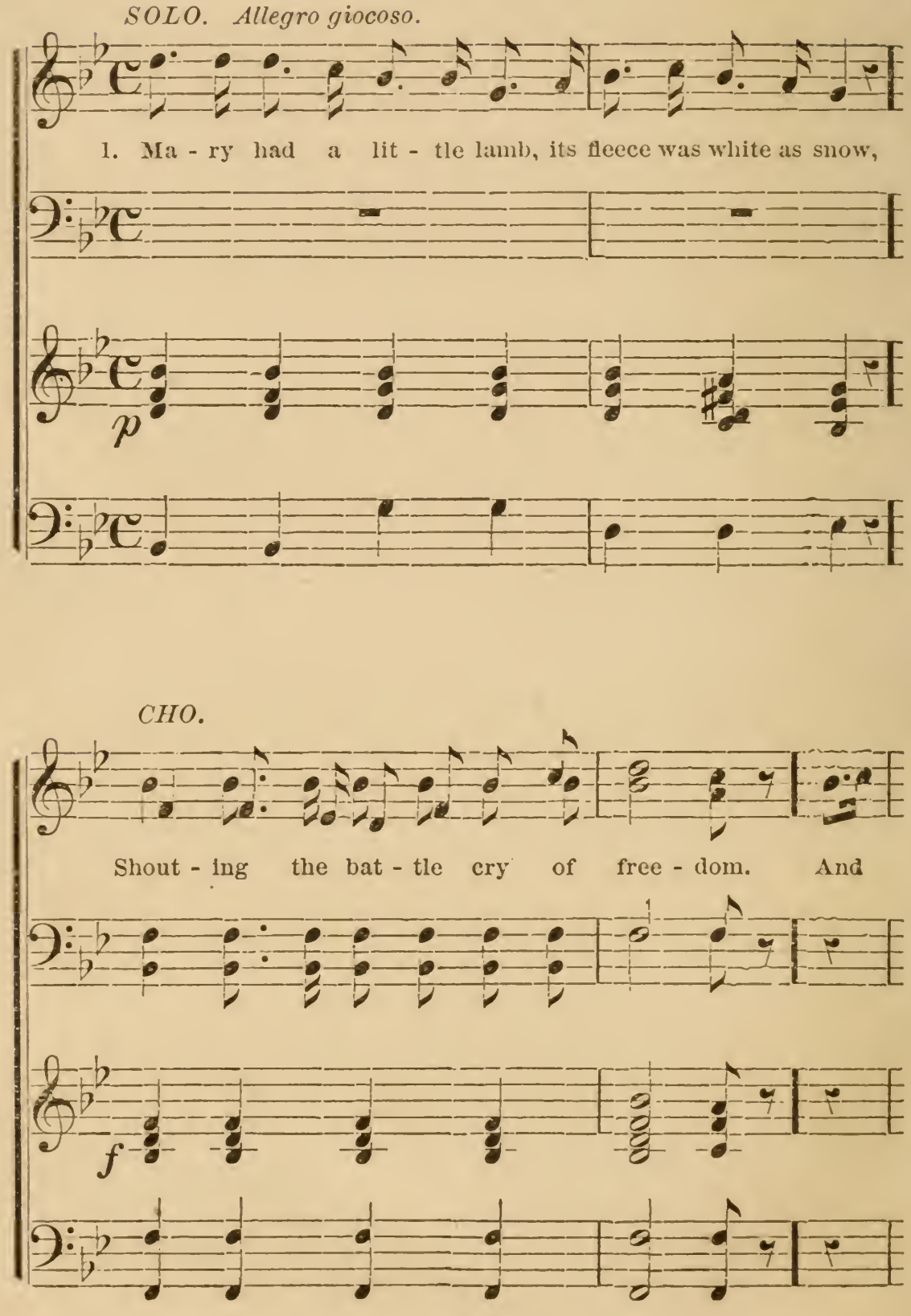
2 First comes the African Polar Bear, oft called the Iceberg's daughter,
She's been known to eat three tubs of ice, then call for soda water;
She wades in the water up to her knees, not fearing any harm,
And you may grumble all you please, and she don't care a "darn." CHO.

3 That Hyena in the next cage, most wonderful to relate,
Got awful hungry the other day, and ate up his female mate;
He's a very ferocious beast, don't go near him, little boys,
For when he's mad he shakes his tail, and makes this awful noise. (*Imitation of growling.*) CHO.

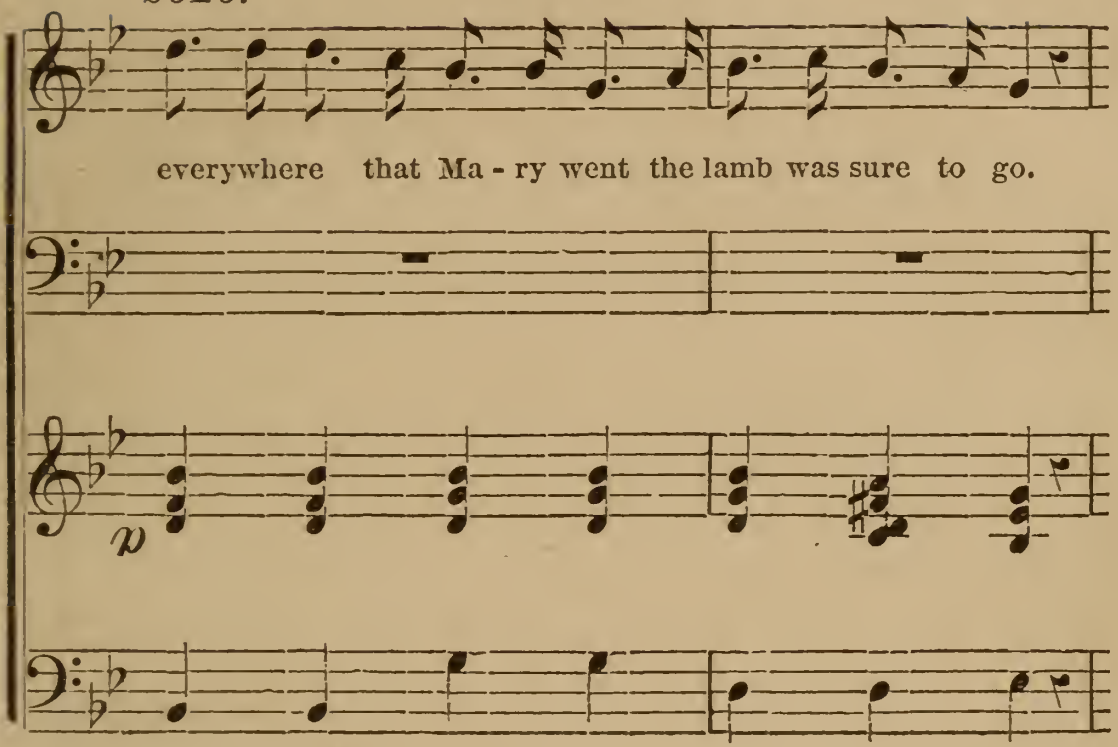
4 Next comes the Anaconda Boa Constrictor, oft called Anaconda for brevity,
He's noted the world throughout for his age and great longevity;
He can swallow himself, crawl through himself, and come out again with facility.
He can tie himself up in a double-bow-knot with his tail, and wink with the greatest agility. CHO.

5 Next comes the Vulture, awful bird, from the mountain's highest tops,
He's been known to eat up little girls, and then to lick his chops;
Oh, the show it can't go on, there's too much noise and confusion;
Oh, ladies, stop feeding those monkeys peanuts, it'll injure their constitution. CHO.

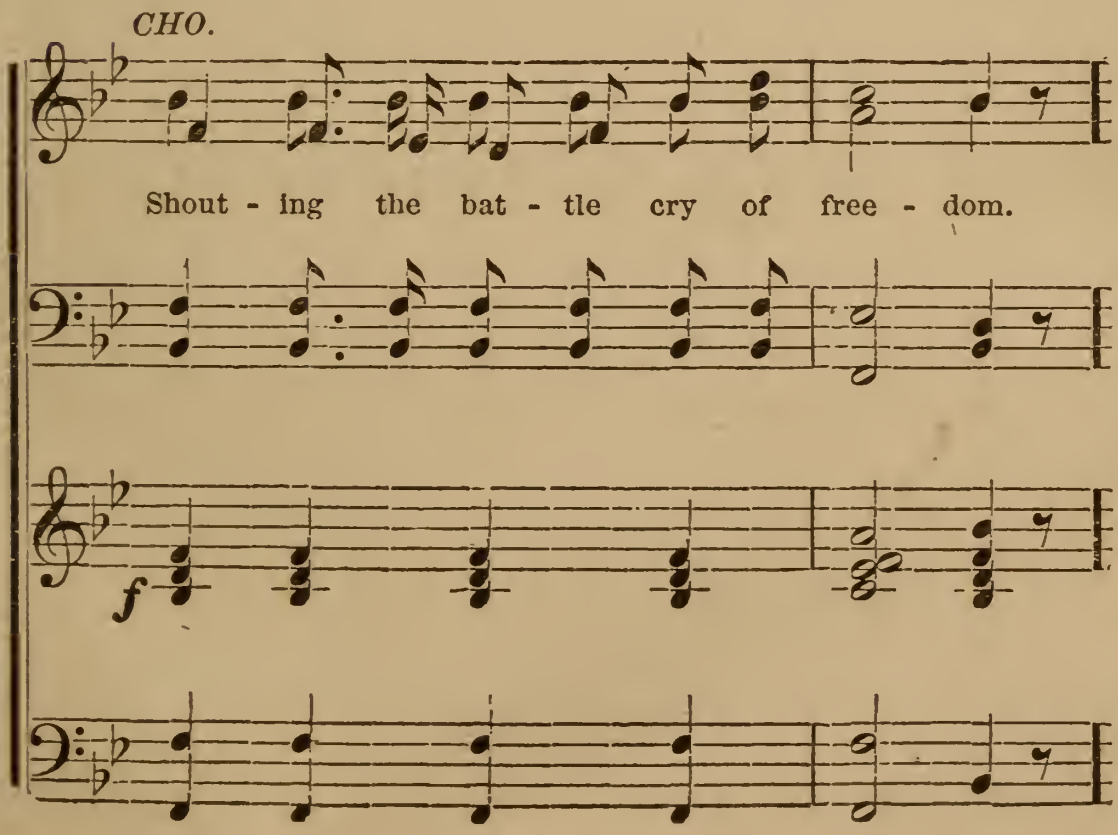
MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB.



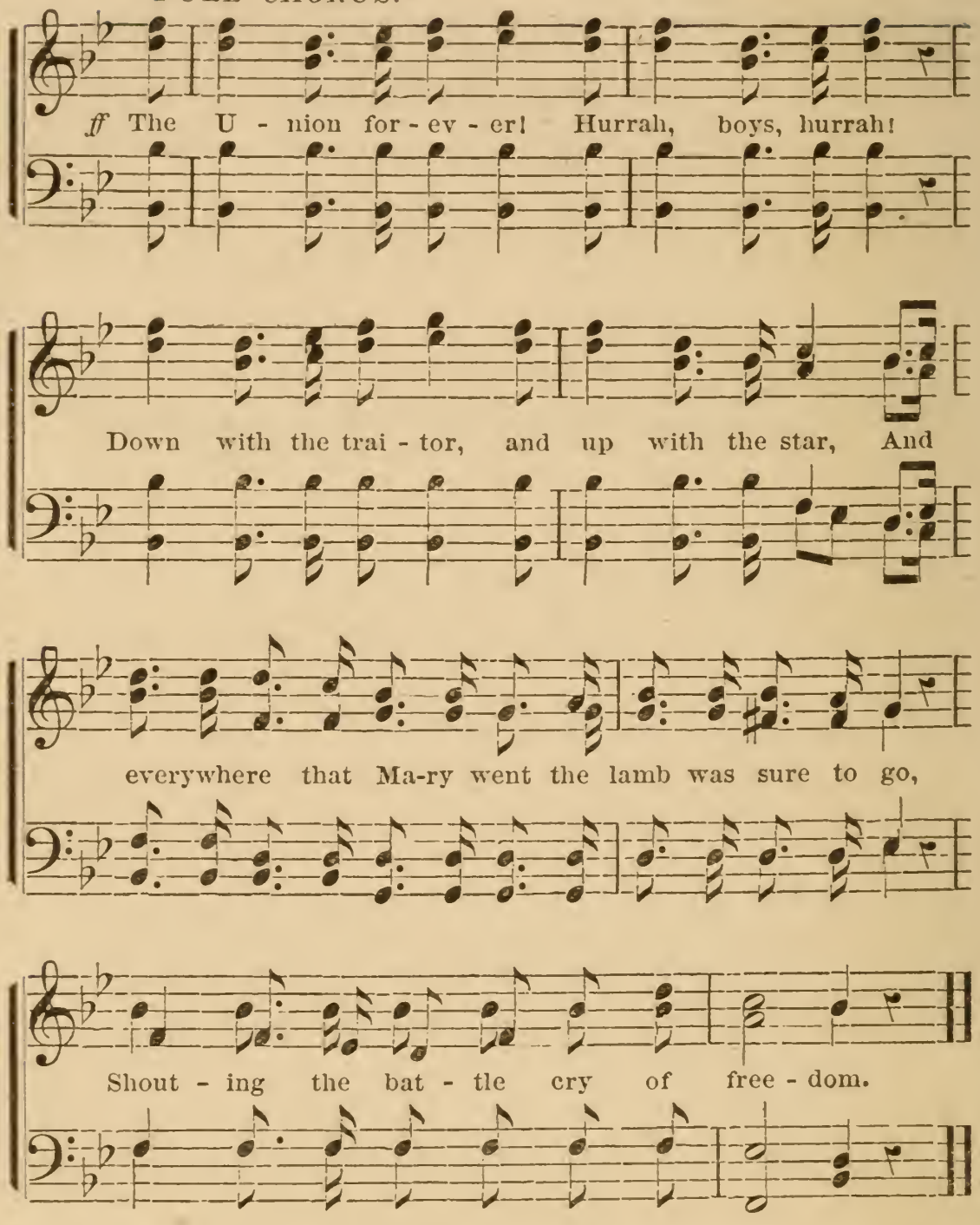
SOLO.


everywhere that Ma - ry went the lamb was sure to go.
p

CHO.


Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of free - dom.
f

*FULL CHORUS.**



2 It followed her to school one day, which was against the rule, CHO.
For it made the children laugh and play to see a lamb at school. CHO.

3 And so the teacher turned him out, but still he lingered near, CHO.
And waited patiently about till Mary did appear. CHO.

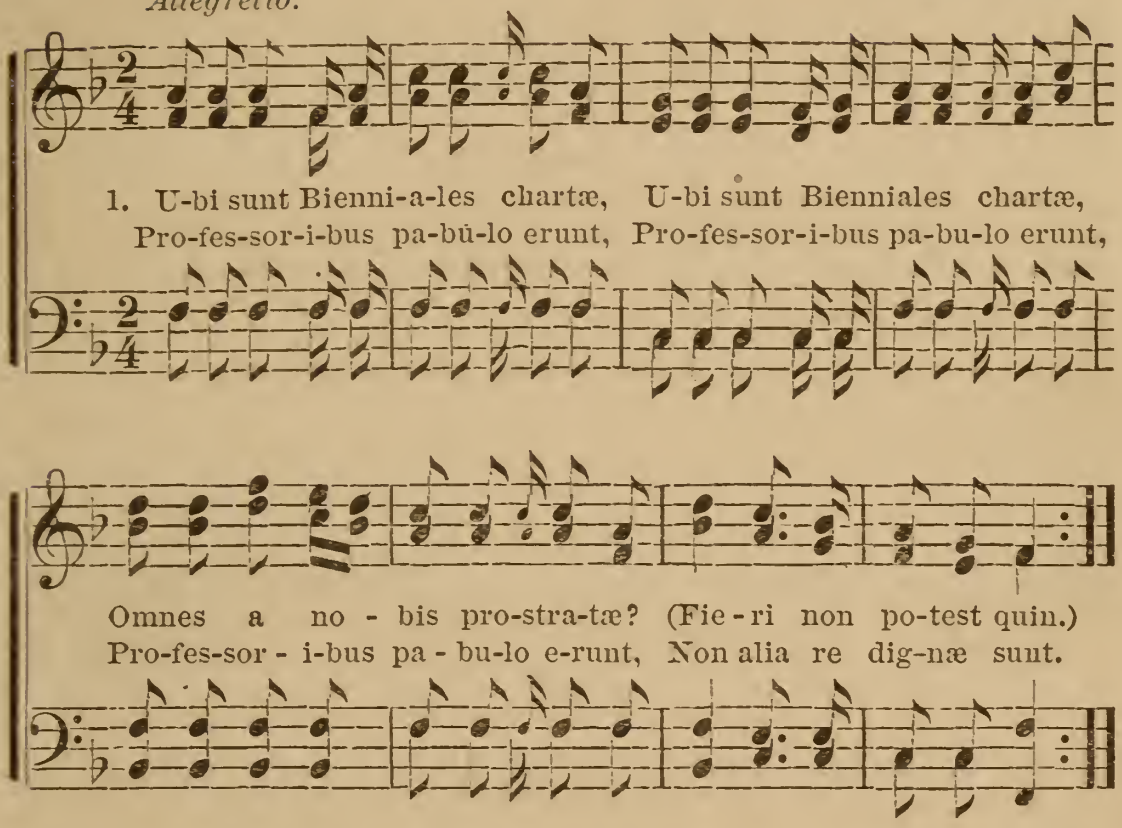
4 "What makes the lamb love Mary so?" the children all did cry, CHO.
"'Cause Mary loves the lamb, you know," the teacher did reply. CHO.

* The third line of the chorus should be a repetition of the second line of the verse immediately preceding.

HEBREW CHILDREN.

Class of '53.

Allegretto.



2 Ubi est meus parvus equus BIS.
Qui de me est bene meritus?
(Per quem stabat, quominus ——)
Actum est de meo equo, TER.
Ex equo sic pugnavi.

3 Ubi sunt hi professores BIS.
Quibus modo cœnam dedimus?
(Qui nihil prætermiserunt quin—)
Laborant stomacho, sed nihil interest, TER.
Si sheepskin valet, bene est.

4 Ubi classes inferiores? BIS.
Invidentes hic a tergo:
Macte, pueri, virtute!
Non cujusvis est æquare TER.
Classem quinquaginta tres!

5 Ubi sunt Seniores ante nos? BIS.
Haud scio an terra marique
Ubique dispersi sint
Iidem sunt qui semper fuerunt; TER.
Ex civitate pulsi sunt.

6 Ubi est Gulielmus Wickham BIS.
Qui sæculare carmen cantat?
Vermes habent corpus id.
Alios centum annos abhinc, TER.
Vermes devorarint nos.

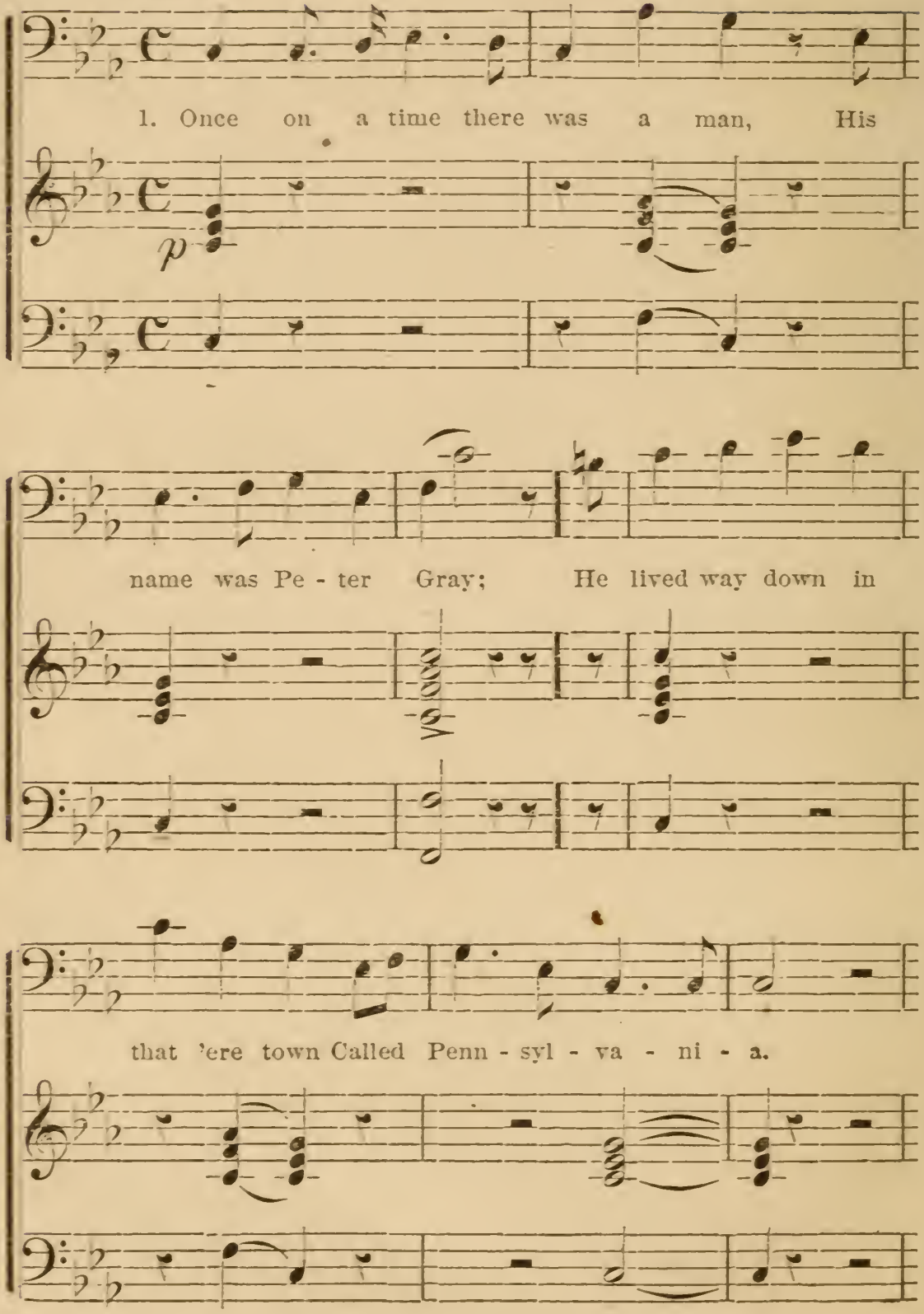
---

1 Where, oh, where are the Hebrew children? TER.
Gone to the promised land.

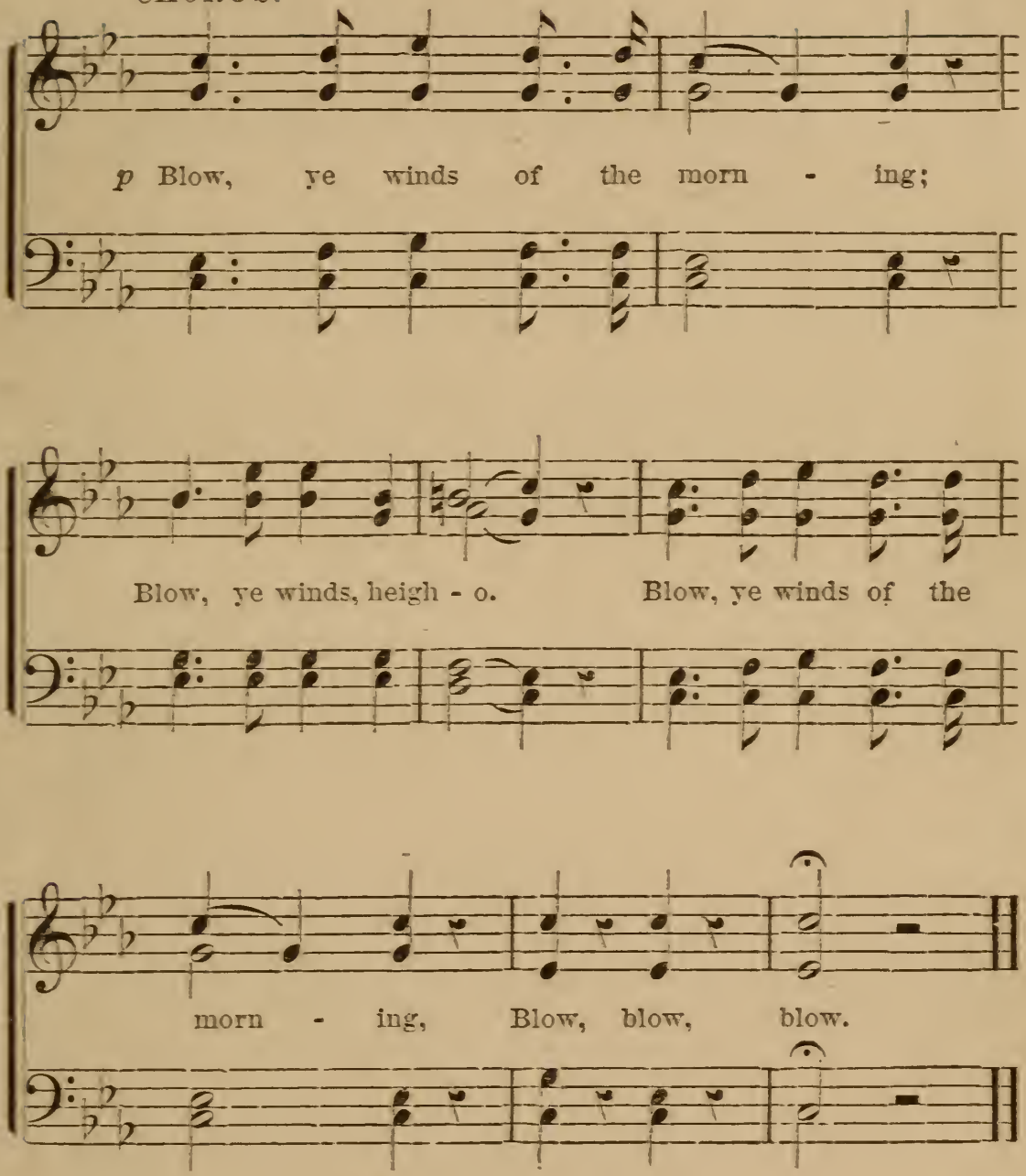
2 Where, oh, where is Father Abraham? TER.
Gone to the promised land.

PETER GRAY.

Andante.



CHORUS.



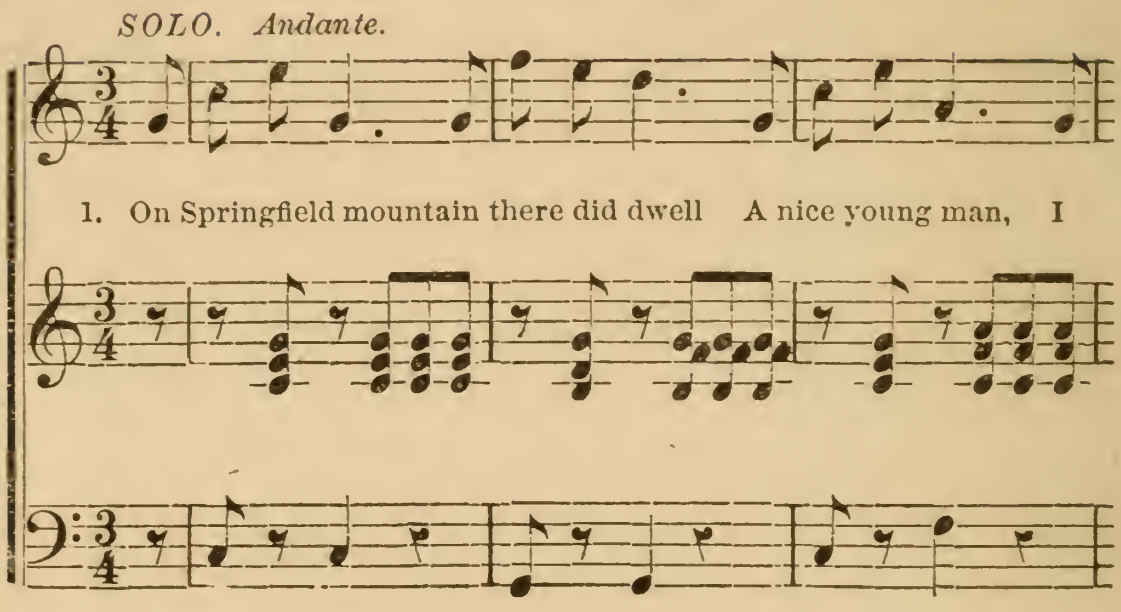
2 Now Peter Gray he fell in love, all with a nice young girl,
The first three letters of her name were L – U - C, Anna Quirl. CHO.

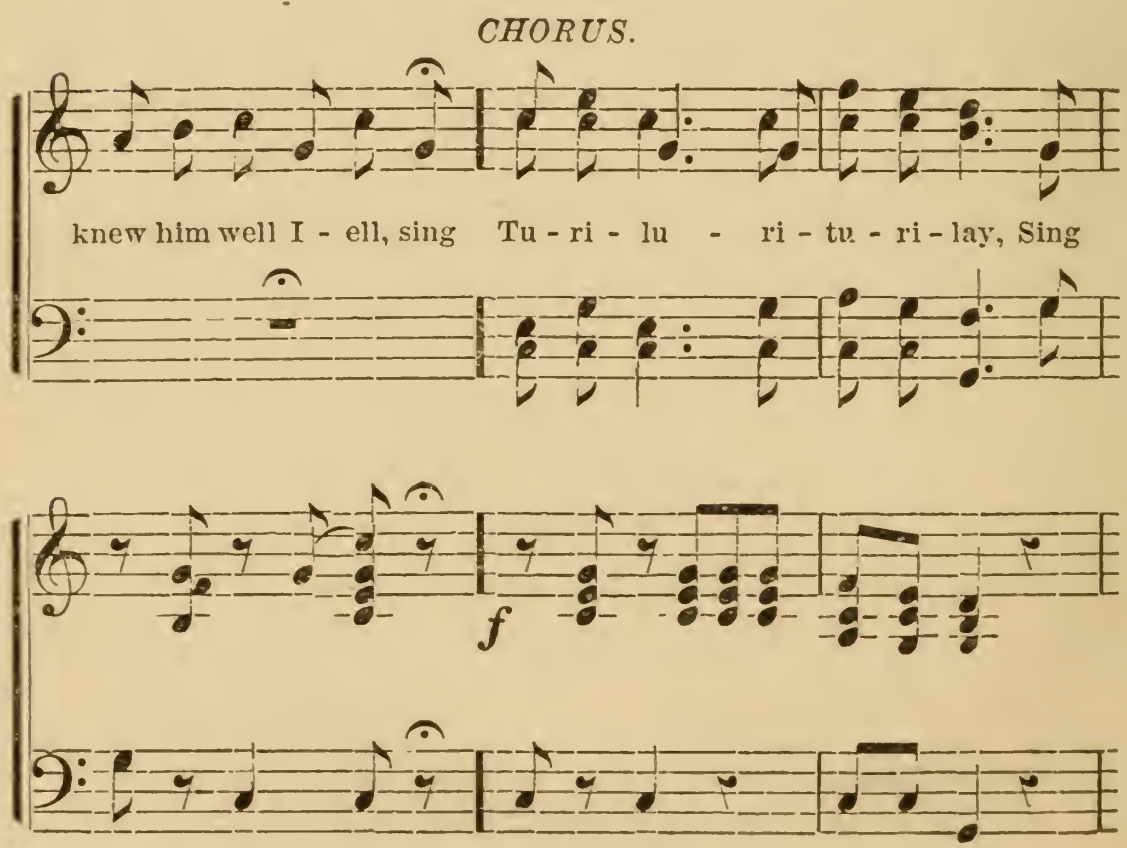
3 But just as they were going to wed, her papa he said "No,"
And consequently she was sent way off to Ohio. CHO.

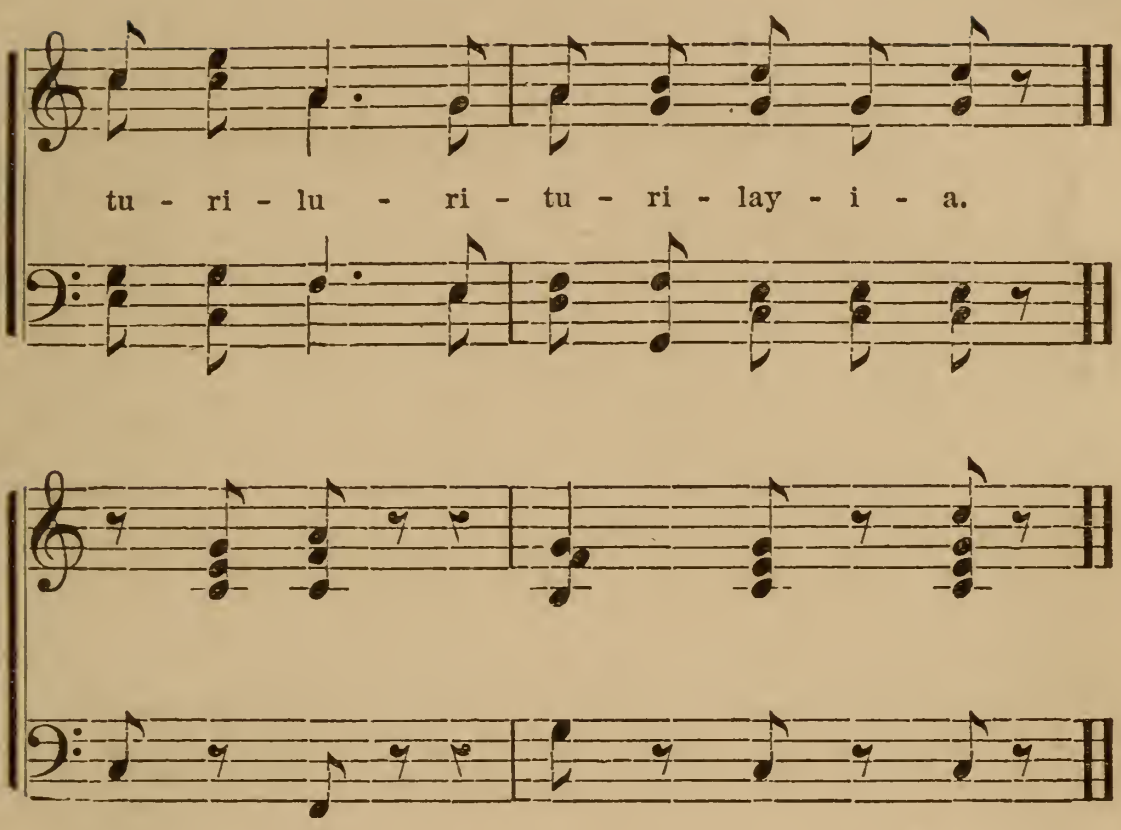
4 And Peter Gray he went to trade for furs and other skins,
Till he was caught and scalp - y - ed, by the bloody Indians. CHO.

5 When Lucy Anna heard the news, she straightway took to bed,
And never did get up again until she di - i - ed. CHO.

SPRINGFIELD MOUNTAIN.







2 On Monday morning he did go
Down to the meadow for to mow. CHO.

3 He scarce had mowed half round the field,
When a pesky sarpent bit his heel. CHO.

4 He raised his scythe and struck a blow,
Which laid the pesky sarpent low. CHO.

5 He took the sarpent in his hand,
And posted off to Molly Brand. CHO.

6 "Oh, Johnny dear, why did you go
Down to the meadow for to mow?" CHO.

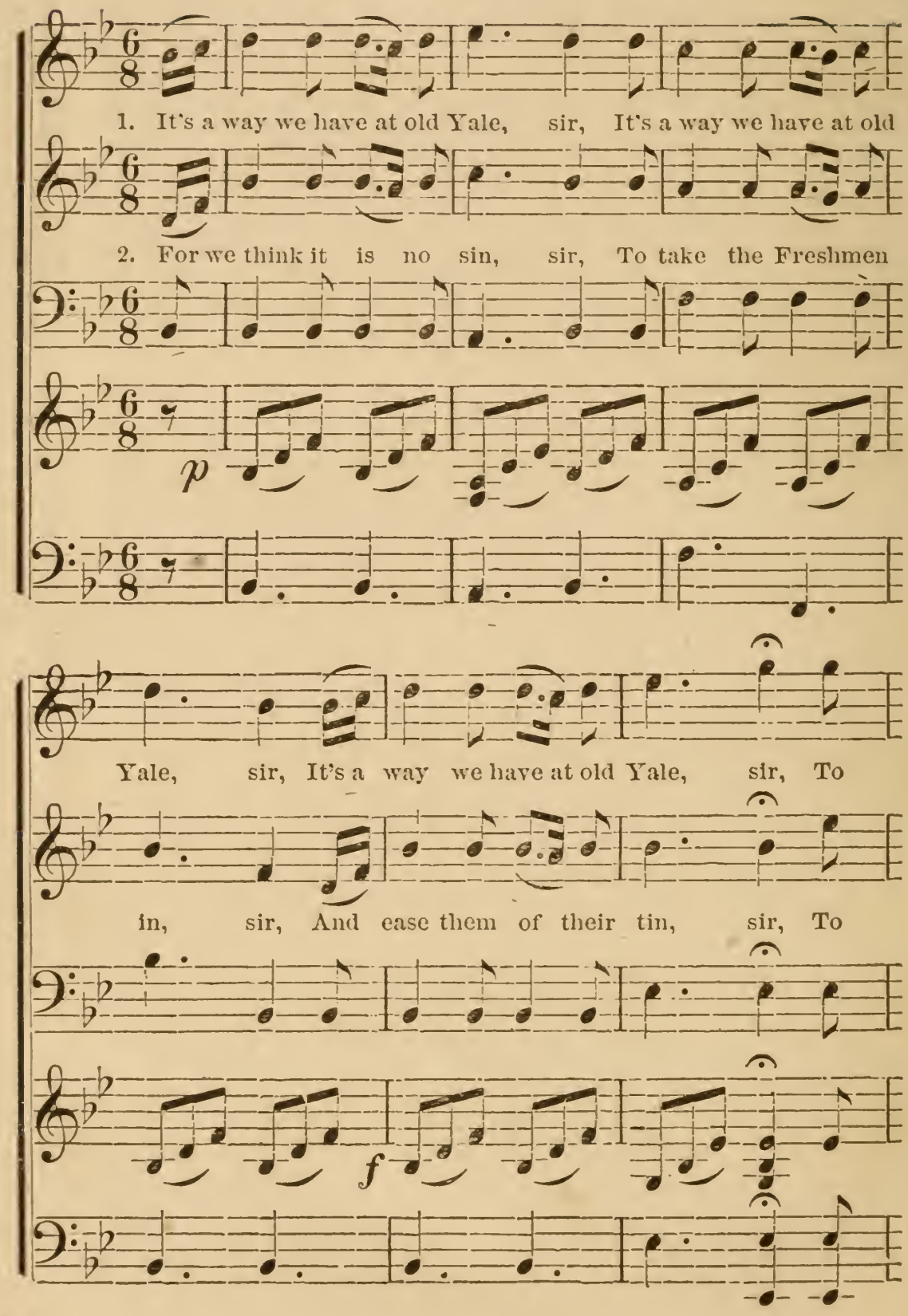
7 "Oh, Molly dear, I thought you knowed
'Twas father's field, and must be mowed." CHO.

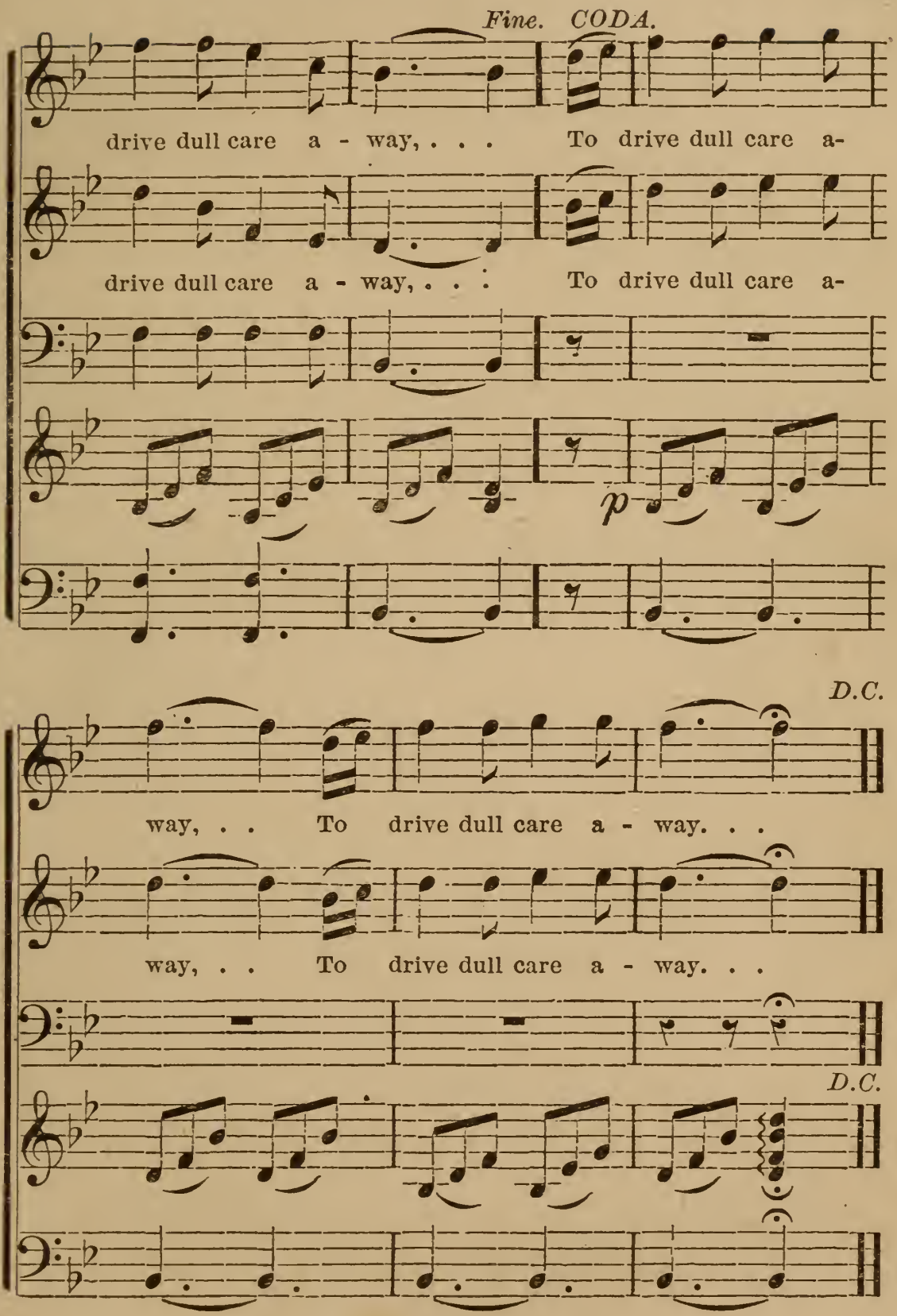
8 Now this young man gave up the ghost,
And did to Abraham's bosom post. CHO.

9 And thus he cried as up he went,
"Oh, pesky, cruel sar - pi - ent." CHO.

10 Now, all young men, a warning take,—
Beware of the bite of a great big snake. CHO.

DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY.

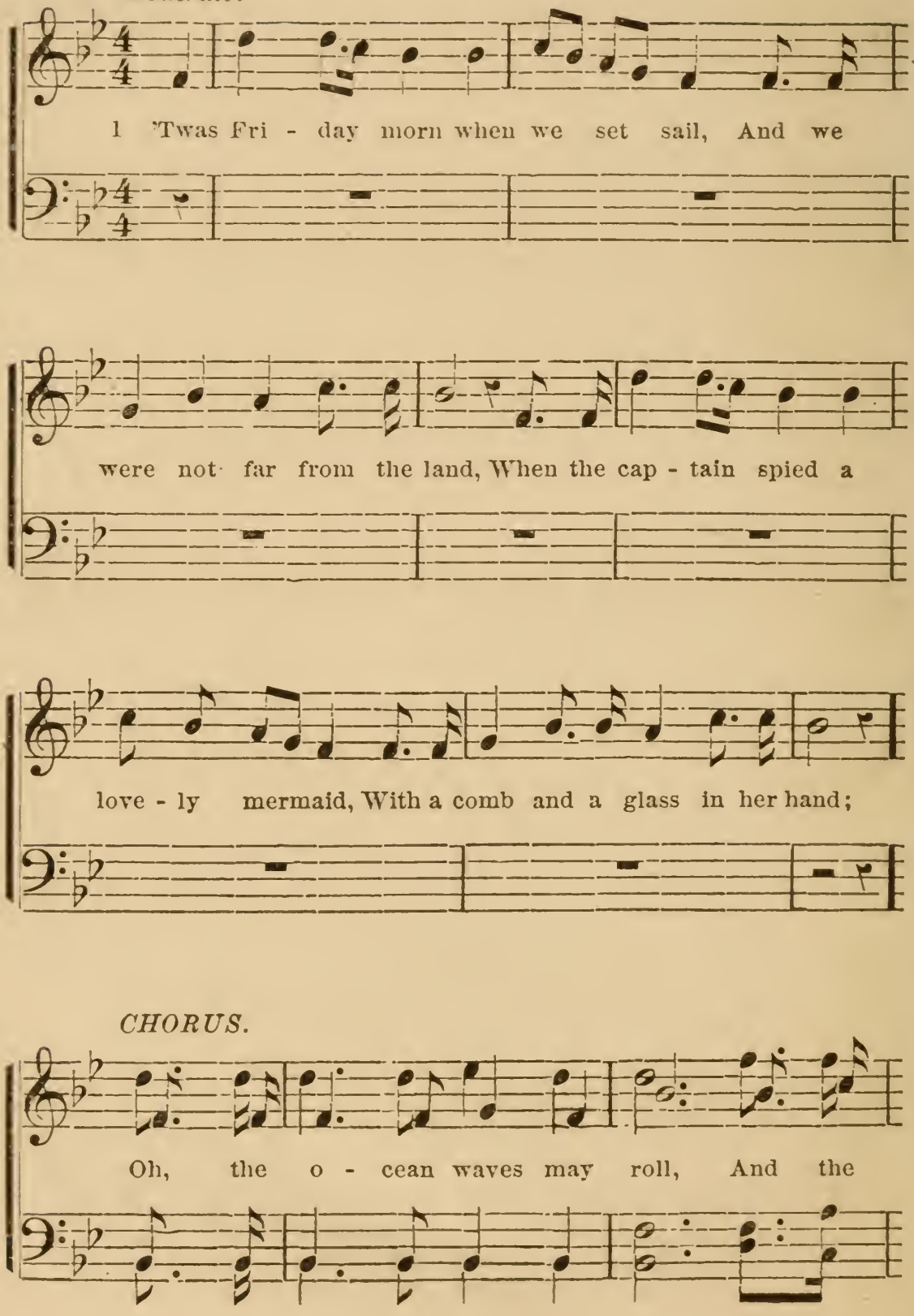


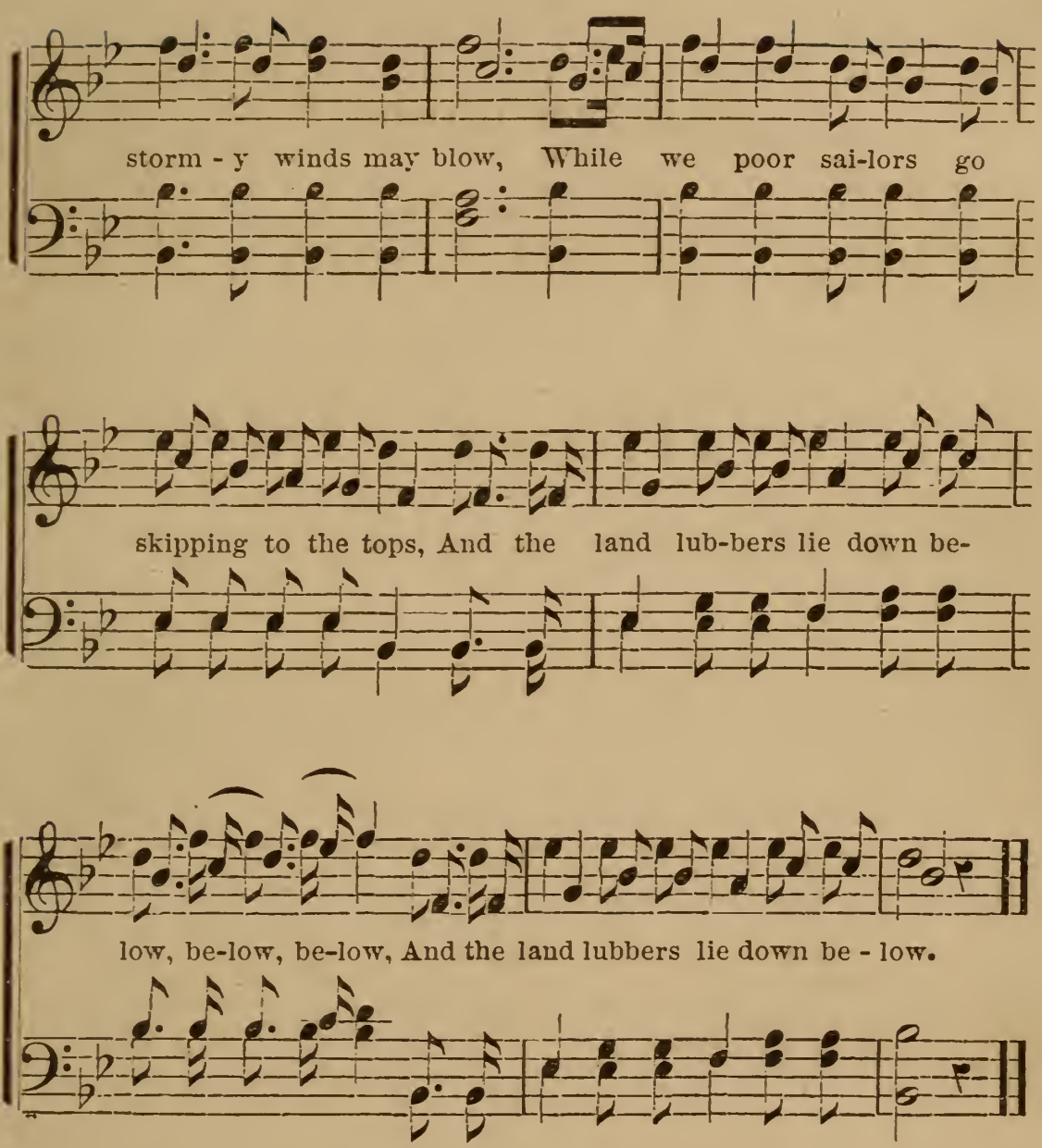


3 For we think it is but right, sir,
On Wednesday and Saturday night, sir,
To get most gloriously tight, sir,
To drive dull care away. CHO.

THE MERMAID.

Moderato.



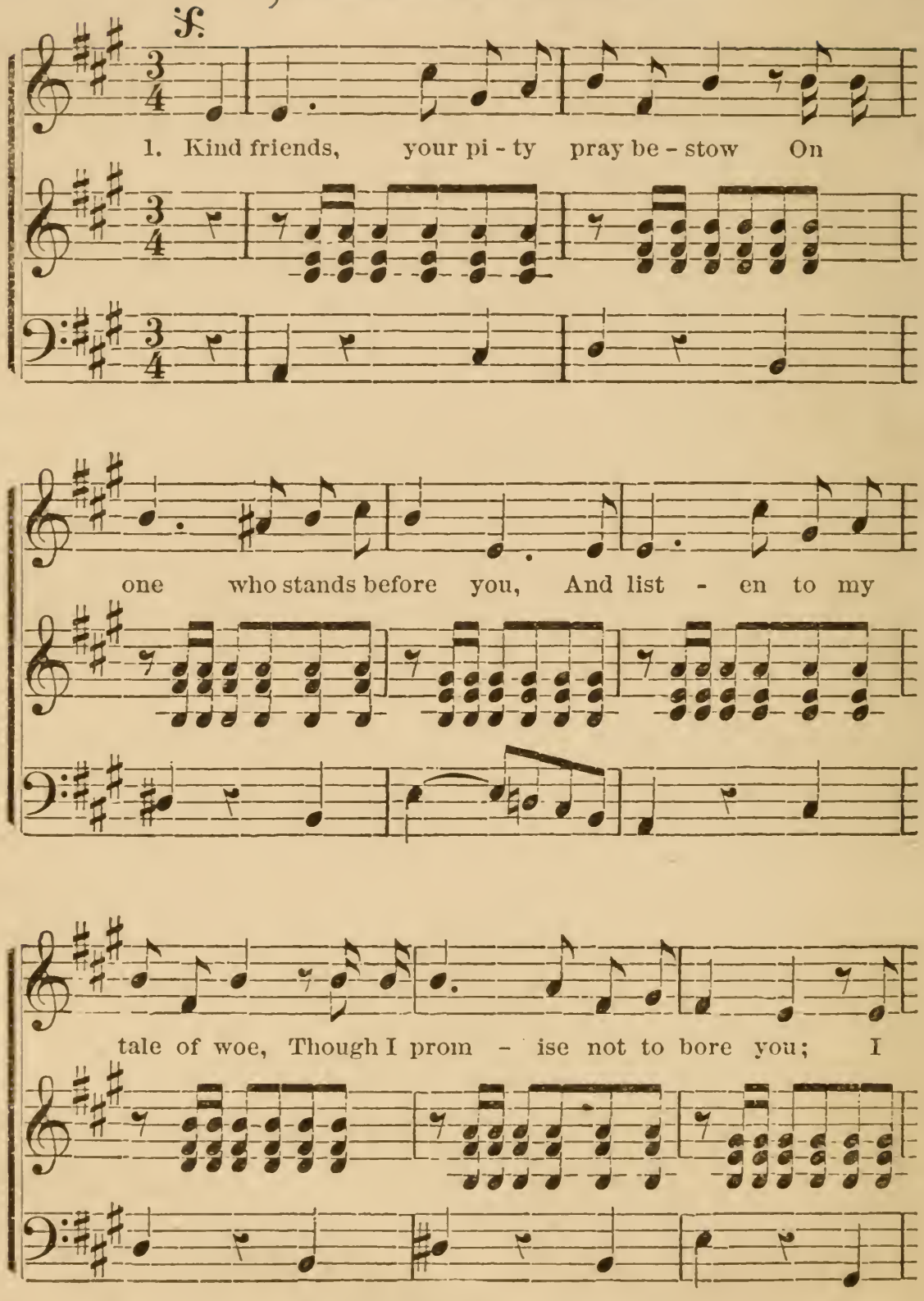


2 Then up spake the captain of our gallant ship,
And a well spoken man was he;
"I have married a wife in Salem town,
And to-night she a widow will be." CHO.

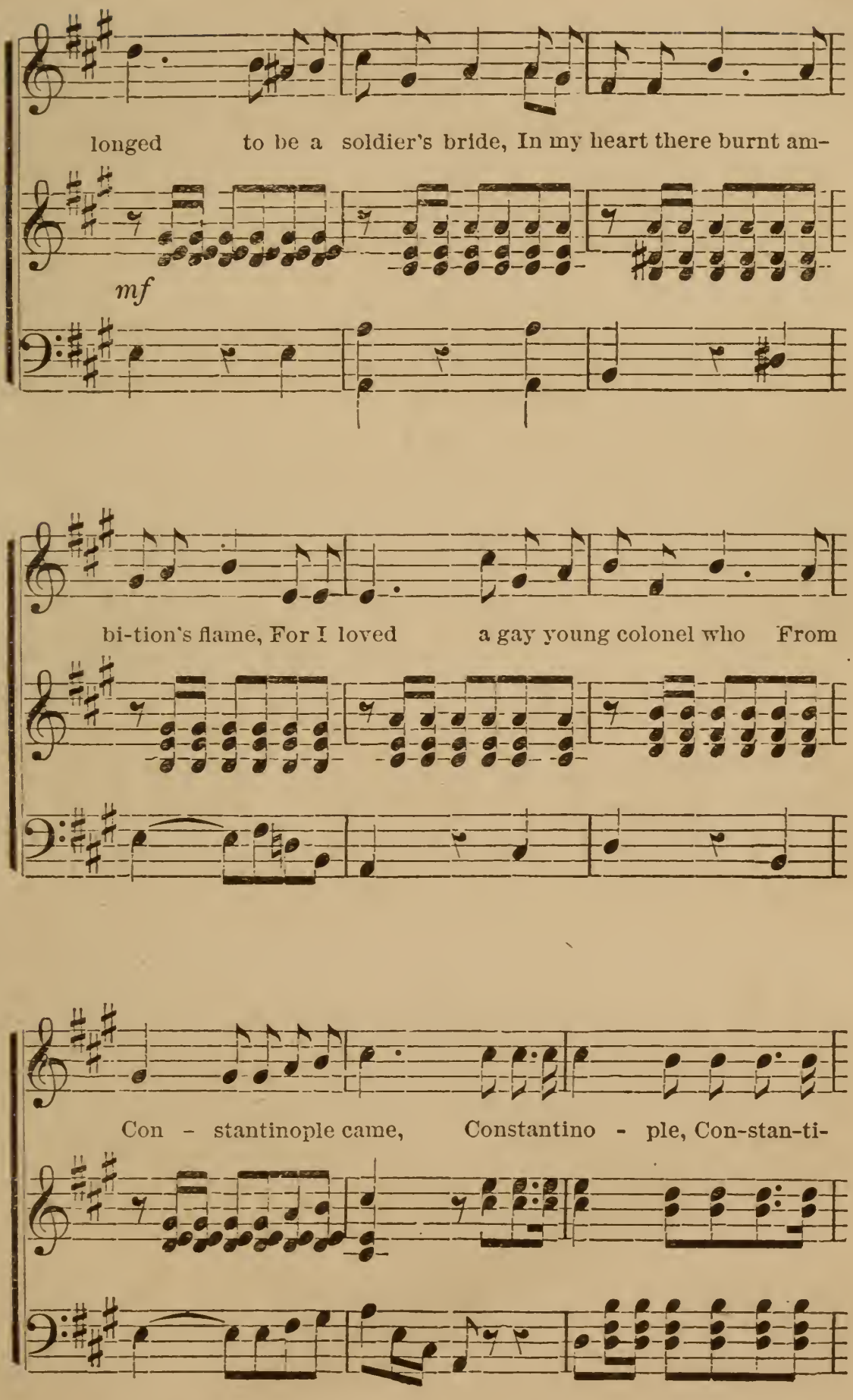
3 Then up spake the cook of our gallant ship,
And a fat old cook was he;
"I care much more for my kettles and my pots,
Than I do for the depths of the sea." CHO.

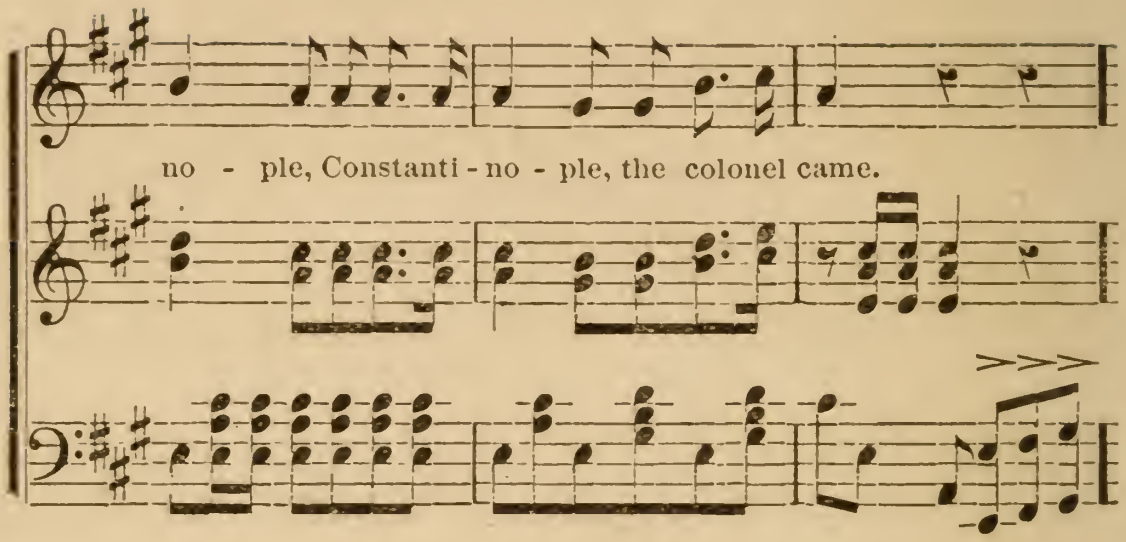
4 Then three times around went our gallant ship,
And three times around went she,
Then three times around went our gallant ship,
And she sank to the depths of the sea. CHO.

CONSTANTINOPLE.*

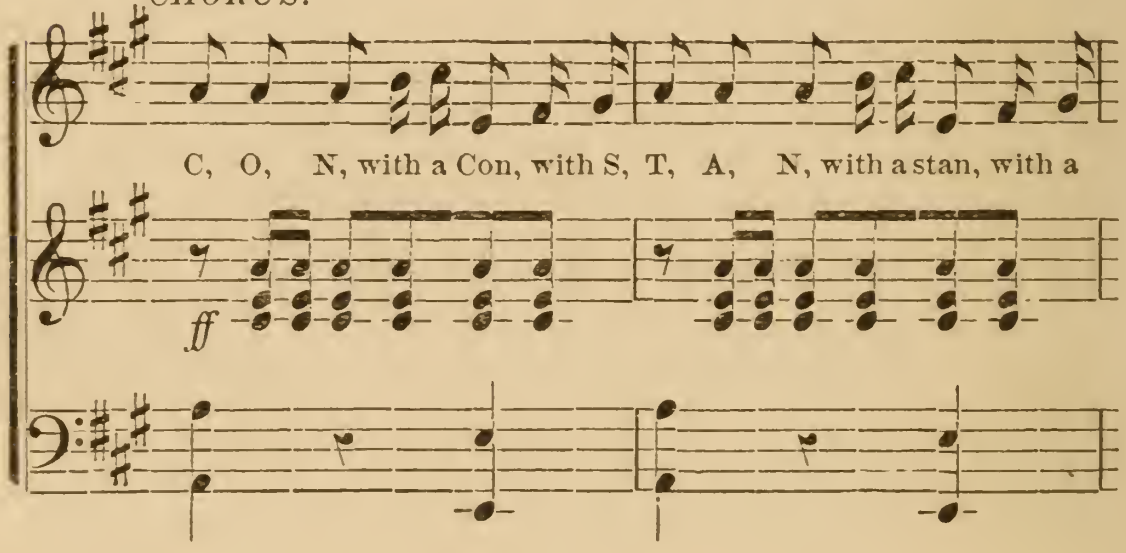


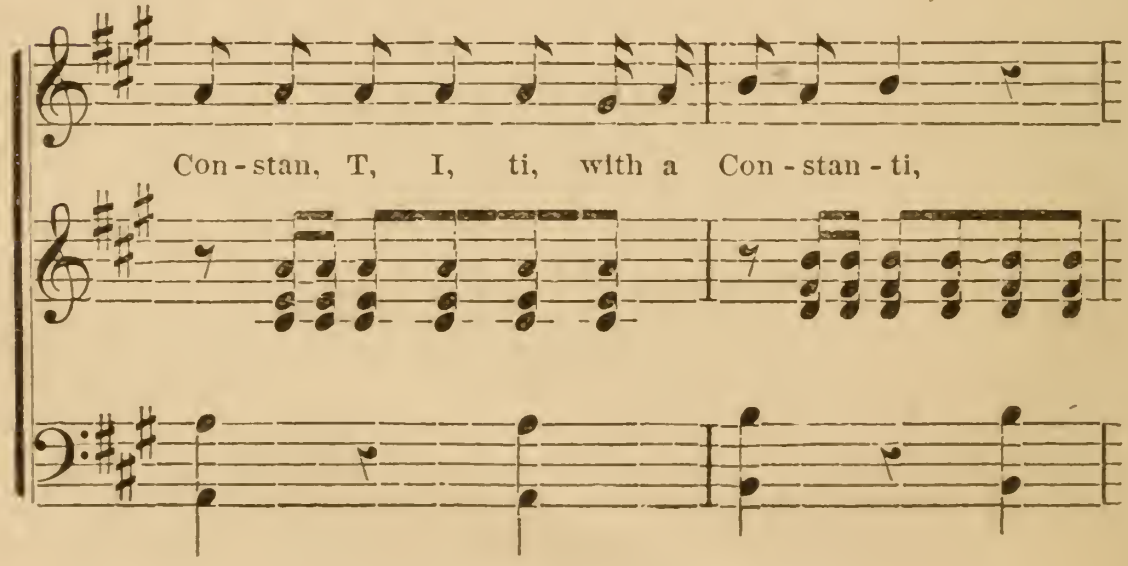
* By permission of O. Ditson & Co.

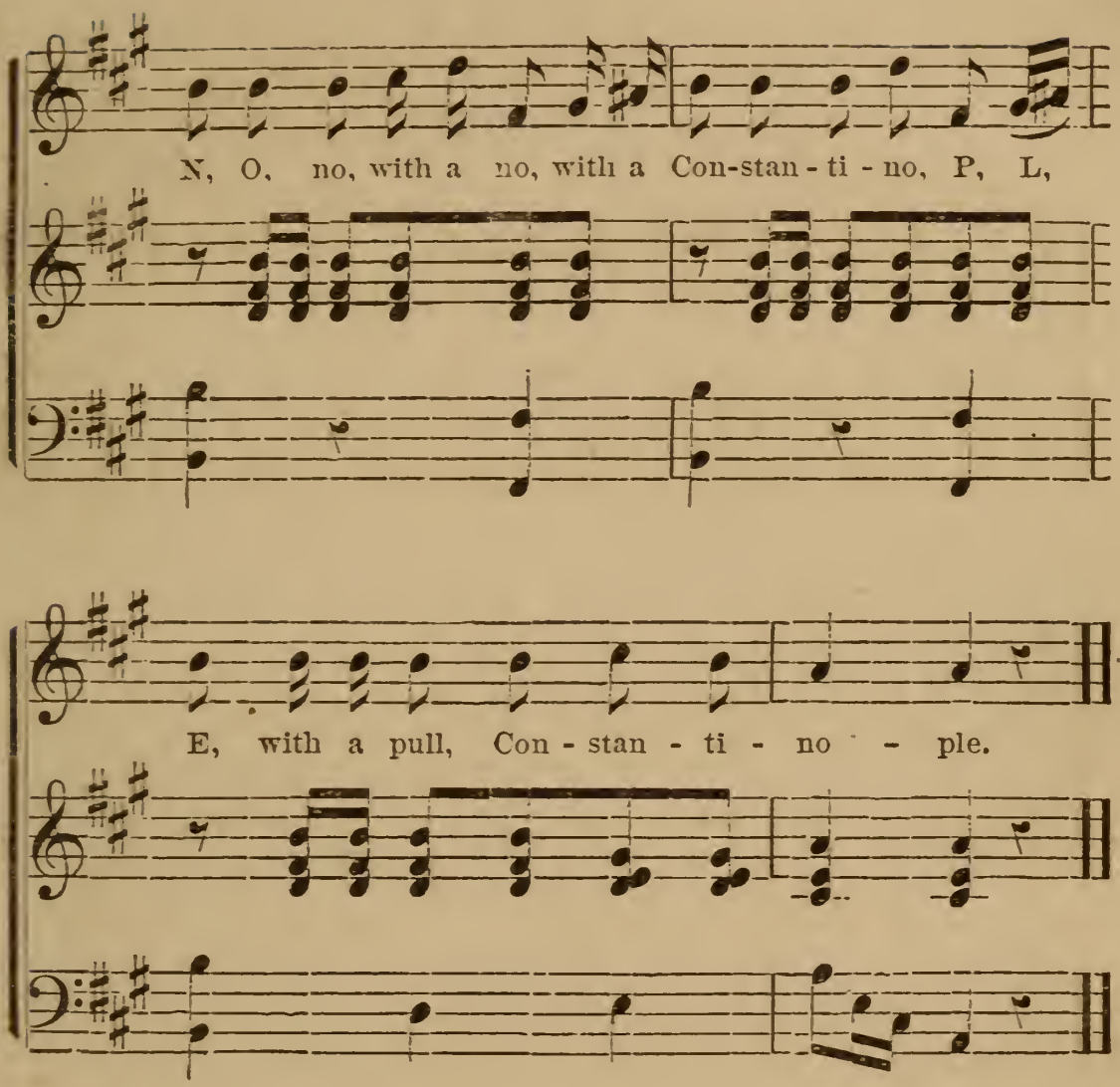

longed to be a soldier's bride, In my heart there burnt am-
mf
bi-tion's flame, For I loved a gay young colonel who From
Con - stantinople came, Constantino - ple, Con-stan-ti-


no - ple, Constanti - no - ple, the colonel came.

CHORUS.


C, O, N, with a Con, with S, T, A, N, with a stan, with a
ff


Con - stan, T, I, ti, with a Con - stan - ti,

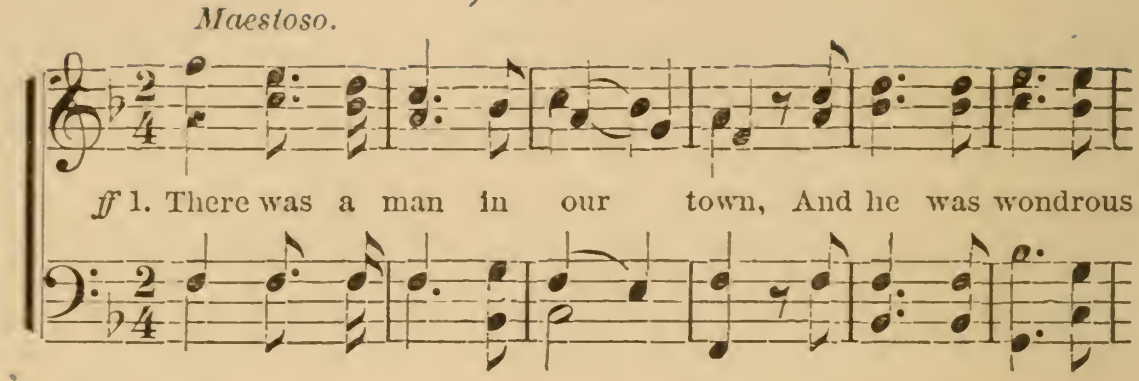


2 I met the Colonel at a ball,
To him I was presented;
Upon his knees the youth did fall,
And lots of stuff invented;
He said he was a Turkish prince,
And begged that I would bear his name,
So I accepted the young Colonel who
From Constantinople came.

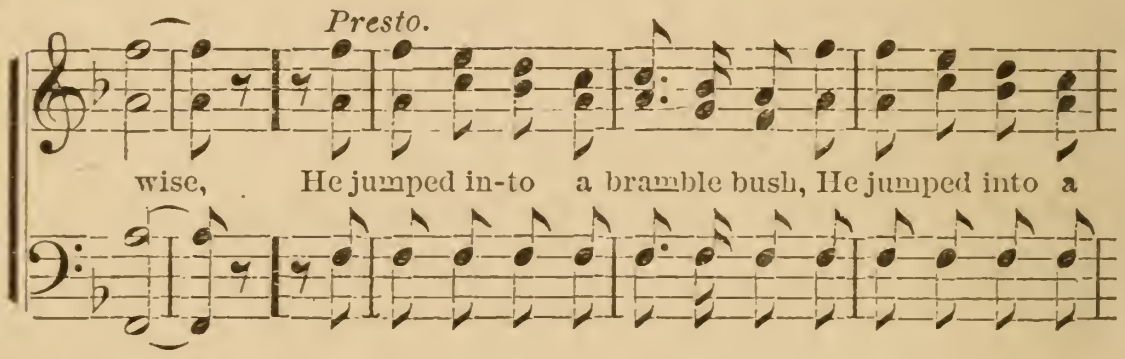
3 One evening, while we sat at tea,
We'd a visit most informal;
The police came, and, gracious me,
They took away the Colonel;
I soon found he a swindler was,
And long had carried on that game,
And so I lost my Colonel who
From Constantinople came.

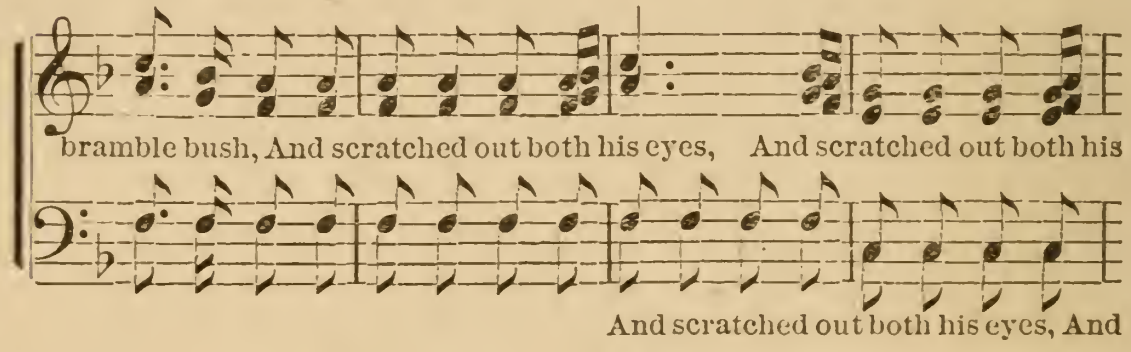
ANTIOCH.

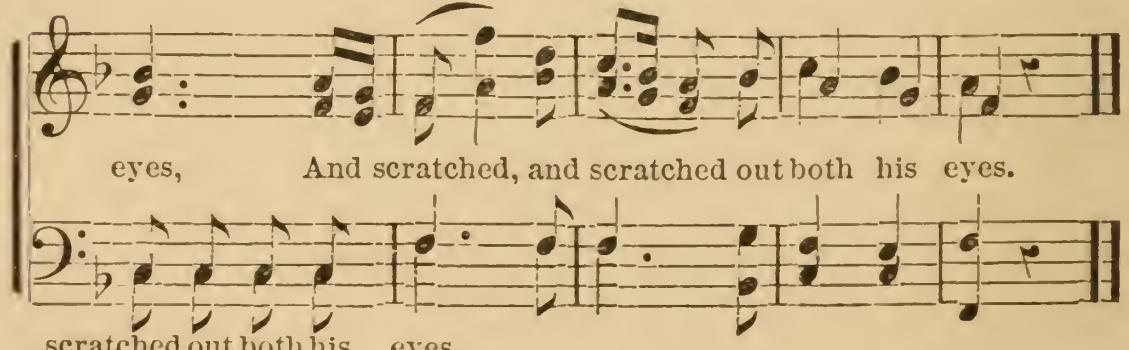
Maestoso.



Presto.

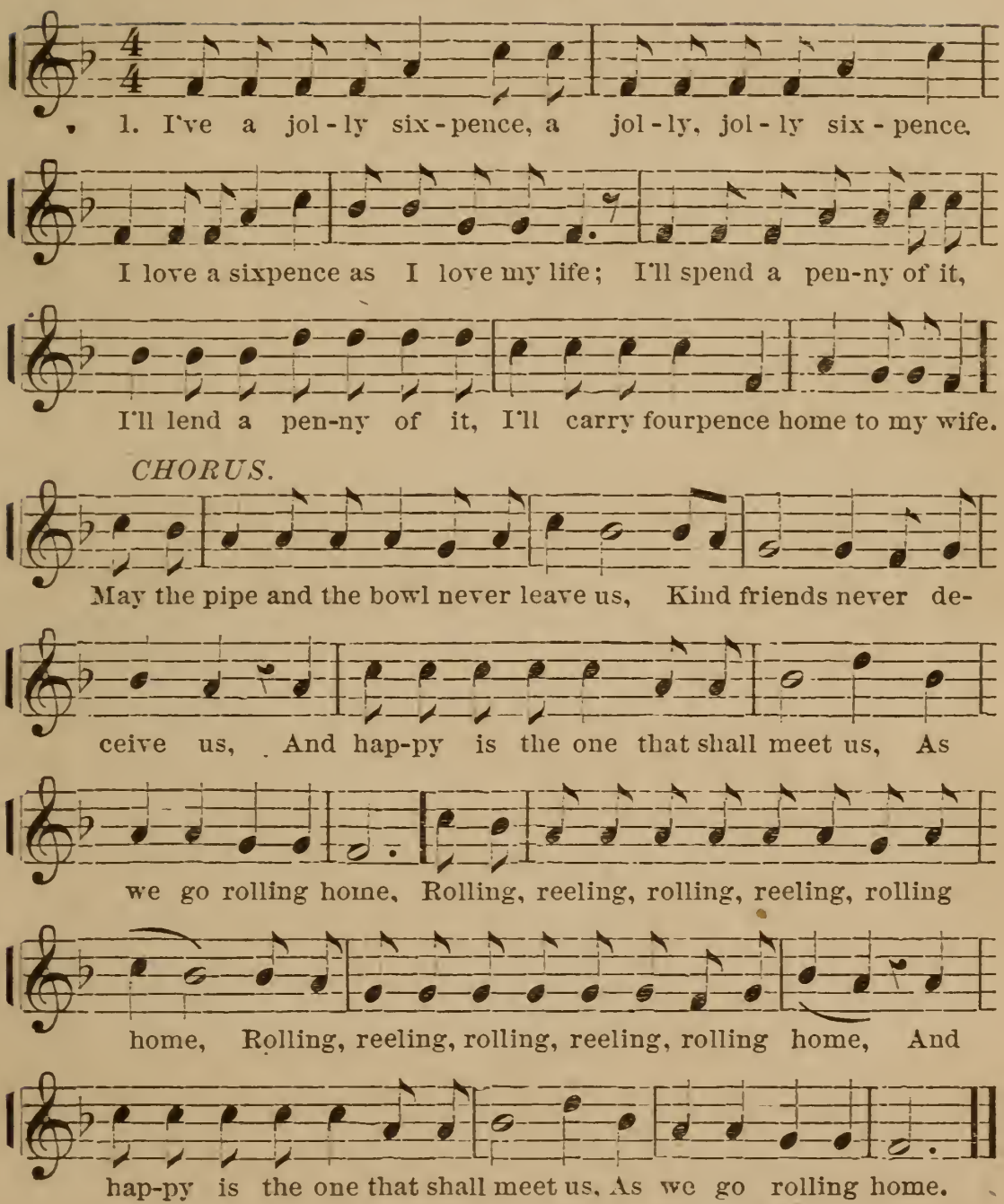






2 And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jumped into another bush,
And scratched them in again.

Rolling Home.

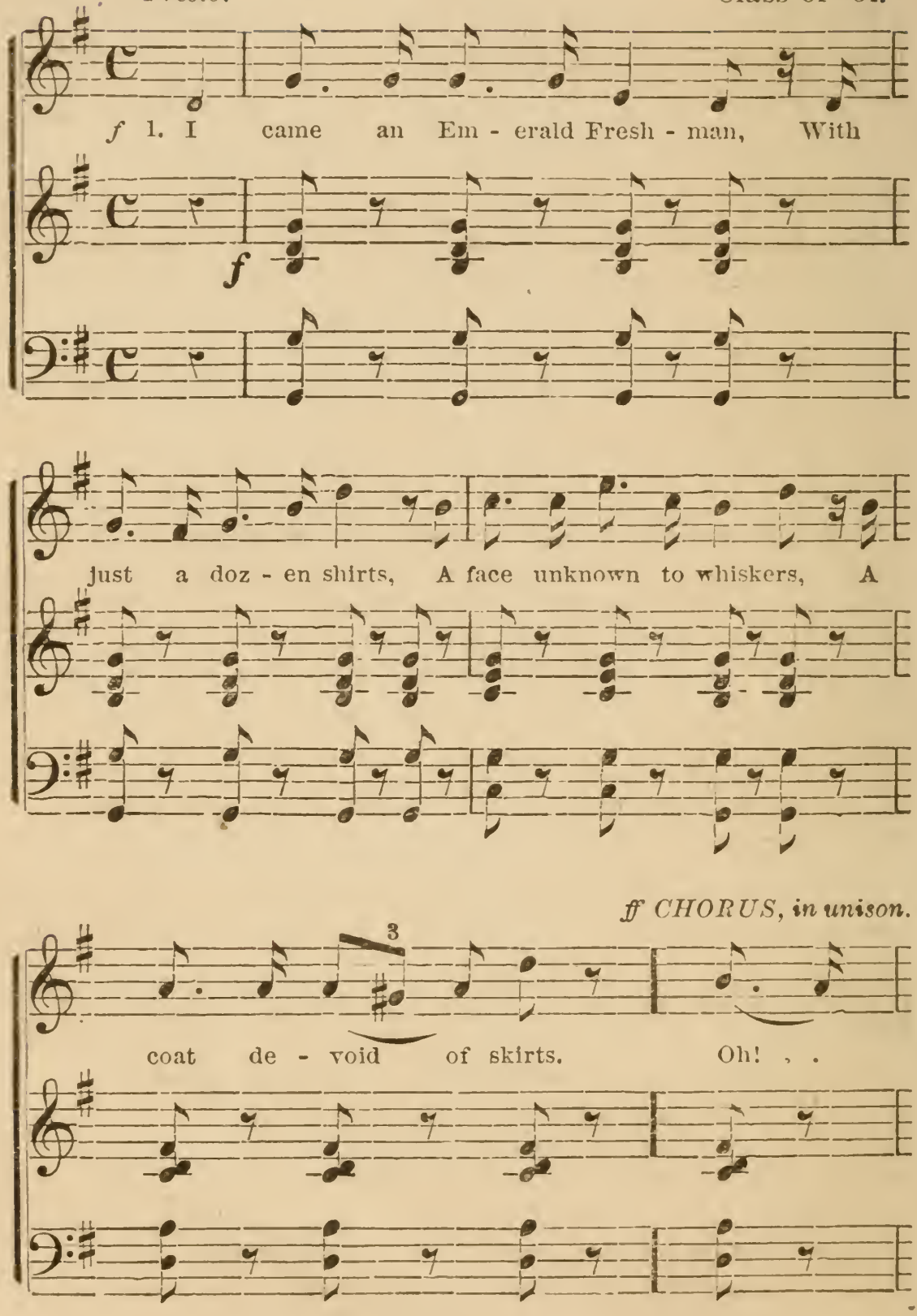


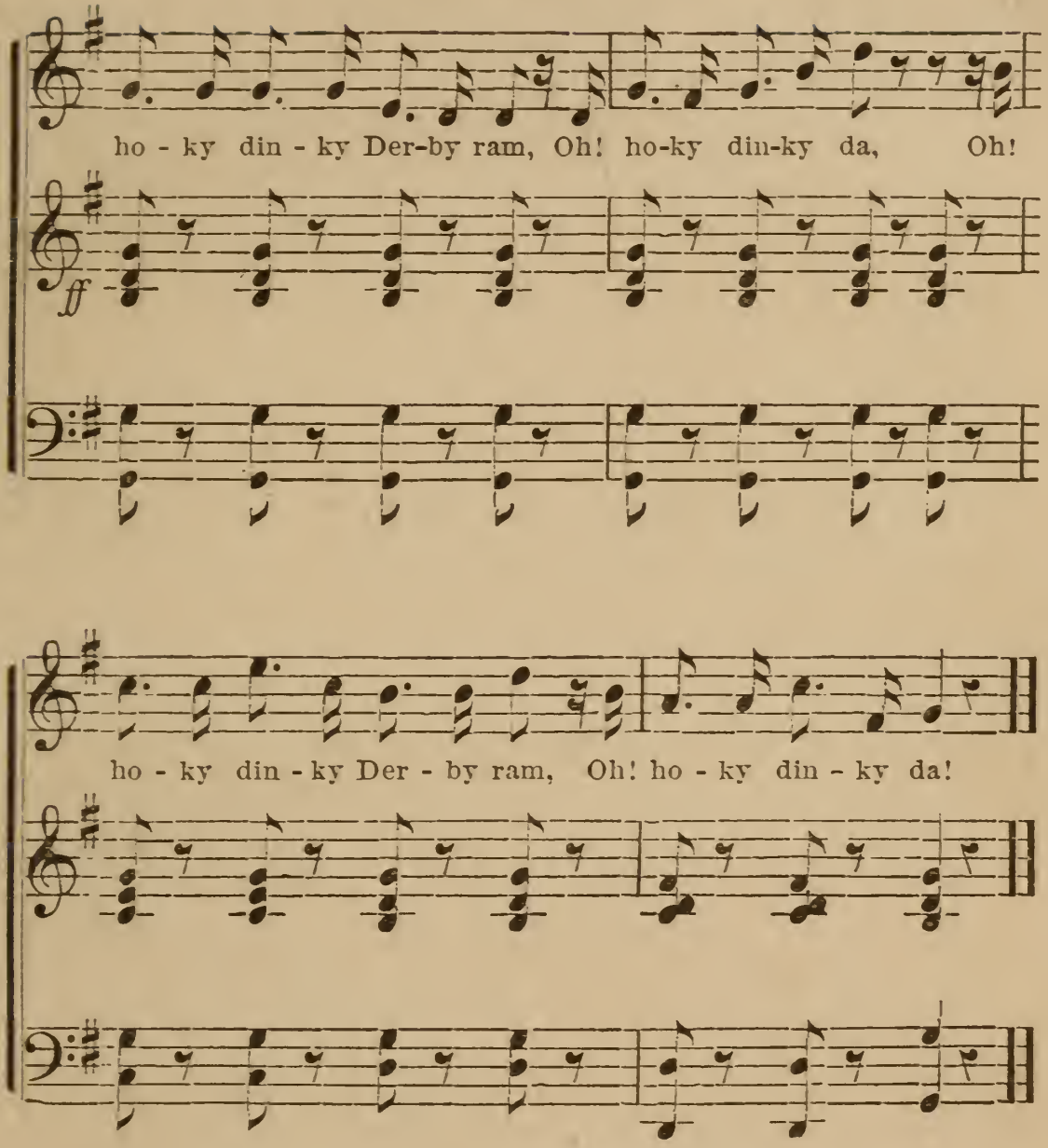
2 I've a jolly fippence, a jolly, jolly fippence,
I love a fippence as I love my life;
I'll spend a penny of it, I'll lend a penny of it,
I'll carry threepence home to my wife. CHO.

3 I've a jolly fourpence, a jolly, jolly fourpence,
I love a fourpence as I love my life;
I'll spend a penny of it, I'll lend a penny of it,
I'll carry twopence home to my wife. CHO.

DERBY RAM.

Presto. Class of '54.





2 On knowledge was I bent, sir,
For learning I did pant,
So, to College I was sent, sir,
To see the Elephant. CHO.

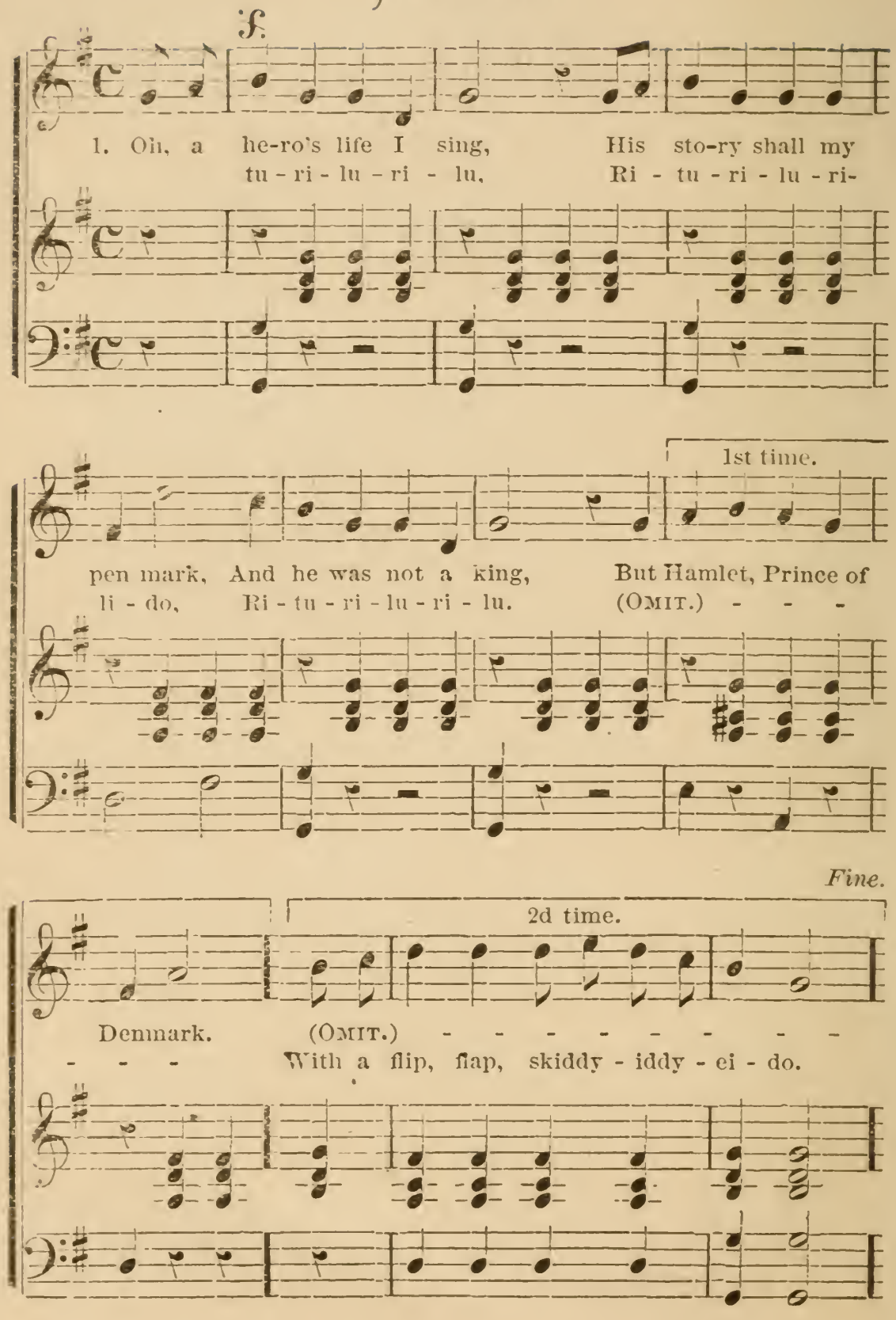
3 The animal is "some," sir,
I've scrutinized him through,
From trunk to tip of tail, sir,
I rather think I'll do. CHO.

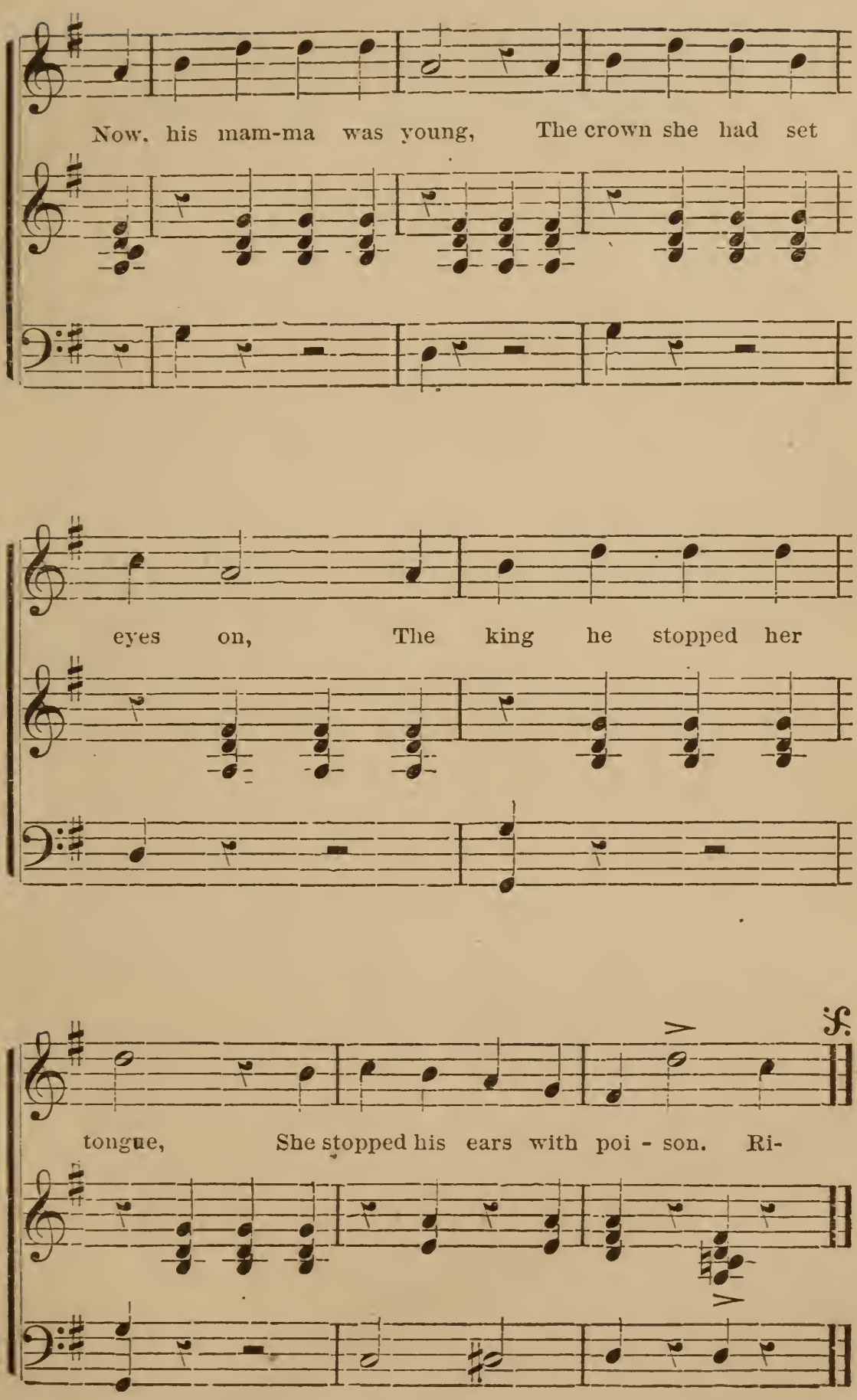
4 O, College is the place, sir,
For jollity and fun;
For four years take your ease, sir,
Repent when you have done. CHO.

5 But now, old Yale, I leave her,
To breast the waves of life:
I'm going to serve my country,
And sport a pretty wife. CHO.

6 When I get into business,
And count my numerous boys,
I'll send them to old Yale, sir,
To taste her bunkum joys. CHO.

HAMLET.


1. Oh, a he-ro's life I sing, His sto-ry shall my
tu - ri - lu - ri - lu, Ri - tu - ri - lu - ri-
1st time.
pen mark, And he was not a king, But Hamlet, Prince of
li - do, Ri - tu - ri - lu - ri - lu. (OMIT.) - - -
Fine.
2d time.
Denmark. (OMIT.) - - - - - - - - -
- - - With a flip, flap, skiddy - iddy - ei - do.


Now, his mam-ma was young, The crown she had set
eyes on, The king he stopped her
tongue, She stopped his ears with poi - son. Ri-

2 Now, when she'd kill'd the king,
She ogled much his brother;
And having slain one sponse,
She quickly took another;
And this so soon did she,
And was so great a sinner,
That the funeral baked meats
Set forth the wedding dinner.
CHO.

3 Now Hamlet sweet, her son,
No bully or bravado,
Of love felt hot the flame,
And so went to Bernardo;
Oh, sir! says one, we've seen
A sight with monstrous sad eye,
And this was nothing but
The ghost of Hamlet's dad - i.
CHO.

4 Just at the time he spoke,
It rose and said, "List, Hammy!
Your mother was the ser - pi - ent
That poisoned me, or dammy;
But now I'm gone below,
All over sulphurous flame, boy,
That your dad should be on fire
You'lladmit's a burning shame, boy."
CHO.

5 Just at the time he spoke,
The morn was rising thro' dell;
Up jumped a cock and cried
"A-cock-a-doo-del-doo-del;"
"I'm now cock sure of going;
Preserve you from all evil;
You to your mother walk,
And I'll walk to the devil."
CHO.

6 Now Hamlet loved a maid,
And calumny had passed her;
She never had been mar - ri - ed,
'Cause nobody had asked her.
But madness seized her brain,
The poor chamn-BER-lain's daughter,
She jumped into a pond,
And went to heaven by water.
CHO.

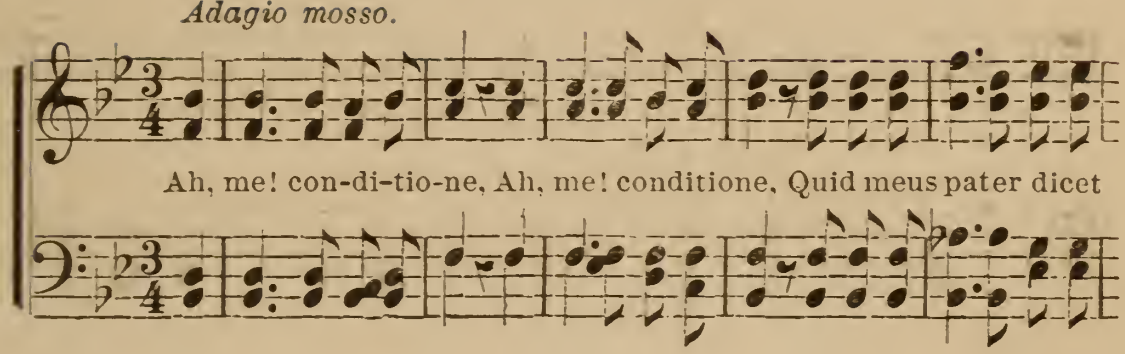
7 But enough of that; they had a play,
They had a play, and shammed it;
With Claudius for au - di - ence,
And he got up and d — d it.
He said he'd see no more,
And felt a wondrous dizz'ness
And so for candles called
To make light of the business.
CHO.

8 A fencing match they had;
The Queen drank while they try to;
Says she, "Oh King, I'm killed,"
Says Laertes, "So am I, too;"
"And so am I," says Ham; [be!
"What! can all these things so true
What! are you dead?" says the King;
"Yes sir, and so shall you be."
CHO.

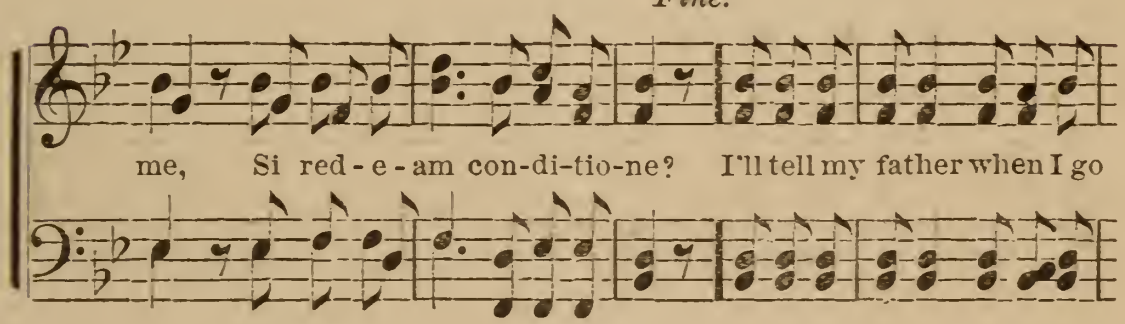
9 So Hamlet stabbed his liege,
Then fell on Ophy's brother,
And then the Danish Court
All tumbled one on t'other.
To celebrate their deeds,
Which are from no false sham let,
Every village small,
Henceforth was called a HAMLET.
CHO.

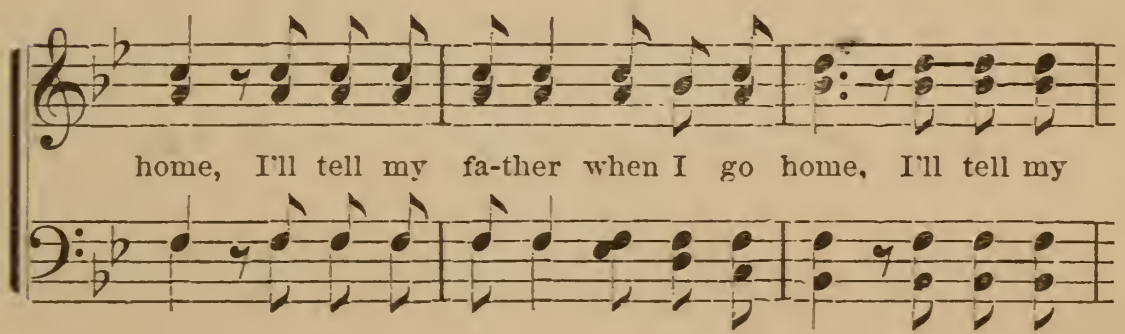
AH, ME!

Adagio mosso.

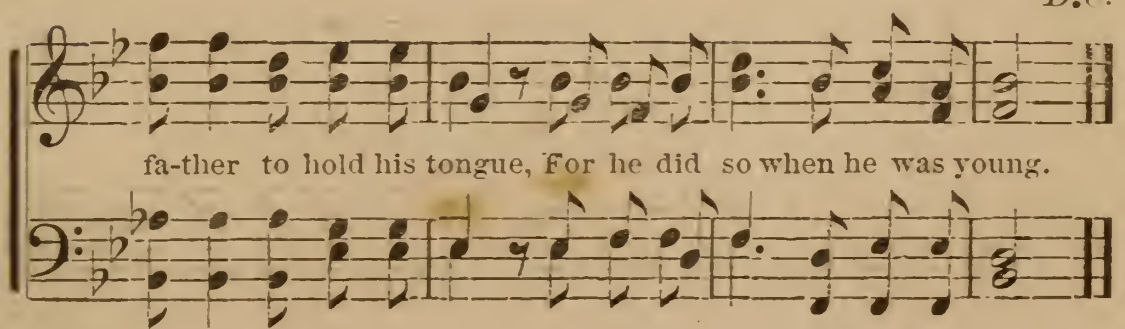


Fine.

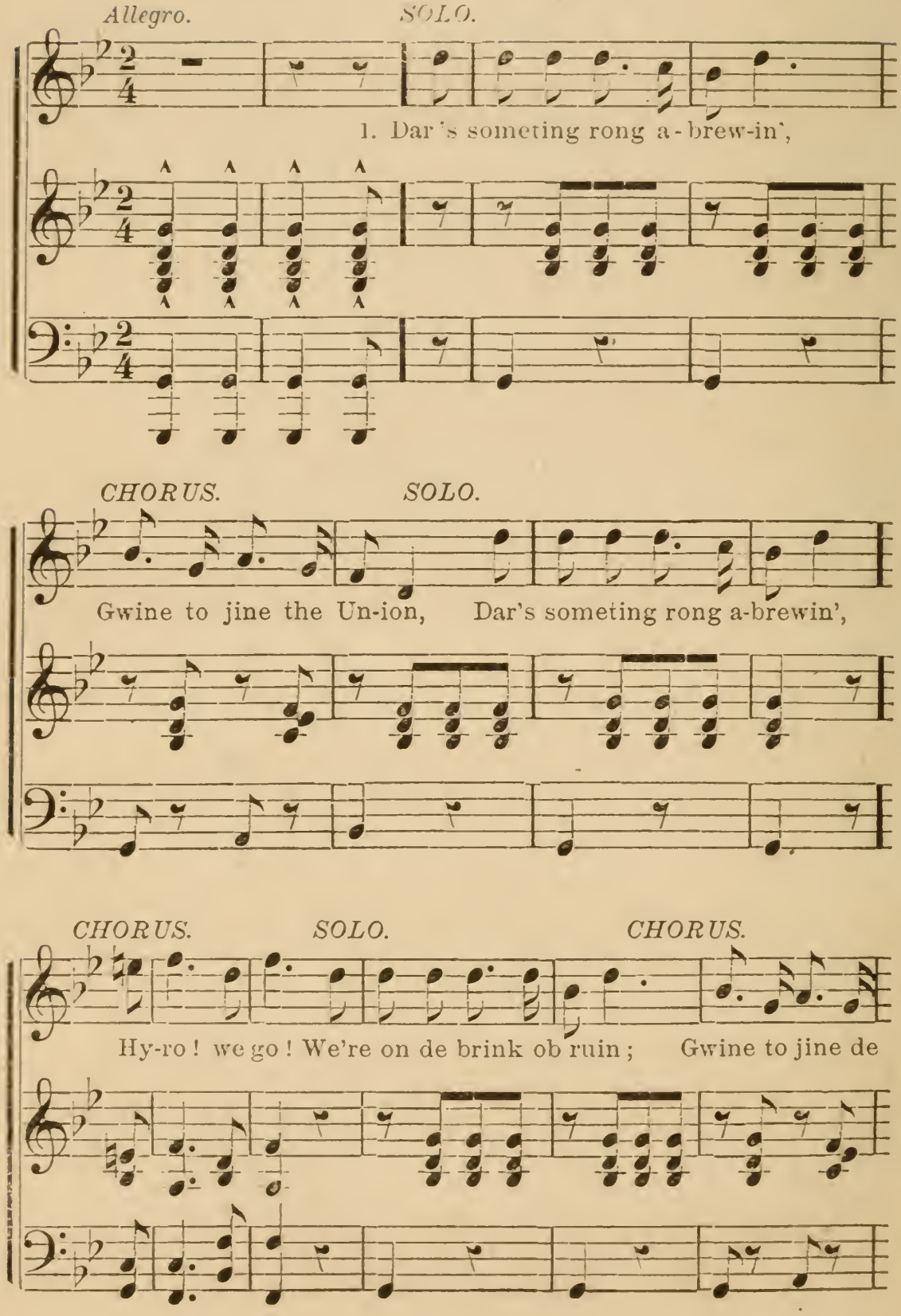


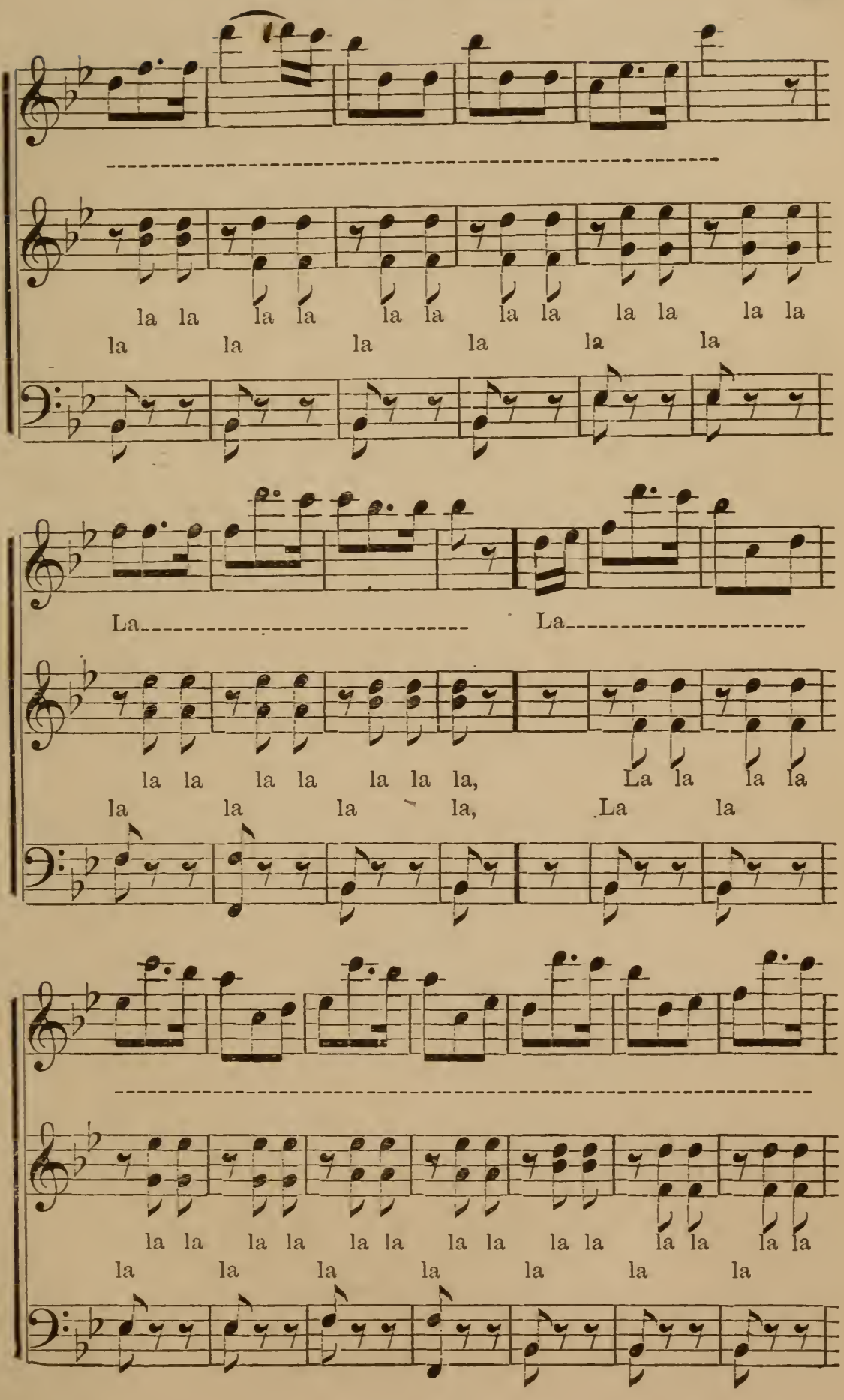


D.C.



THE BLACK BRIGADE.




la la la la la la la la la la la la
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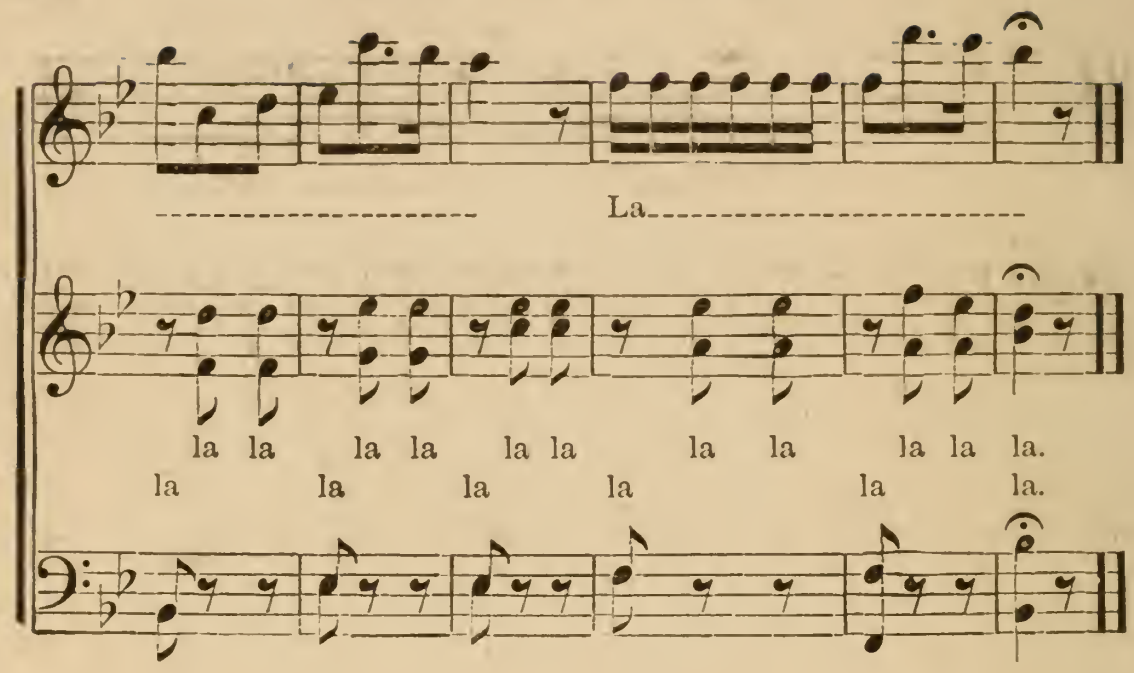


2.

Bologna Sausage is very good,
And many of them I see:
Oh where, oh where is my little dog gone?
I guess that they make 'em of he!

CHORUS.—La la la, etc.

3.

We drinks lager bier three times a day,
Mine frow, mine childer and me;
We rides in our carriage, and feels so gay,
'Cause nobody's besser as we!

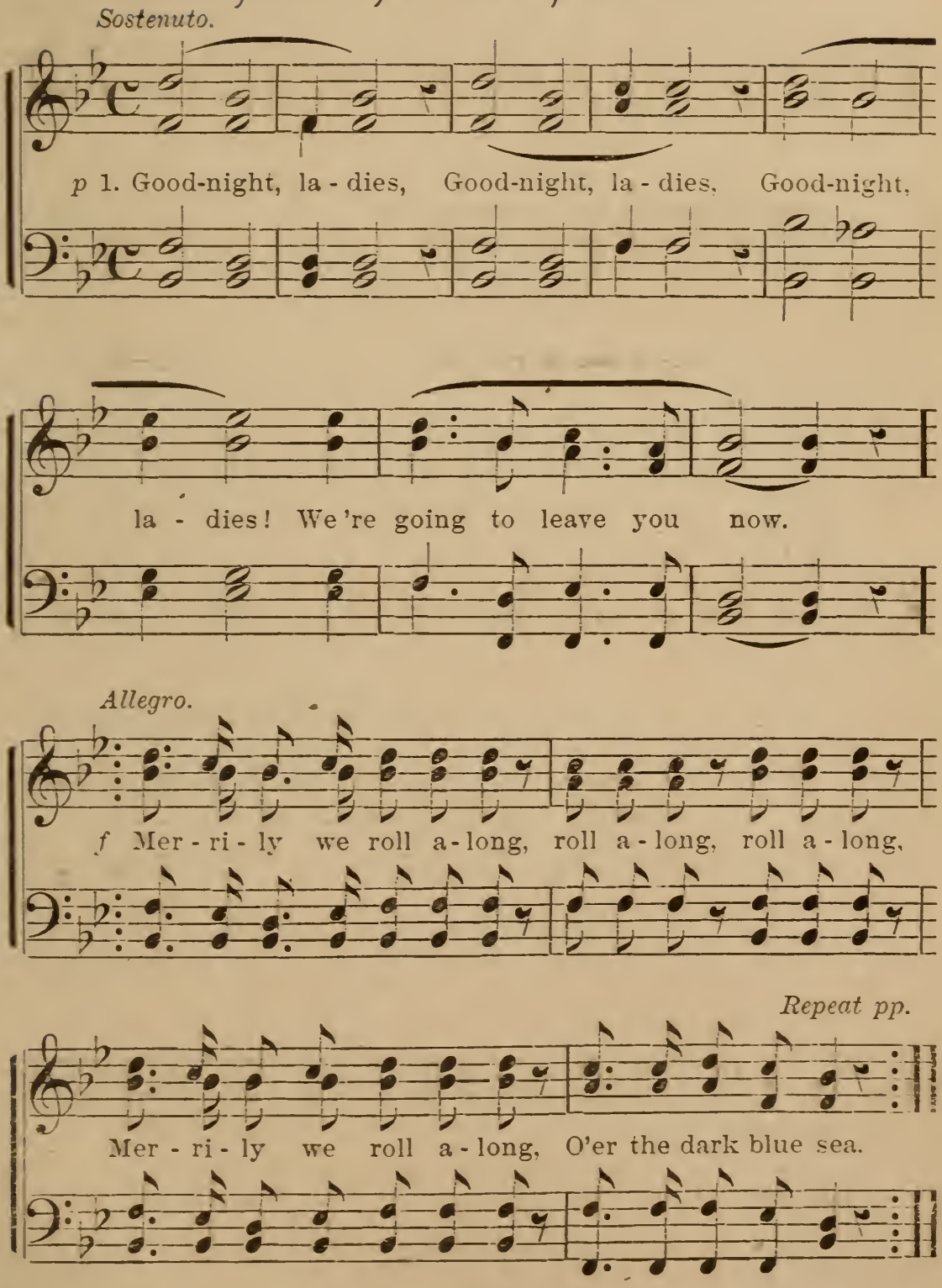
CHORUS.—La la la, etc.

4.

The moon was shining so bright and clear,
My mother was looking for me;
She may look, she may sigh, with a watery eye,
She may look to the depths of the sea.

CHORUS.—La la la, etc.

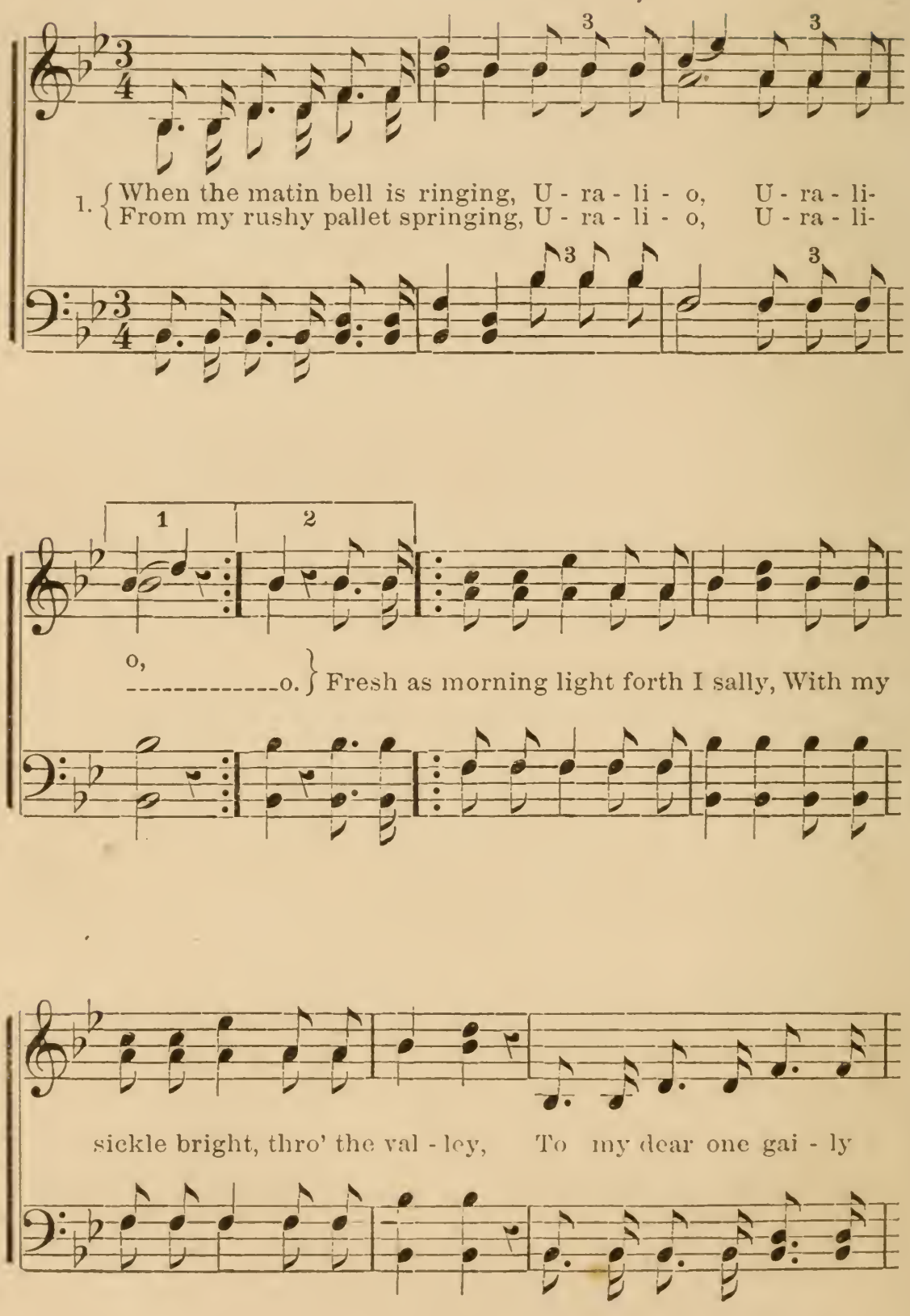
GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES.

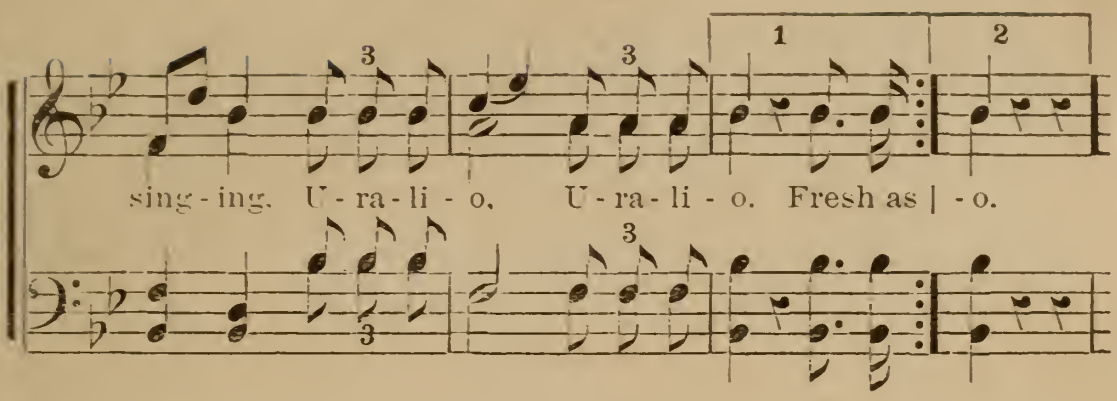


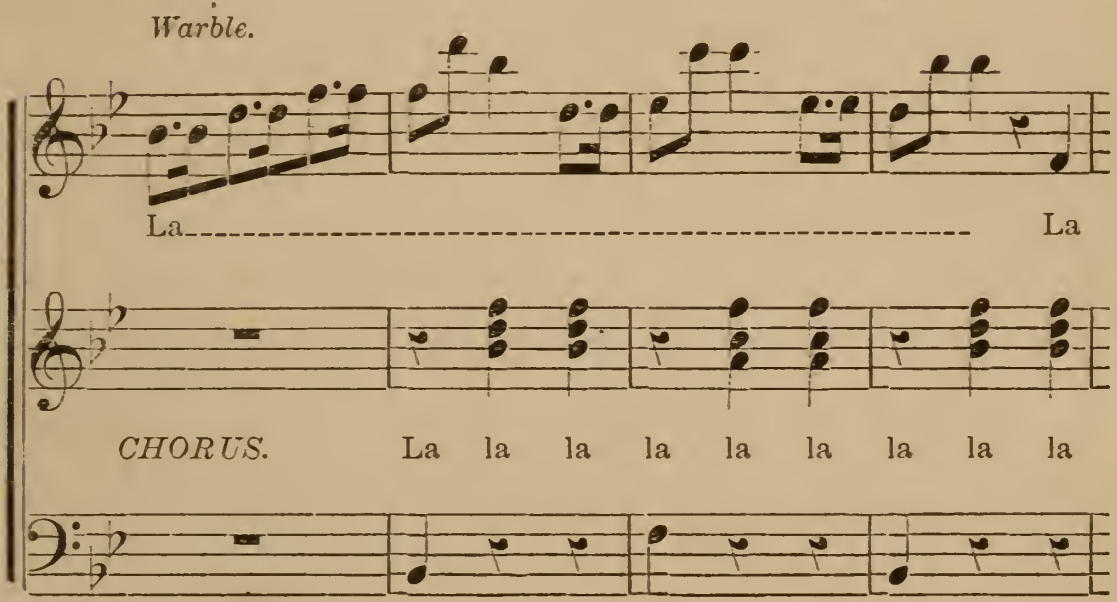
2 Farewell, ladies, etc.

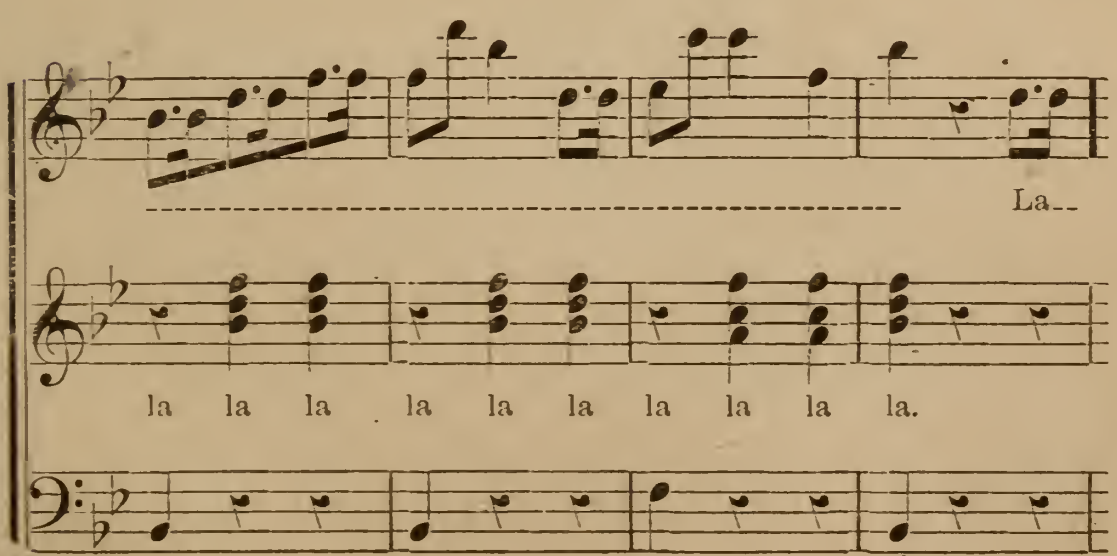
3 Sweet dreams, ladies, etc.

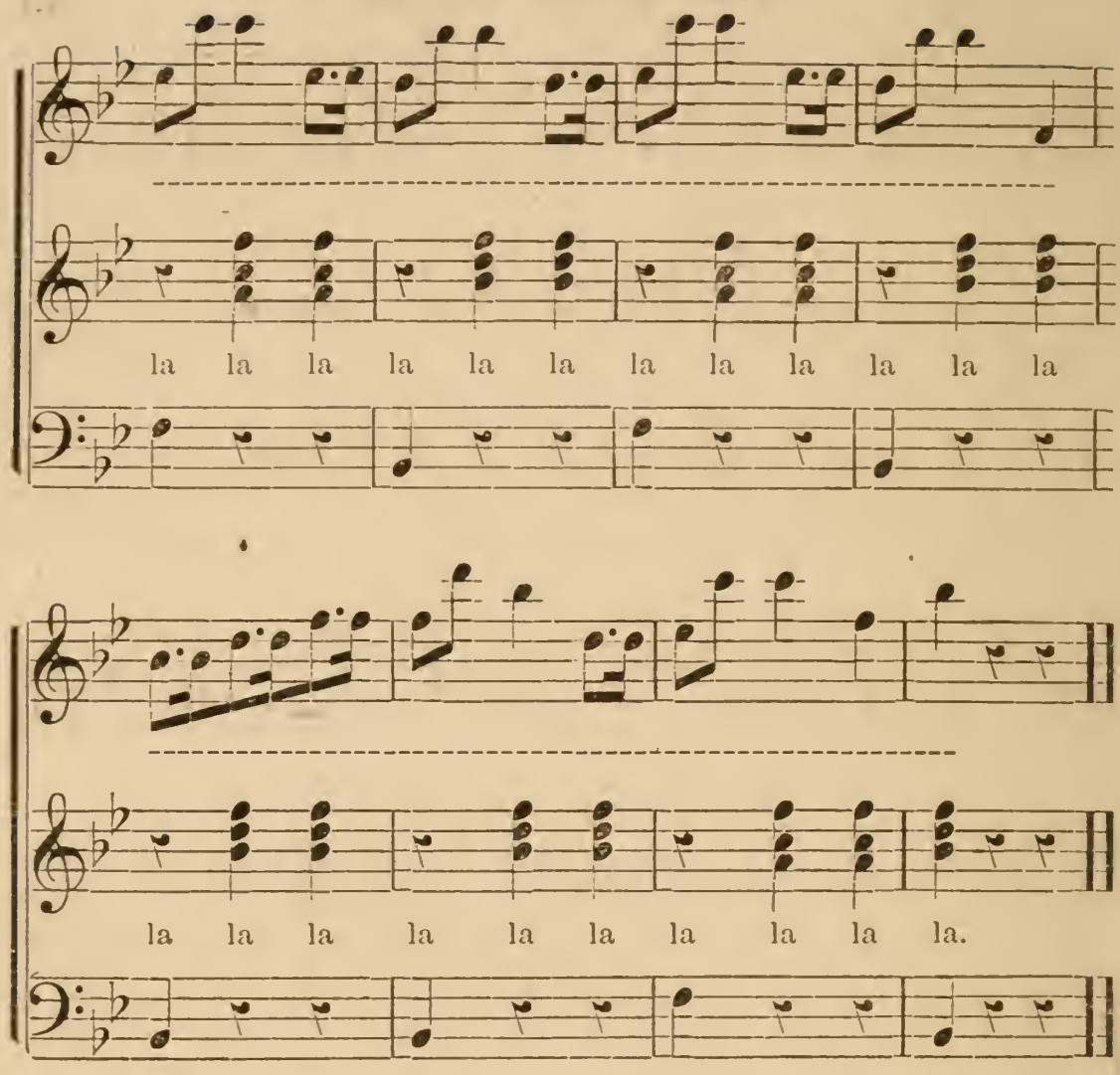
WARBLE No. 2.


1. When the matin bell is ringing, U - ra - li - o, U - ra - li-
From my rushy pallet springing, U - ra - li - o, U - ra - li-
1
2
o,
o.
Fresh as morning light forth I sally, With my
sickle bright, thro' the val - ley, To my dear one gai - ly


1
2
3
3
sing - ing. U - ra - li - o. U - ra - li - o. Fresh as | - o.
3
3


Warble.
La
La
CHORUS.
La la la la la la la la la

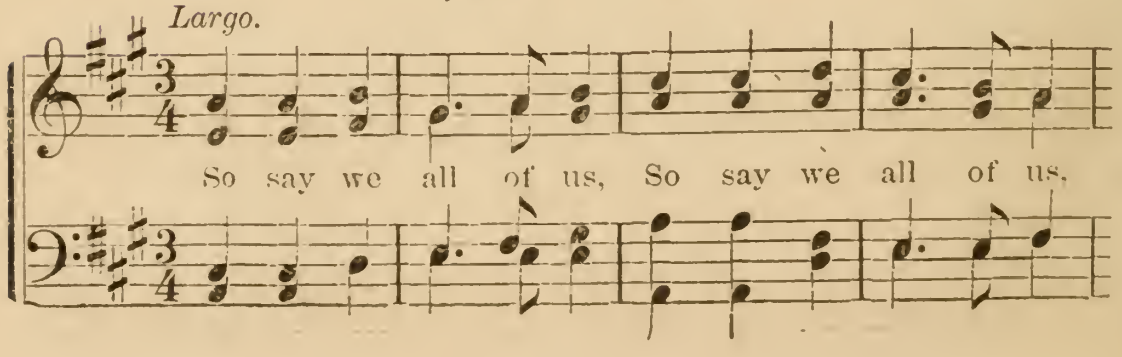

La
la la la la la la la la la la.

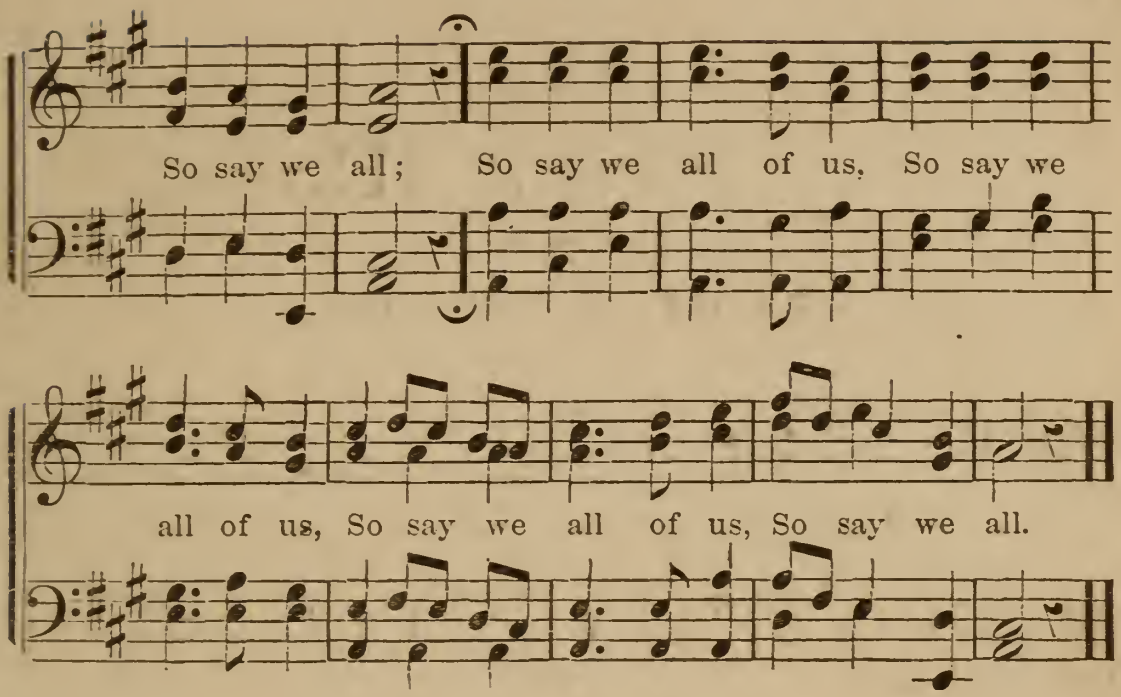


2 When the day is closing o'er us,
Uralio, Uralio,
And the landscape fades before us,
Uralio, Uralio,
When our merry men quit their mowing,
And along the glen horns are blowing,
Sweetly then we 'll raise the chorus,
Uralio, Uralio.

CHORUS.—La la la, etc.

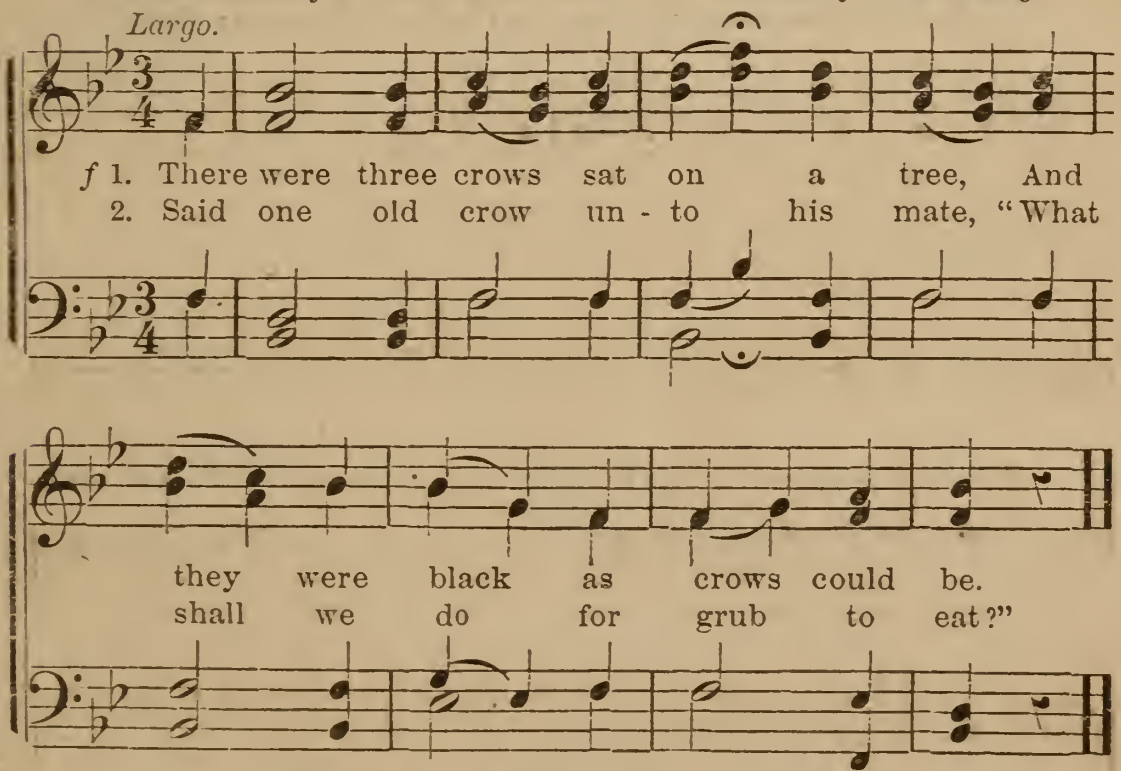
AMERICA.





THREE CROWS.

It is the custom for some one to "line" each stanza before it is sung.



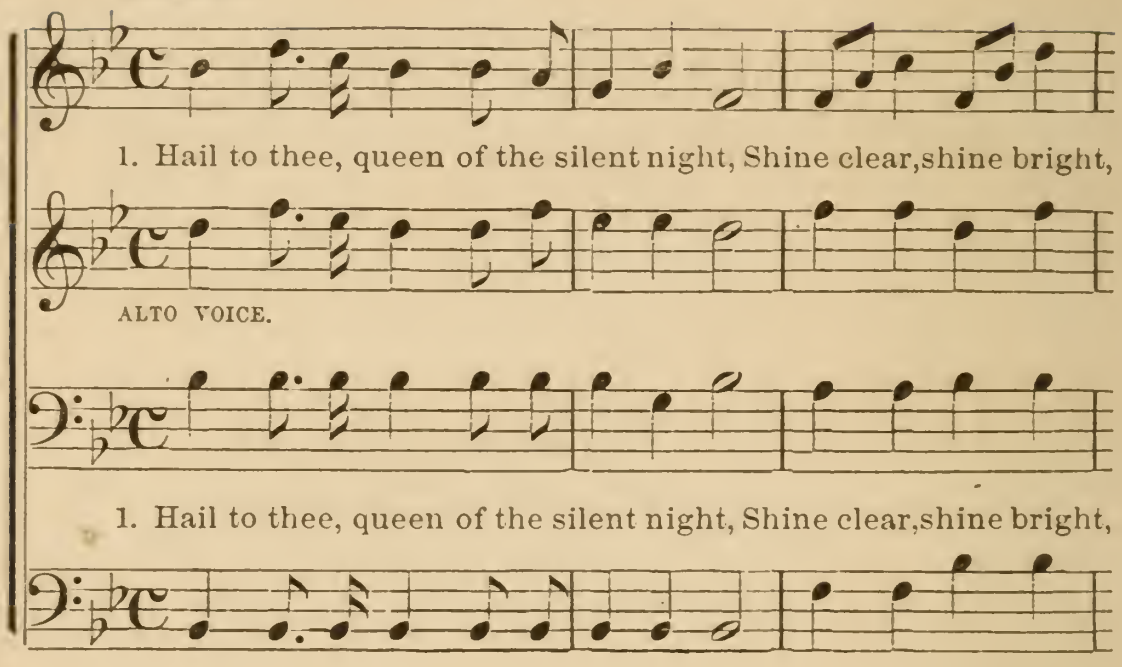
3 "There lies a horse on yonder plain,
Who 's by some cruel butcher slain."

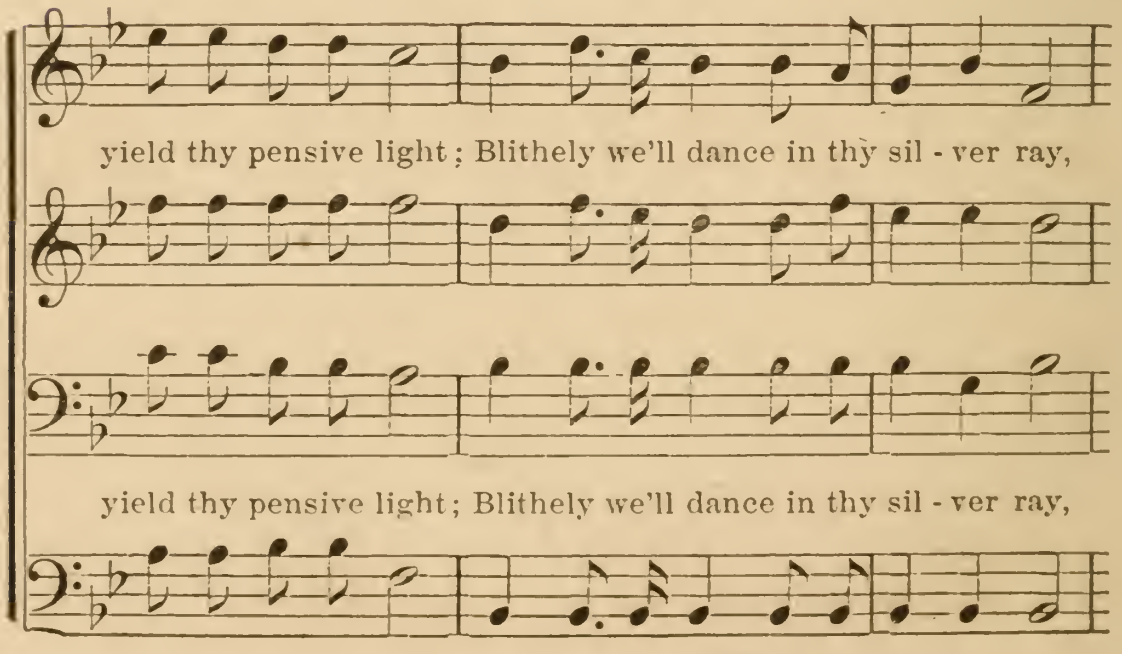
4 "We 'll perch upon his bare back-bone,
And pick his eyes out one by one."

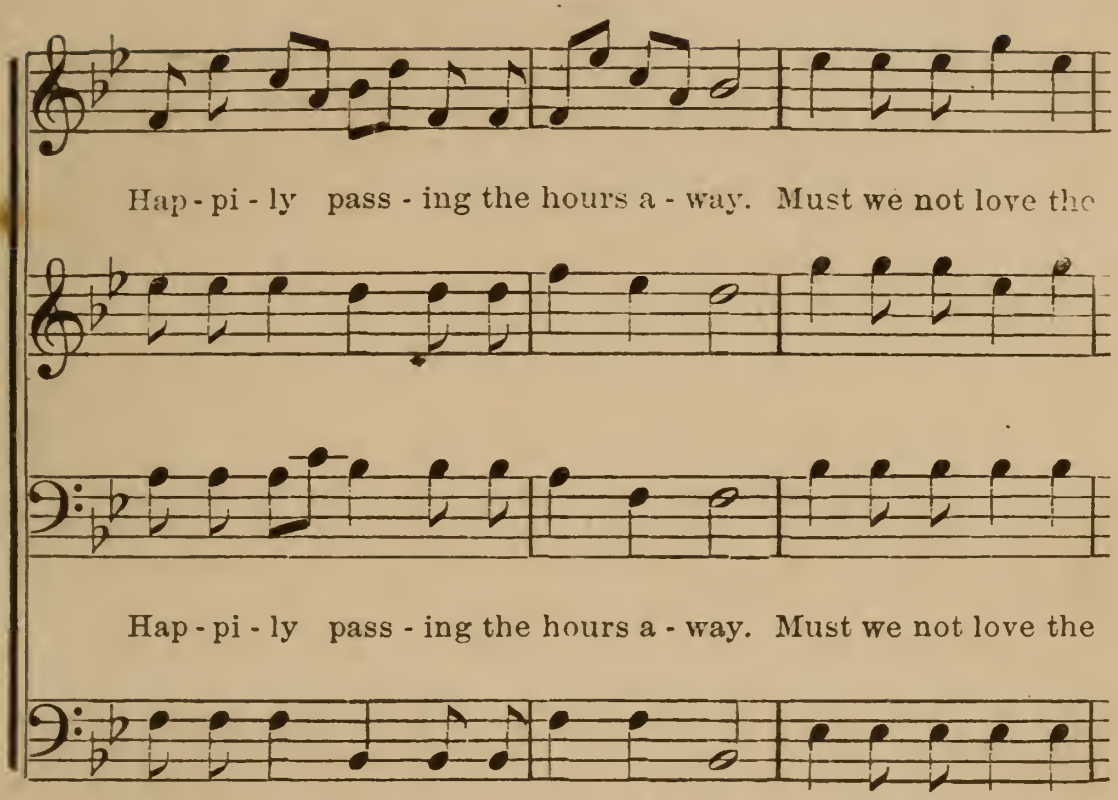
PART III.

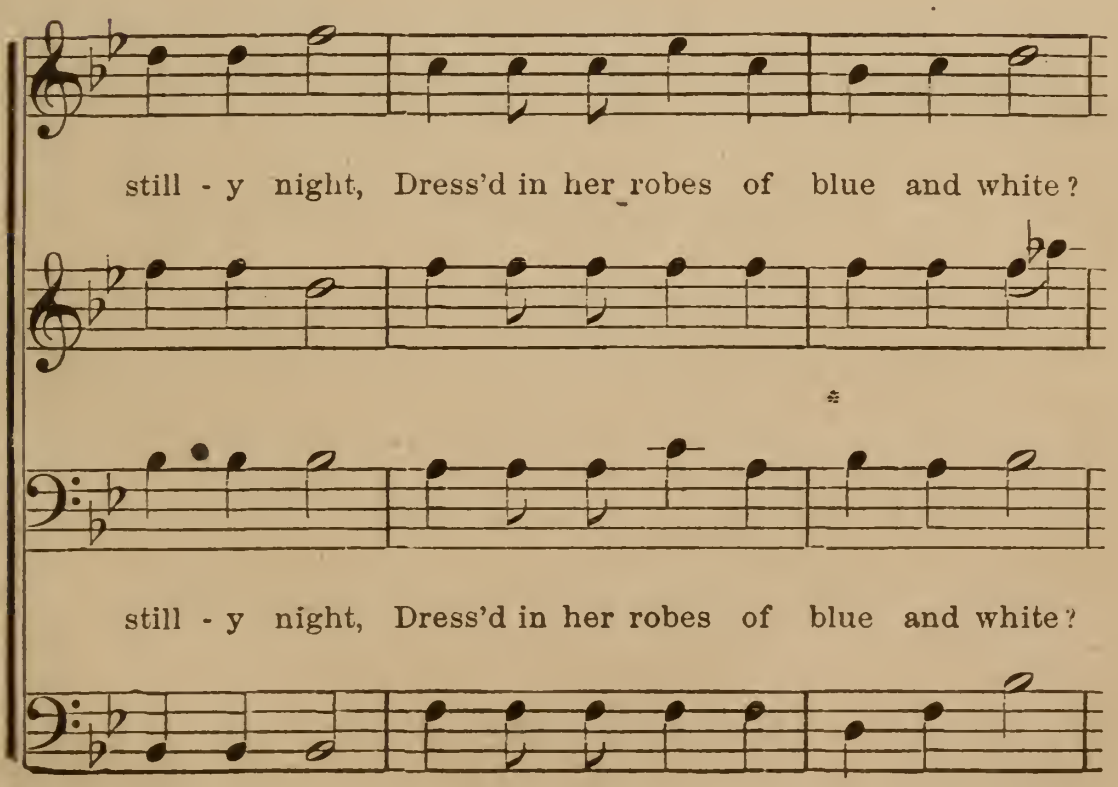
FAIRY MOONLIGHT.

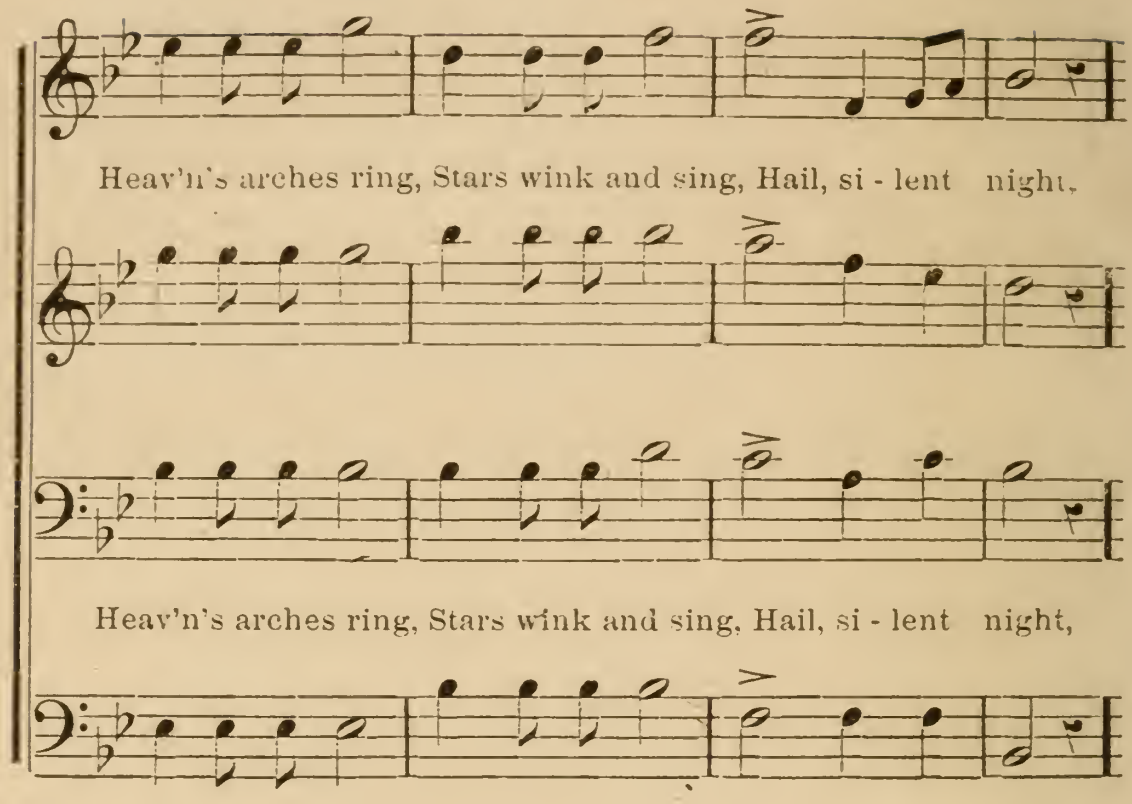
Moderato.

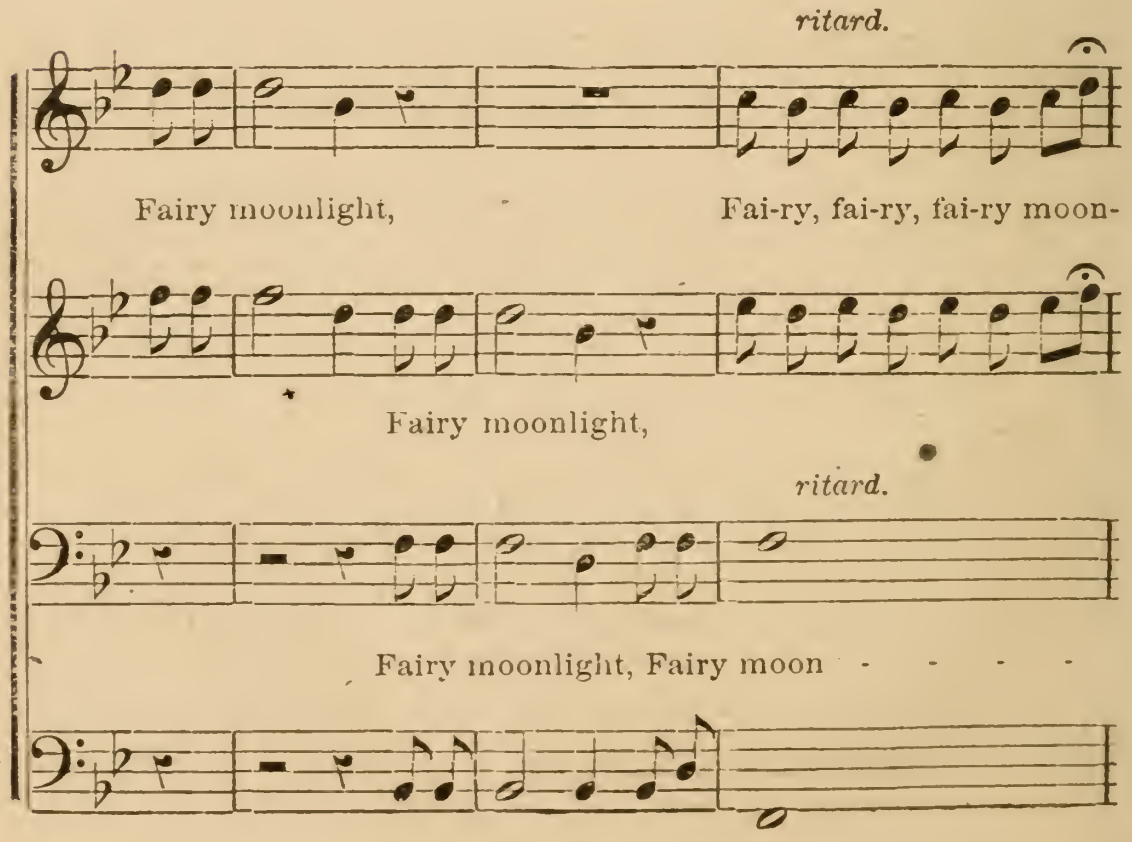


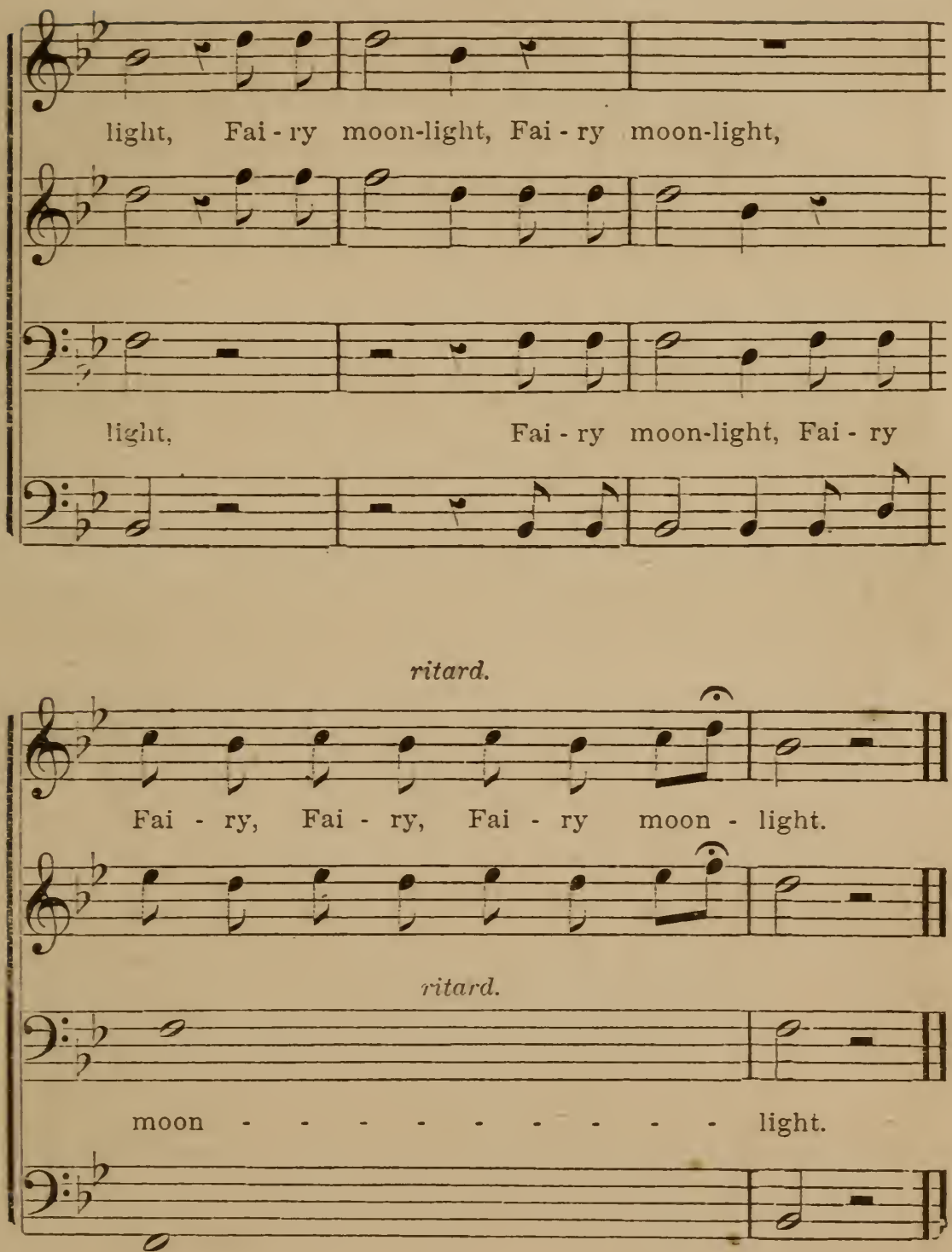



Hap - pi - ly pass - ing the hours a - way. Must we not love the
Hap - pi - ly pass - ing the hours a - way. Must we not love the


still - y night, Dress'd in her robes of blue and white?
still - y night, Dress'd in her robes of blue and white?

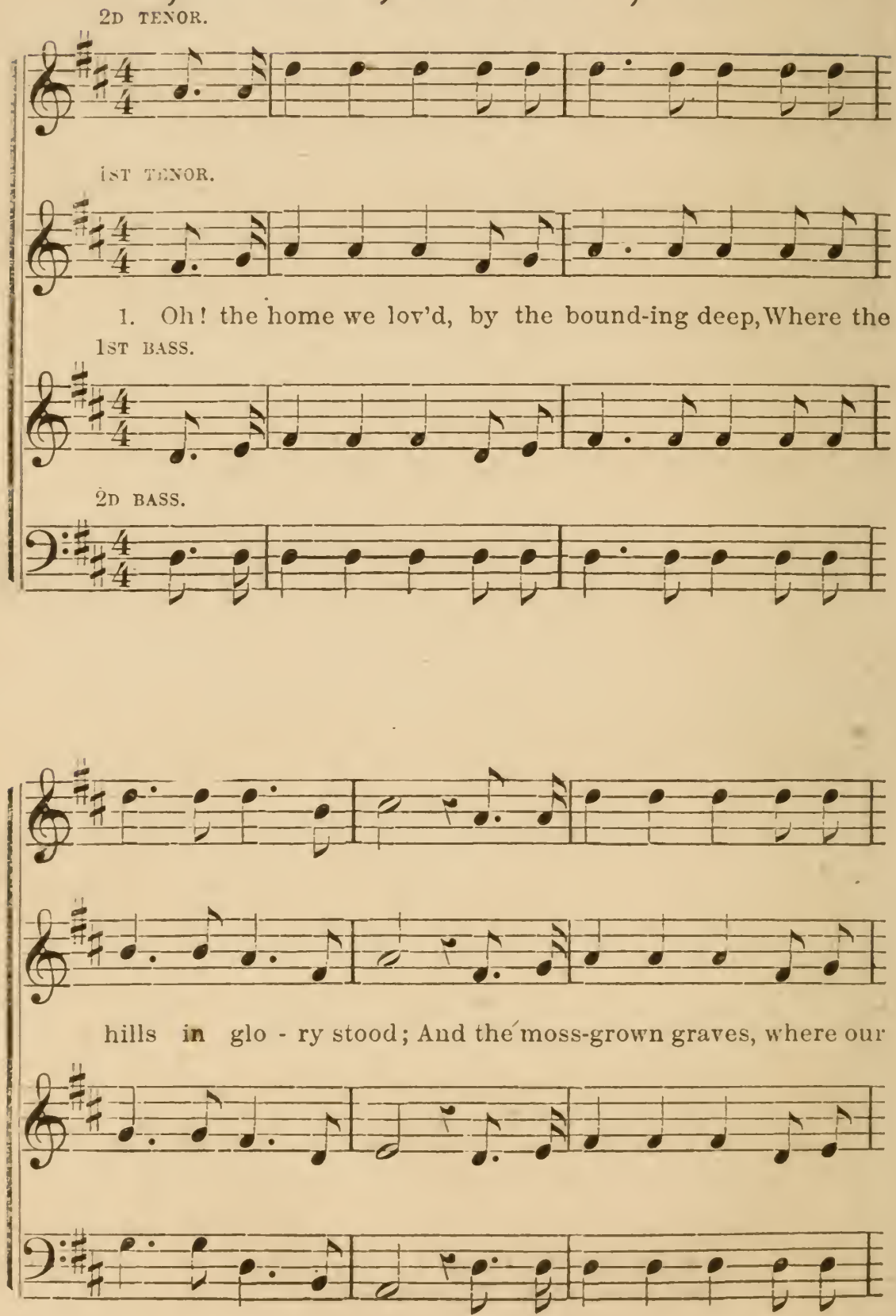

Heav'n's arches ring, Stars wink and sing, Hail, si - lent night,
Heav'n's arches ring, Stars wink and sing, Hail, si - lent night,

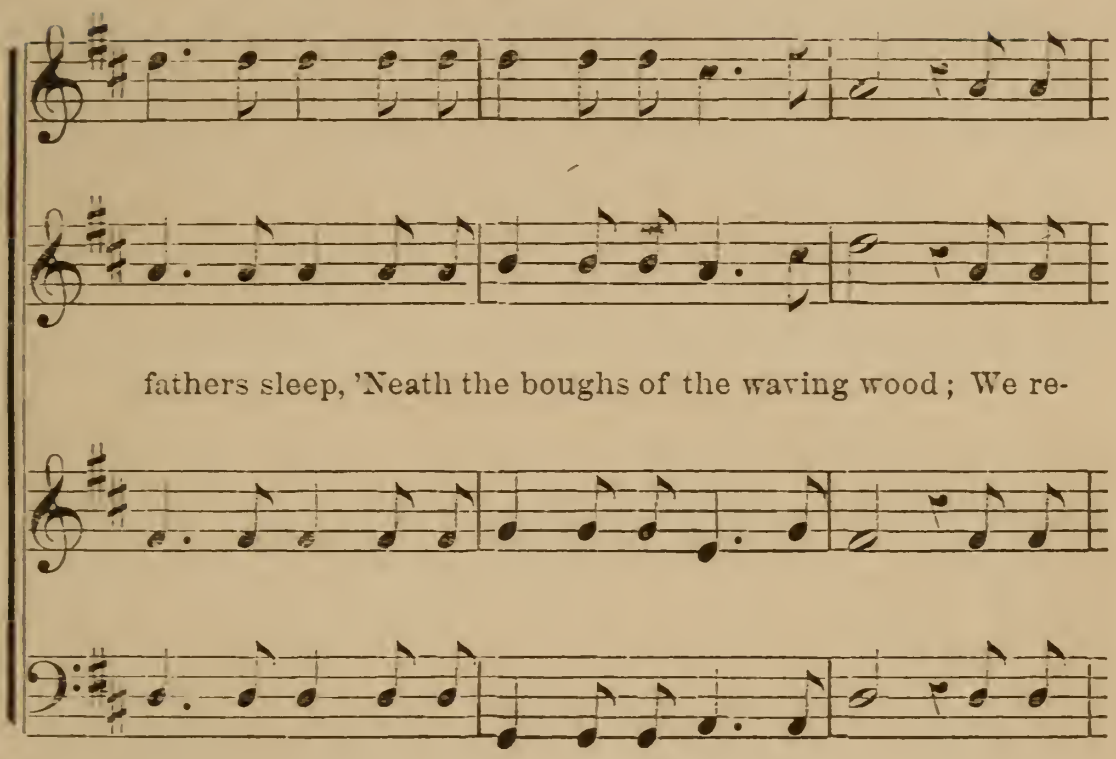

ritard.
Fairy moonlight, Fai-ry, fai-ry, fai-ry moon-
Fairy moonlight,
ritard.
Fairy moonlight, Fairy moon - - - -

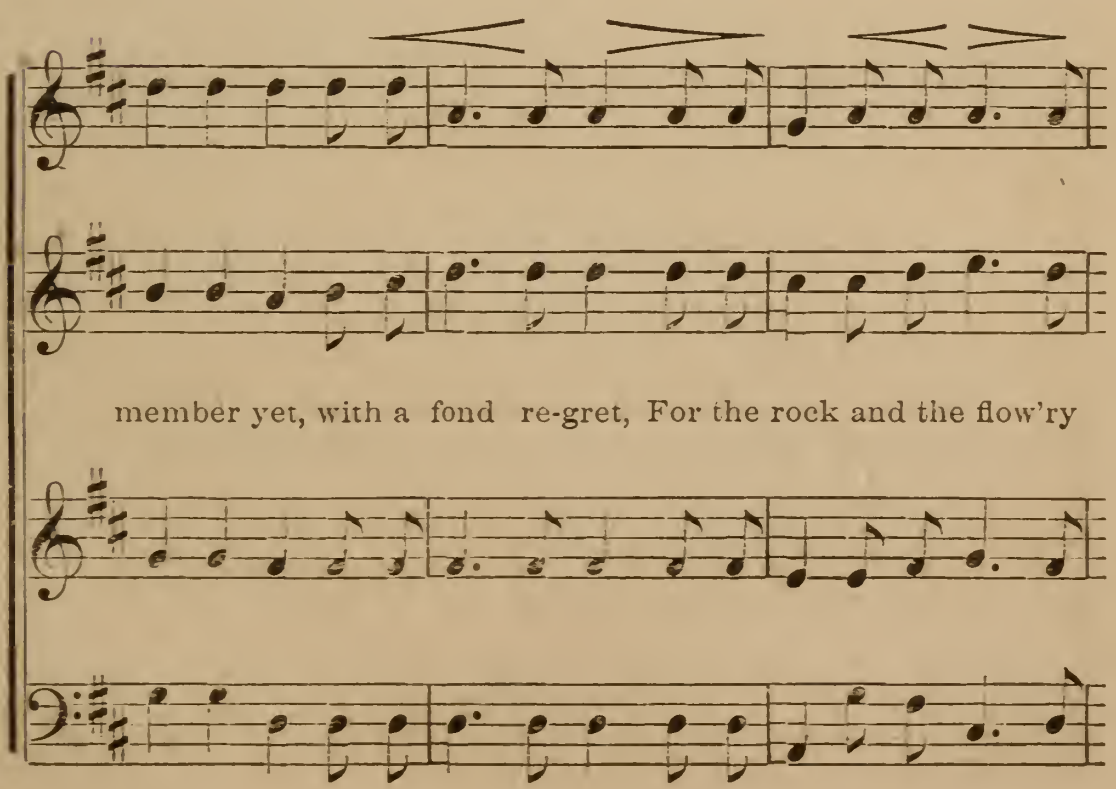


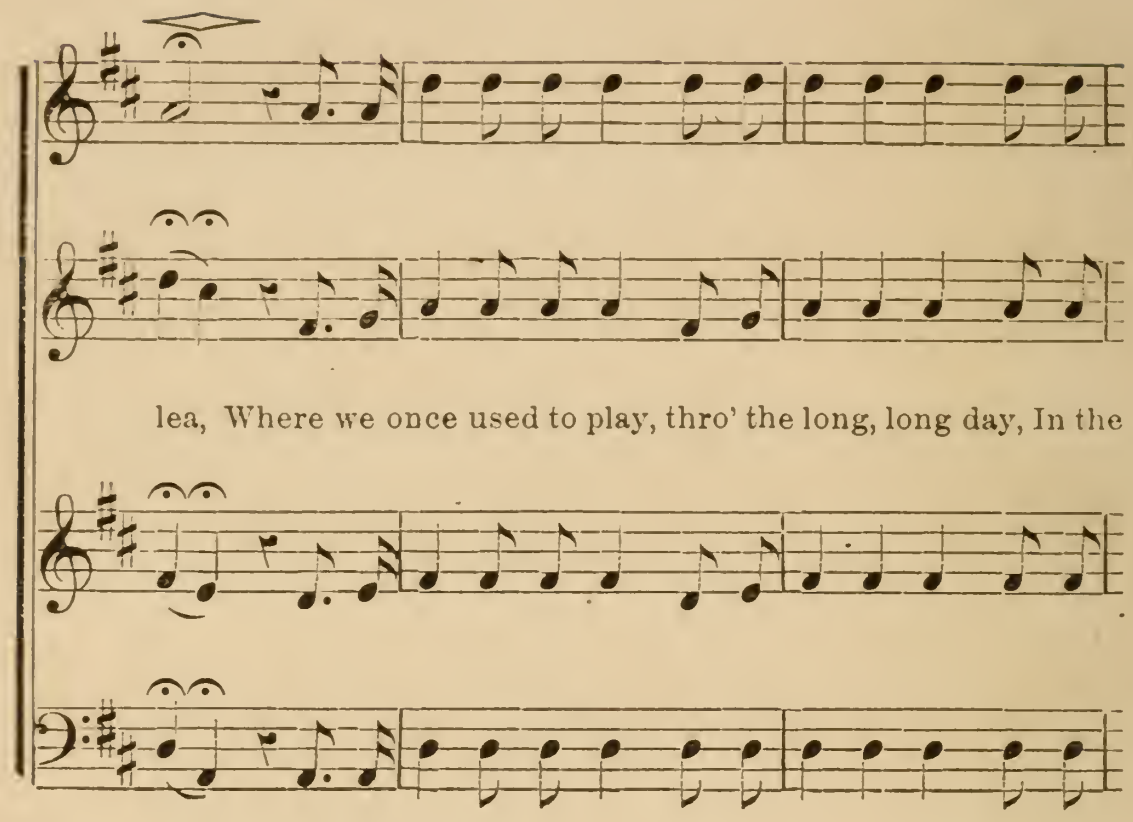
2 Dart thy pure beams from thy throne on high,
Beam on through sky, robed in azure dye;
We 'll laugh and we 'll sport while the night-bird sings,
Flapping the dew from his sable wings,
Sprites love to sport in the still moonlight,
Play with the pearls of shadowy night;
Then let us sing, Time 's on the wing,
Hail, silent night, Fairy moonlight.

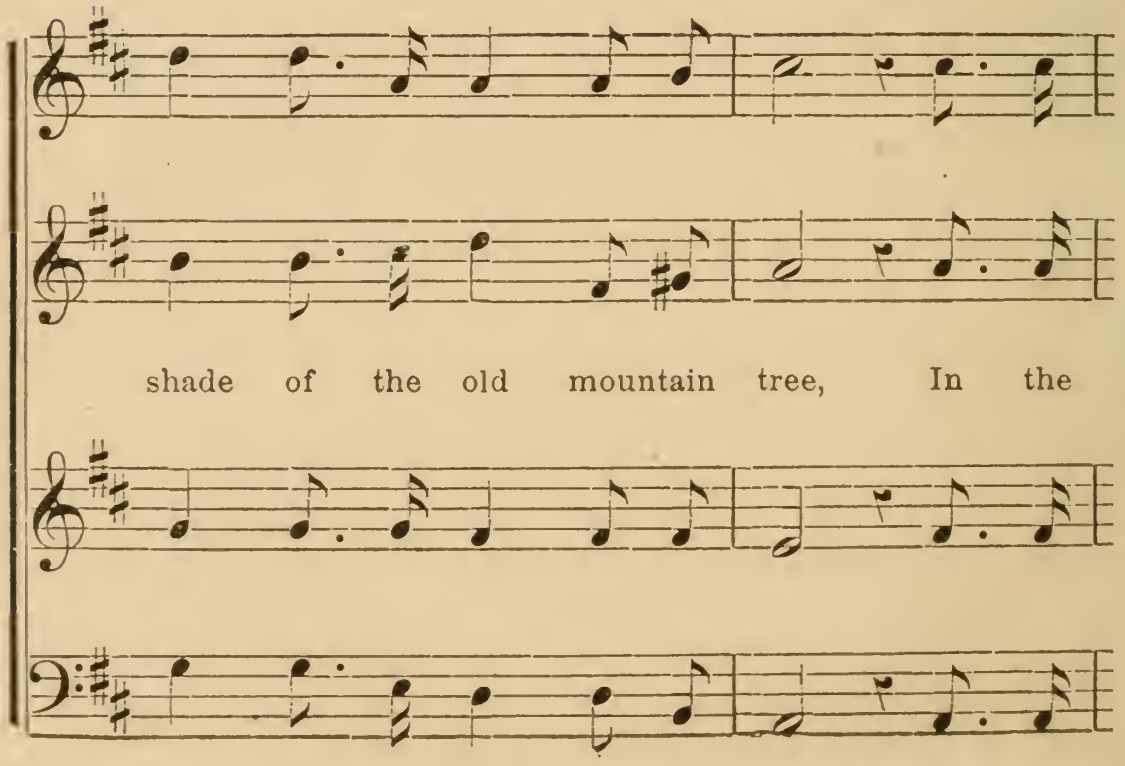
THE OLD MOUNTAIN TREE.

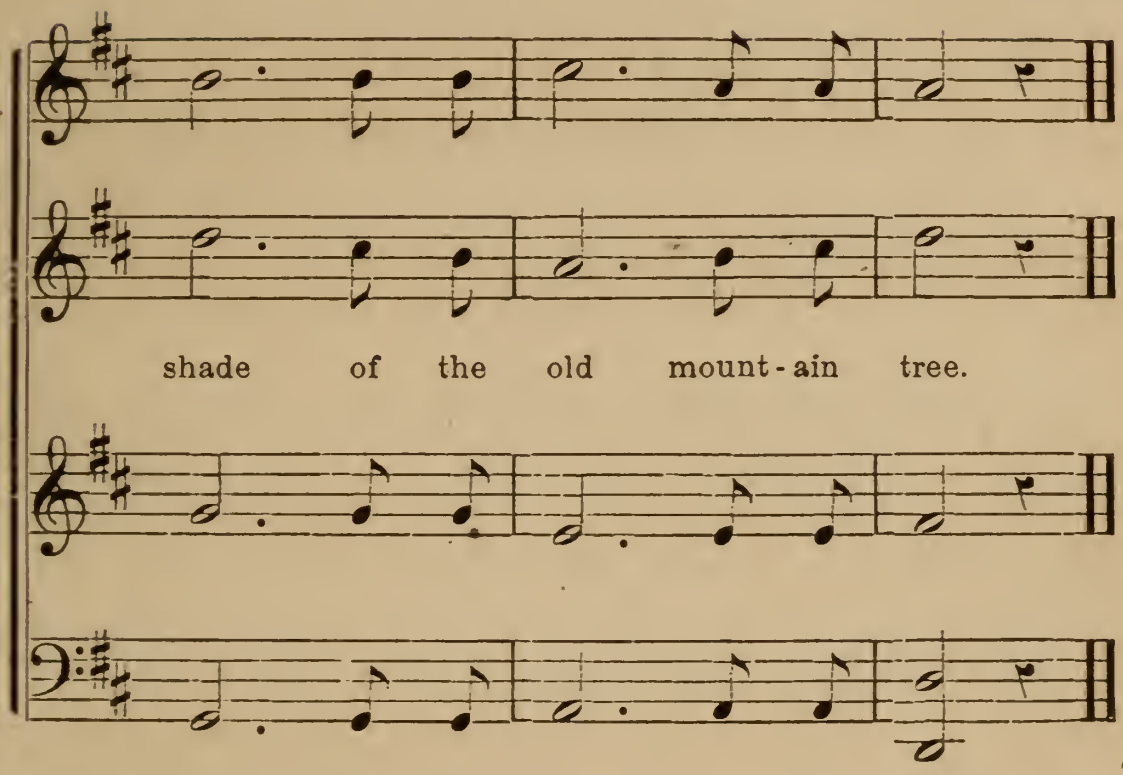



fathers sleep, 'Neath the boughs of the waving wood; We re-


member yet, with a fond re-gret, For the rock and the flow'ry


lea, Where we once used to play, thro' the long, long day, In the

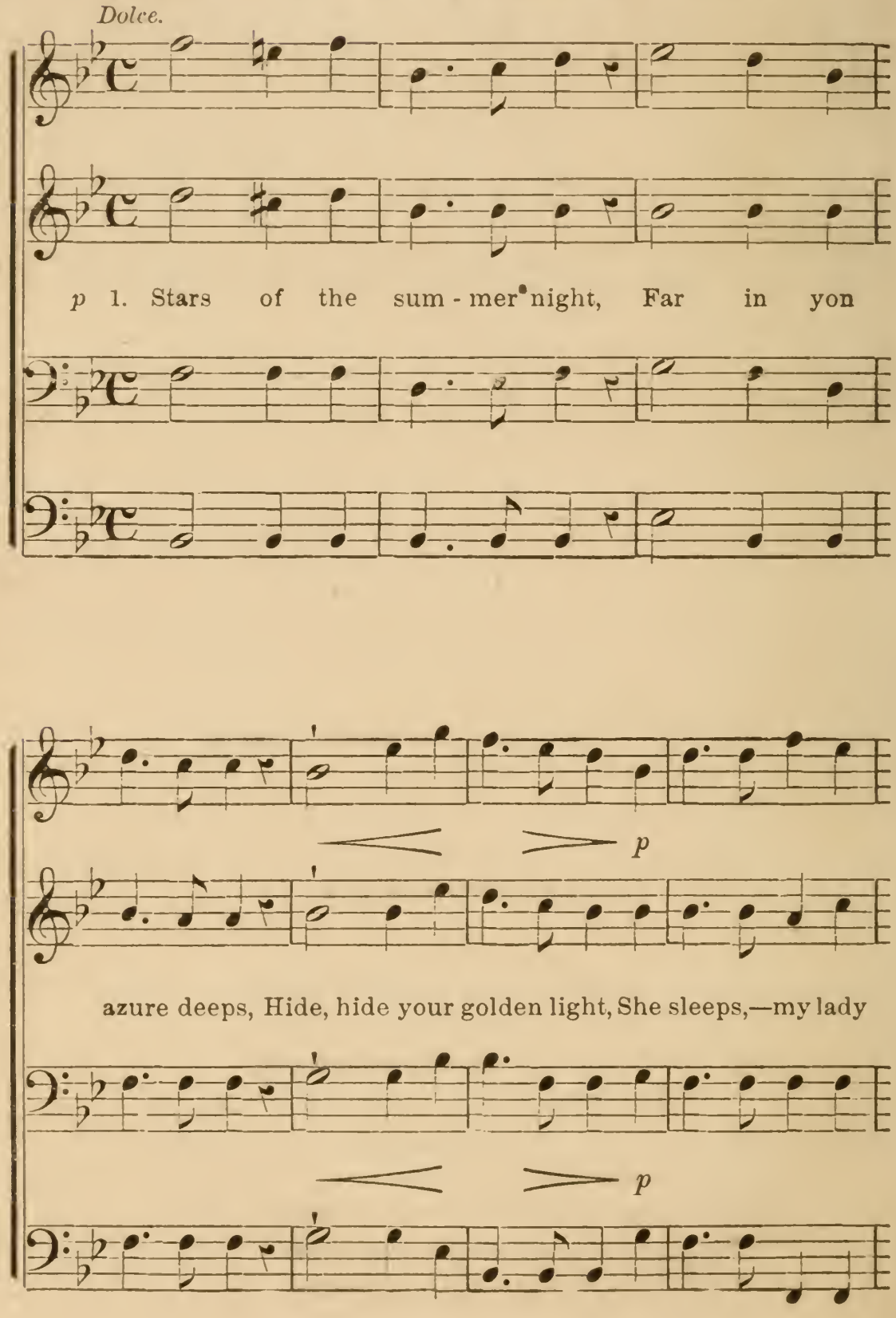

shade of the old mountain tree, In the

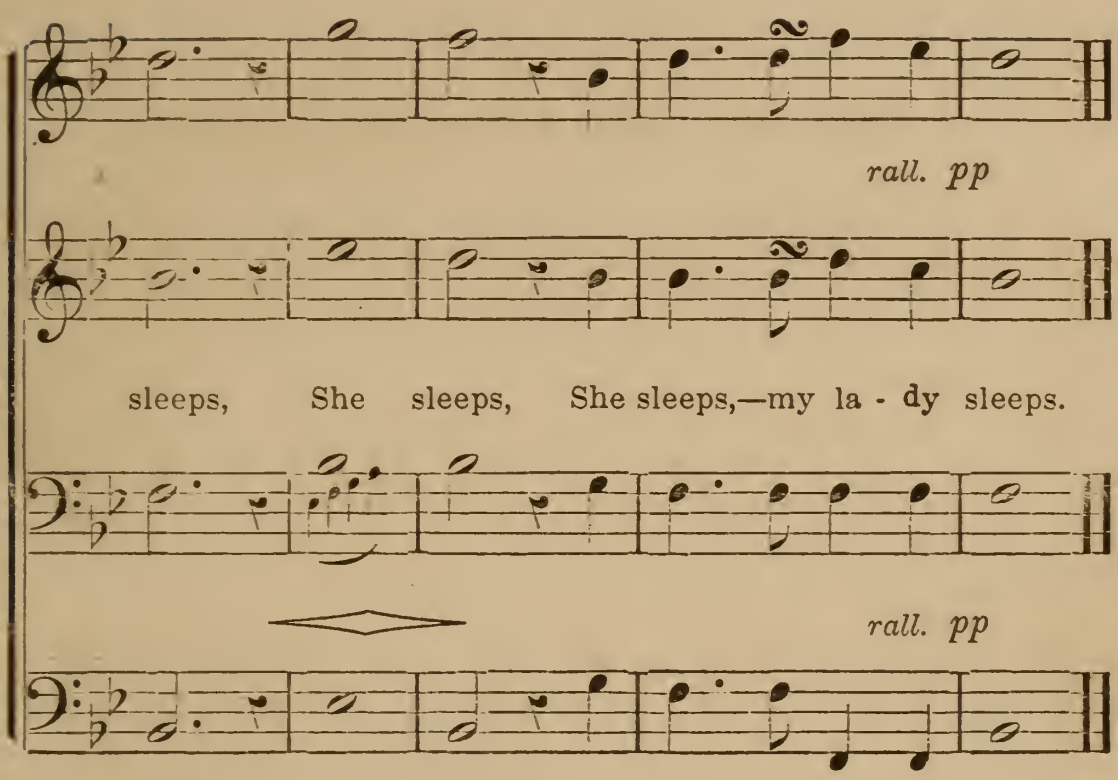


2 We are pilgrims now in a stranger land,
And the joys of youth are passed;
Kind friends are gone, but the old tree stands,
Unharm'd by the warring blast;
Oh, may the lark sing in the clouds of spring,
And the swan on the silver sea,
But we mourn for the shade where the wild bird made
Her nest in the old mountain tree,
Her nest in the old mountain tree.

3 Oh! the time went by like a tale that's told,
In a land of song and mirth,
And many a form in the church-yard cold,
Finds rest from the cares of earth;
And many a day will wander away
O'er the waves of the western sea,
And the heart will pine and vainly pray
For a grave by the old mountain tree,
For a grave by the old mountain tree.

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.





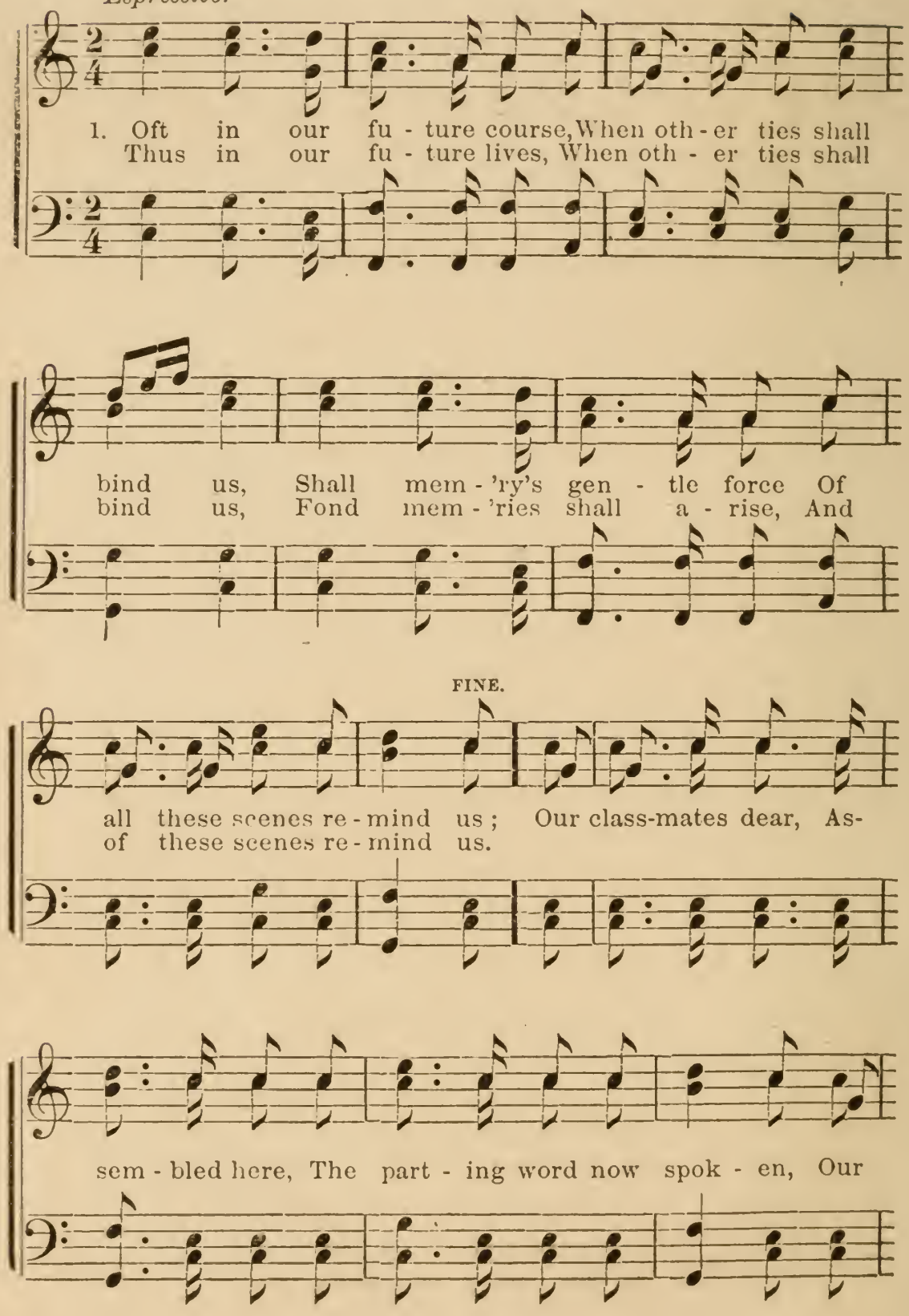
2 Moon of the summer night,
Far down yon western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light,
She sleeps,—my lady sleeps,
She sleeps,—my lady sleeps.

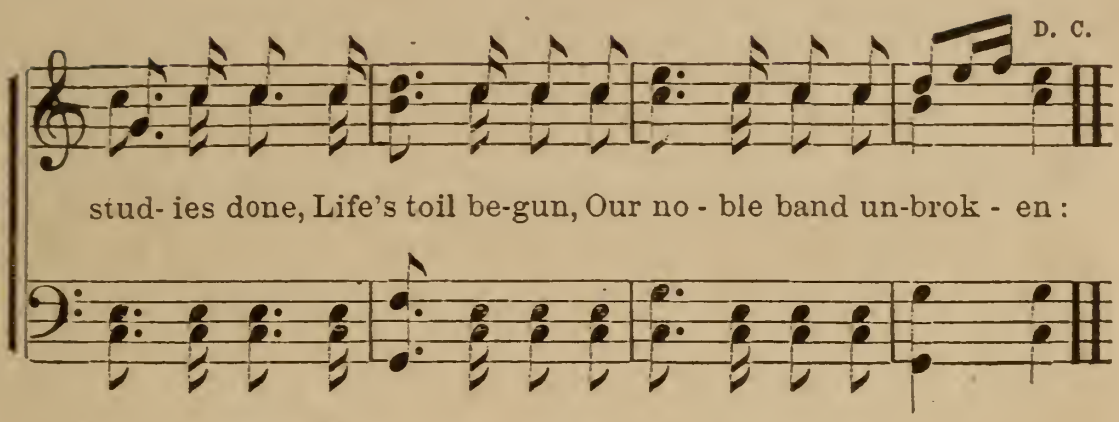
3 Wind of the summer night,
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light;
She sleeps,—my lady sleeps,
She sleeps,—my lady sleeps.

4 Dreams of the summer night,
Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch, while in slumbers light
She sleeps,—my lady sleeps,
She sleeps,—my lady sleeps.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Espressivo.

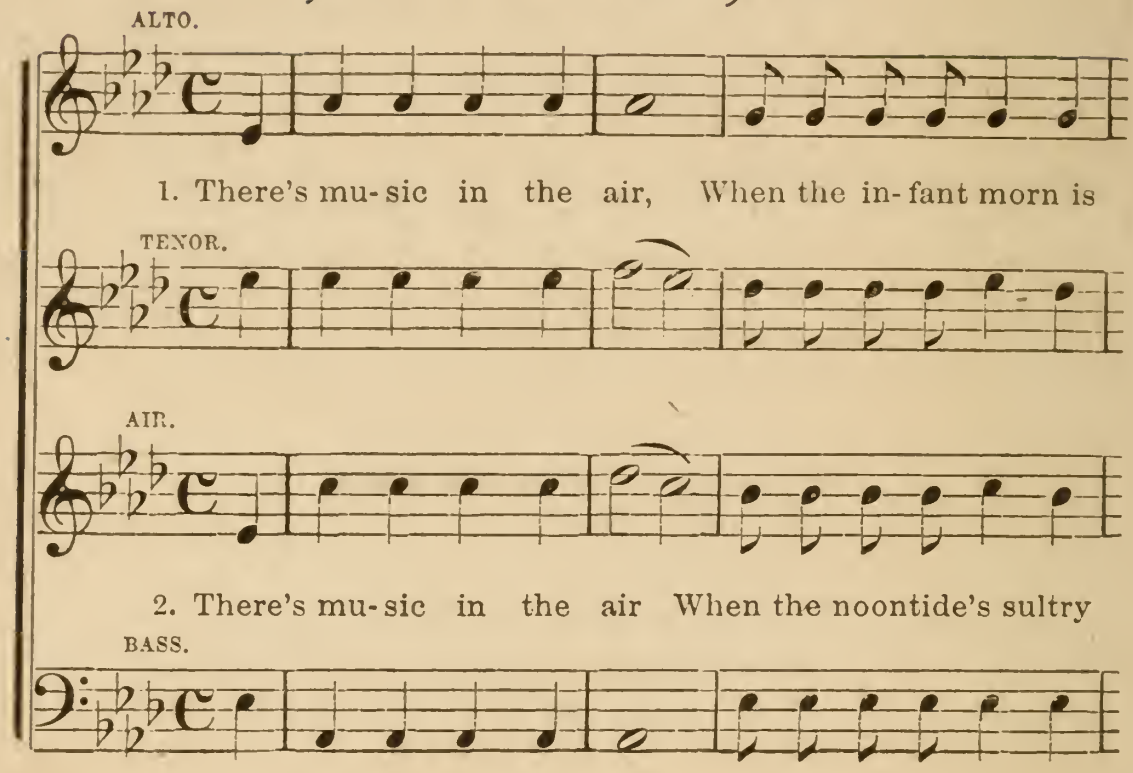


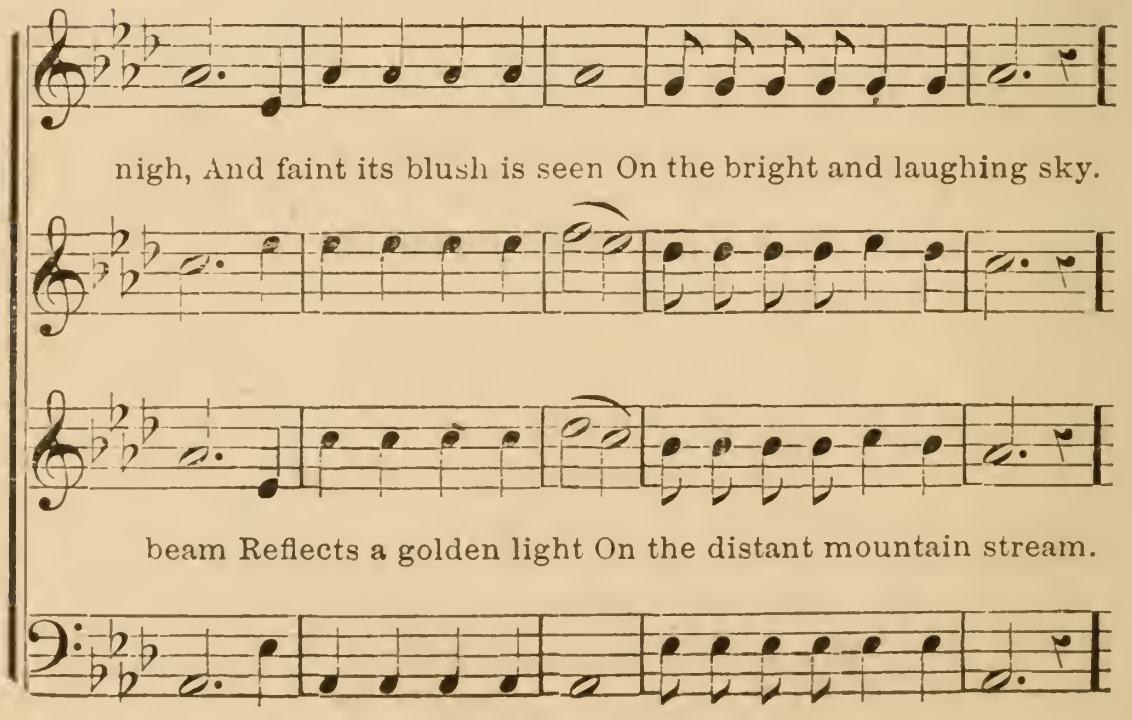


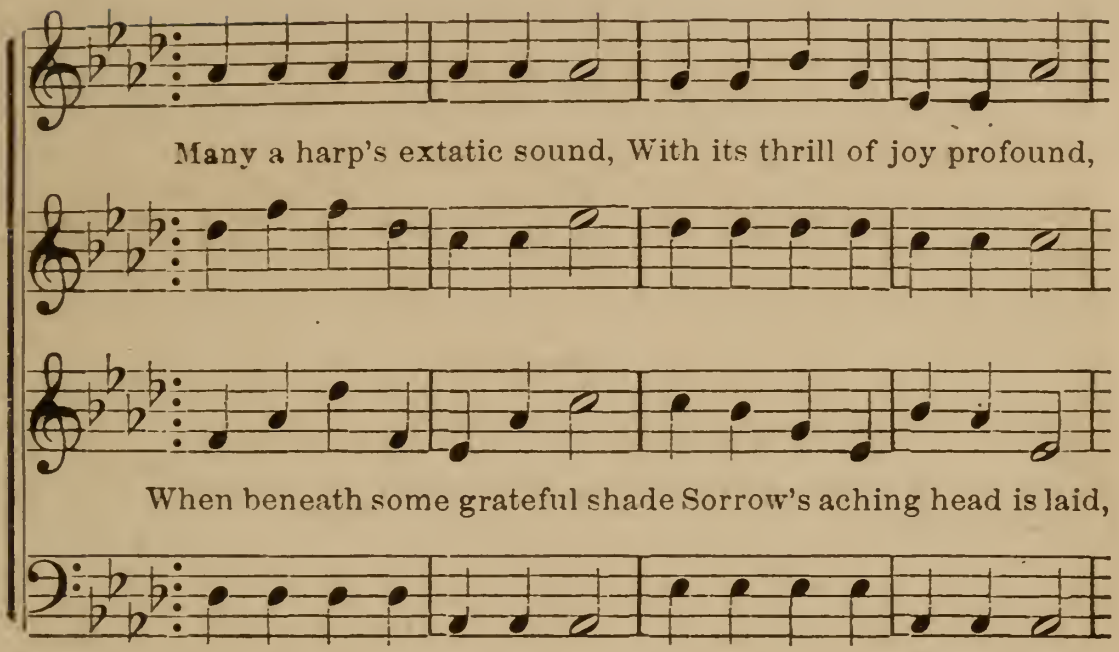
2 When we remember those
Young hearts with ours united,
Who, ere our journey's close,
In bloom of youth were blighted;
We 'll drop a tear
Upon their bier,
While fondly we will cherish
Their blooming youth,
Their spotless truth,
Nor let their mem'ries perish.
Thus we 'll remember those
Young hearts with ours united,
Who, ere our journey's close,
In bloom of youth were blighted.

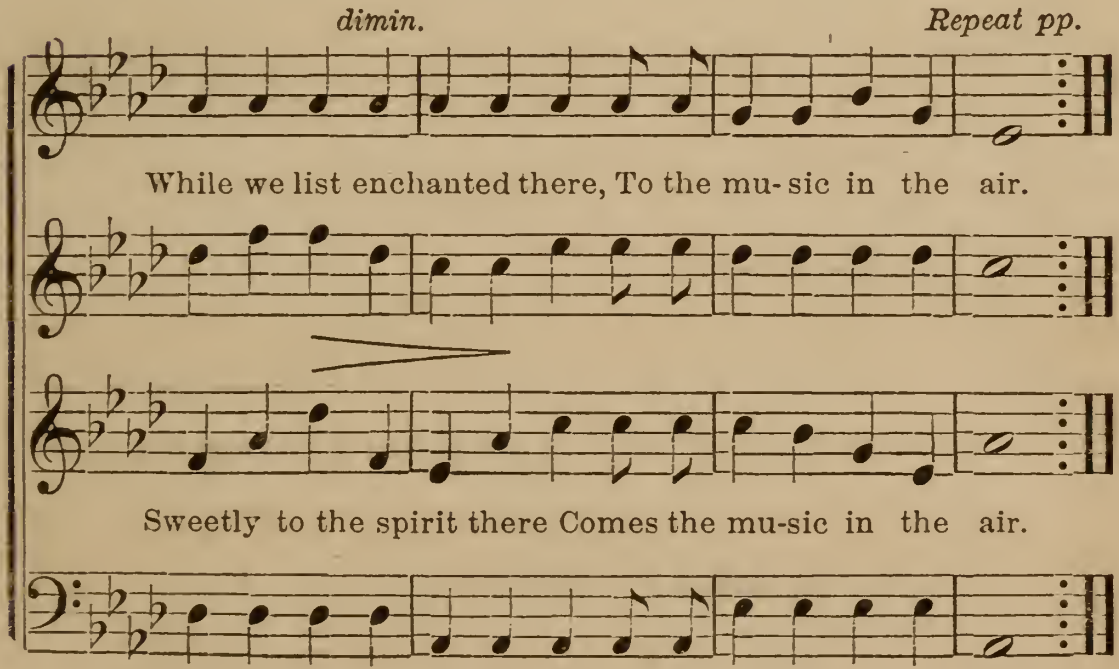
3 Then oft, in future years,
When other ties shall bind us,
With mingled smiles and tears
We 'll of these scenes remind us;
Our classmates dear,
Who with us here
Have trod life's path together,
And in our heart
Shall e'er have part,
And be forgotten never.
Thus oft in future years,
When other ties shall bind us,
With mingled smiles and tears
We 'll of these scenes remind us.

MUSIC IN THE AIR,





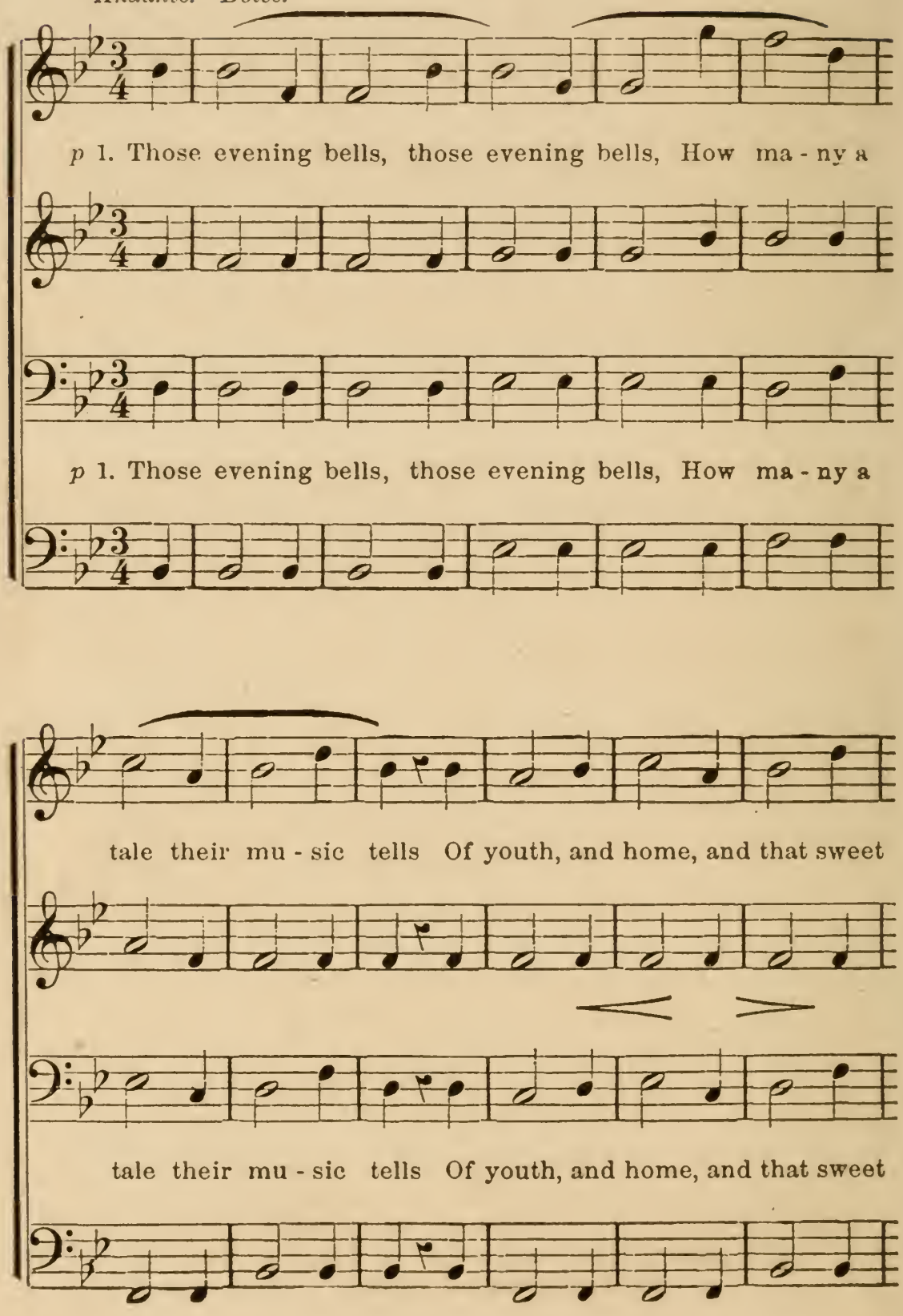


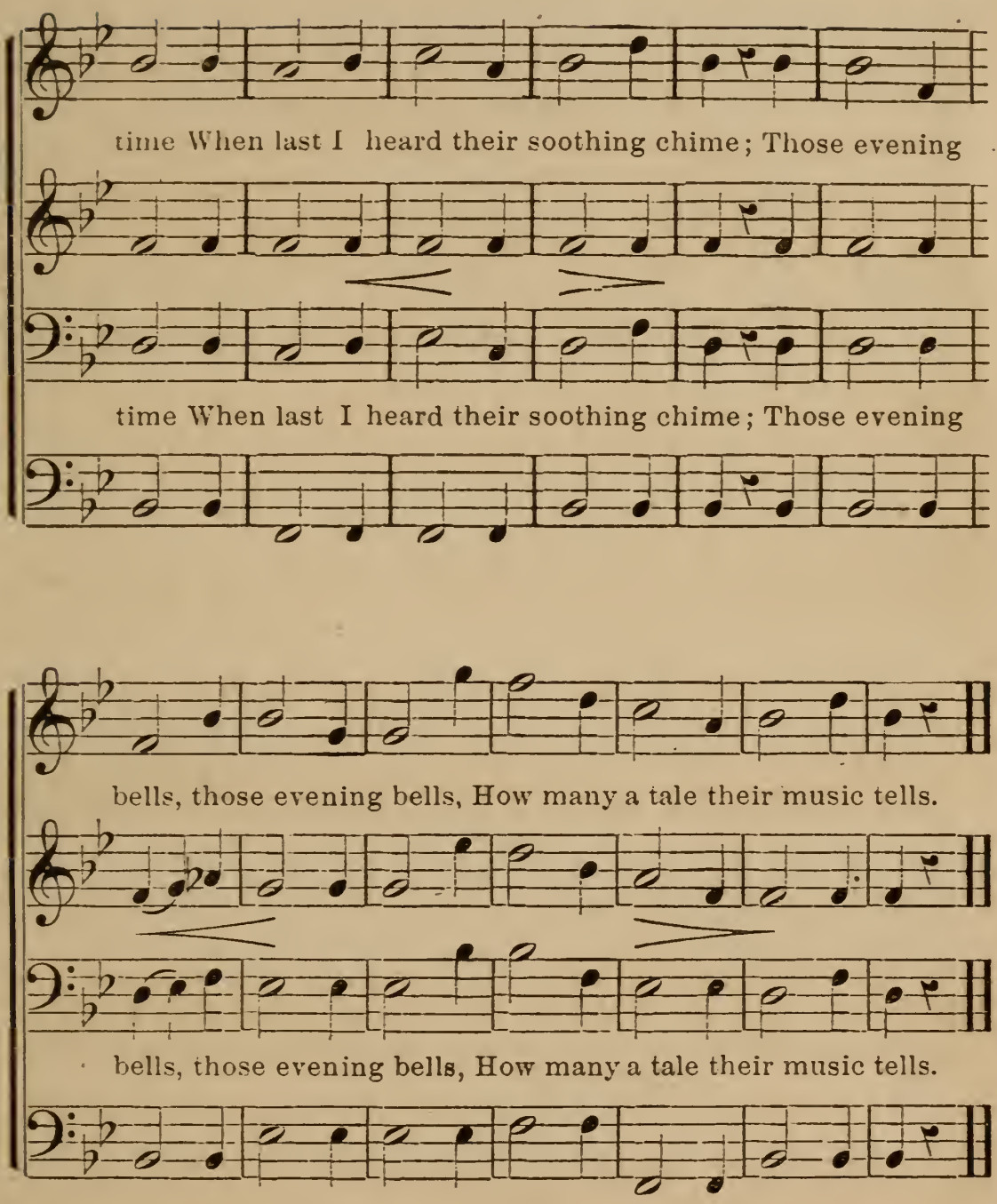


3 There's music in the air
When the twilight's gentle sigh
Is lost on evening's breast,
As its pensive beauties die.
Then, O then, the loved ones gone,
Wake the pure celestial song,
Angel voices greet us there,
In the music in the air.

EVENING BELLS.

Andante. Dolce.



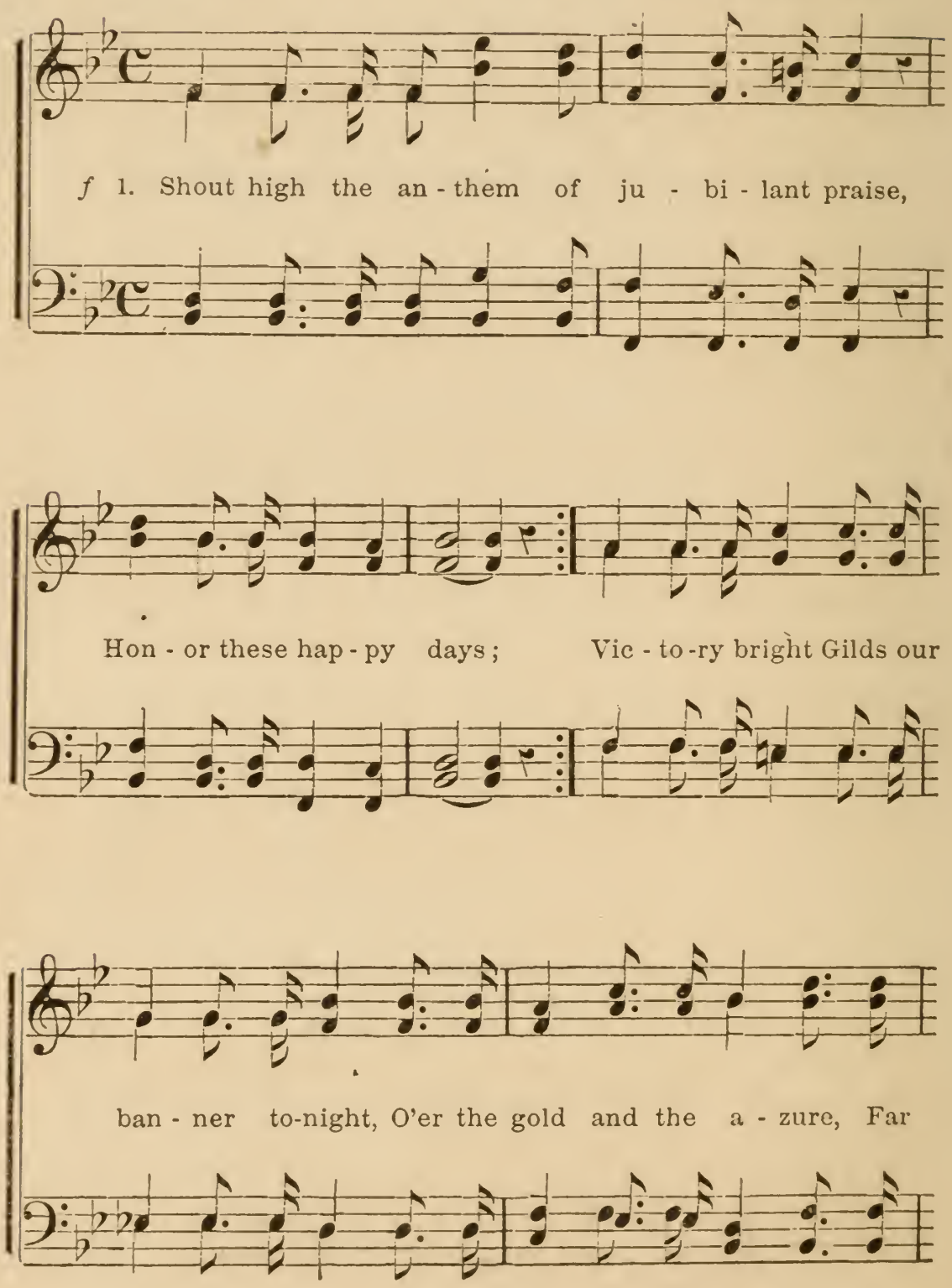


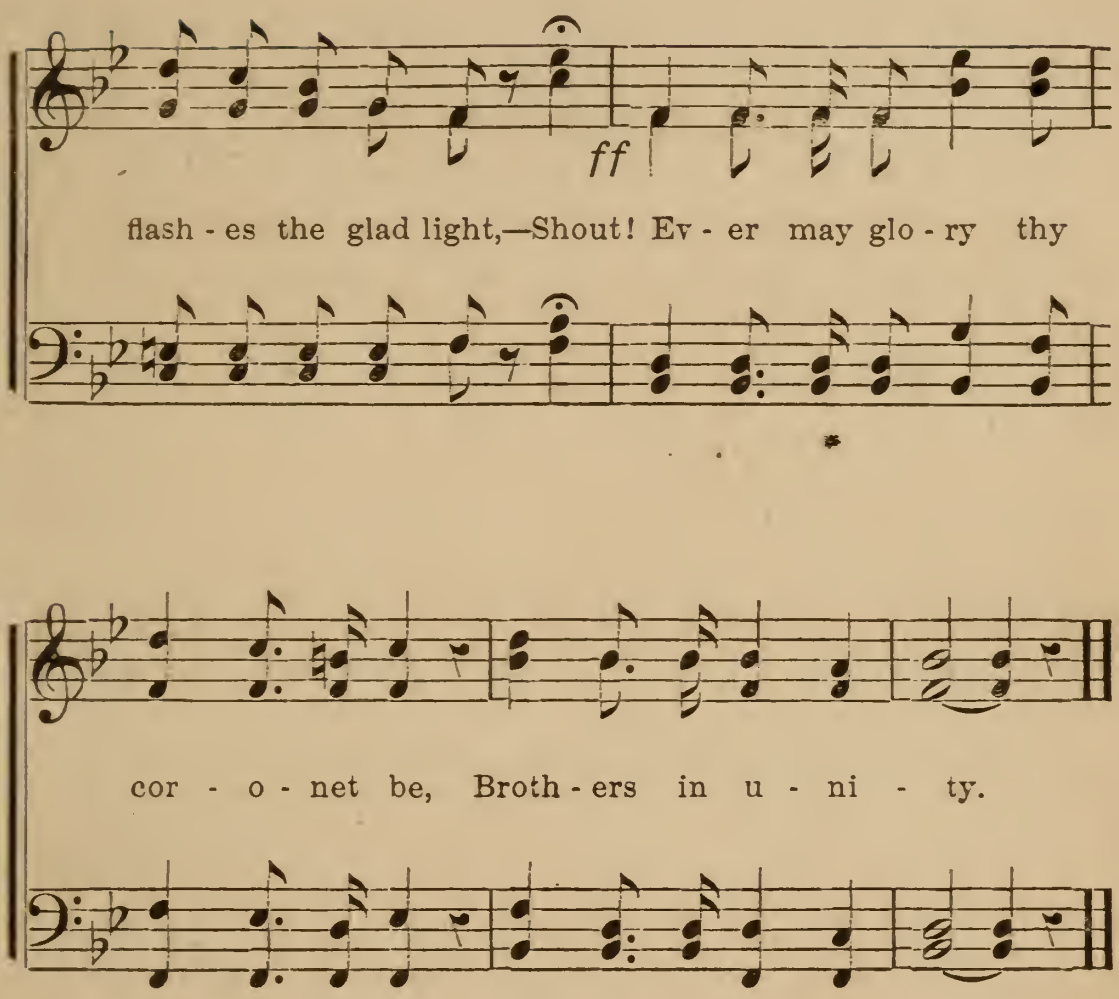
2 Those joyous hours are passed away,
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.
Those evening bells, etc.

3 And so 't will be when I am gone,—
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.
Those evening bells, etc.

PIRATE'S CHORUS.

Alla Marcia. G. C. S. SOUTHWORTH, '63.





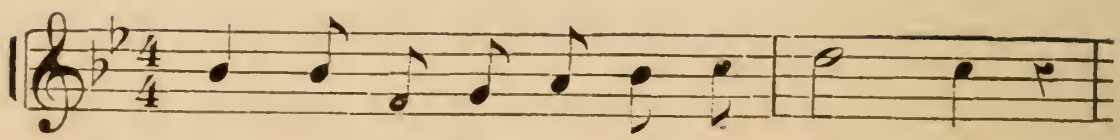
2.

Gentle and sacred covenant tie,
Binding our hearts for aye,
Altars above
Waft their incense of love,
On soft pinions of pleasure,
Wherever we may rove.
Shout! etc.

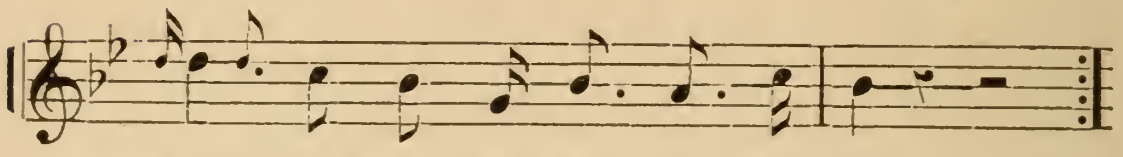
3.

Pledged by this altar, our holiest shrine,
Girded with love divine,
Pealing our cry
Of the battle on high,
On, onward press proudly,
To conquer or die.
Shout! etc.

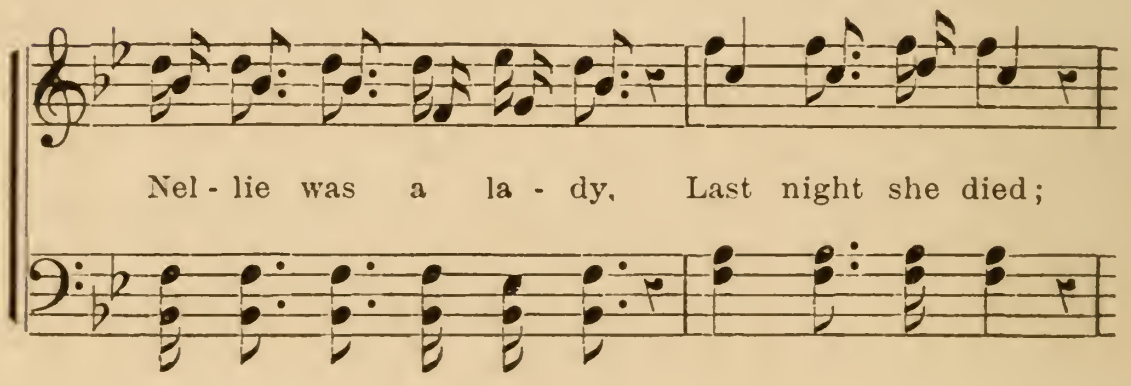
NELLIE WAS A LADY.



1. Down on the Mis - sis - sip - pi float - in',
   All night the cot - ton - wood I'se tot - in',
2. Now I'se un - hap - py and I'se weep - in',
   Last night, while Nel - lie was a - sleep - in',

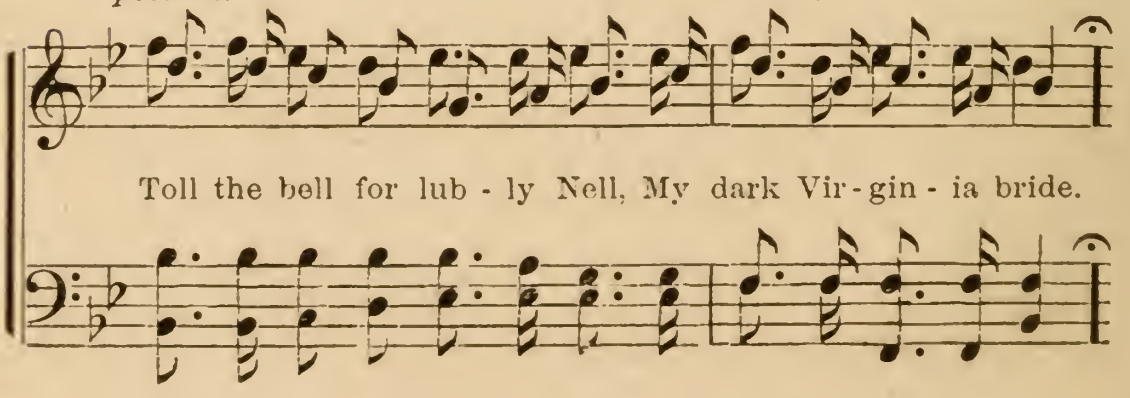


Long time I trab - bel o'er the way;
Sing - ing for my true lub all the day.
Can't tote the cot - ton - wood no more,
Death came a - knock - in' at the door.



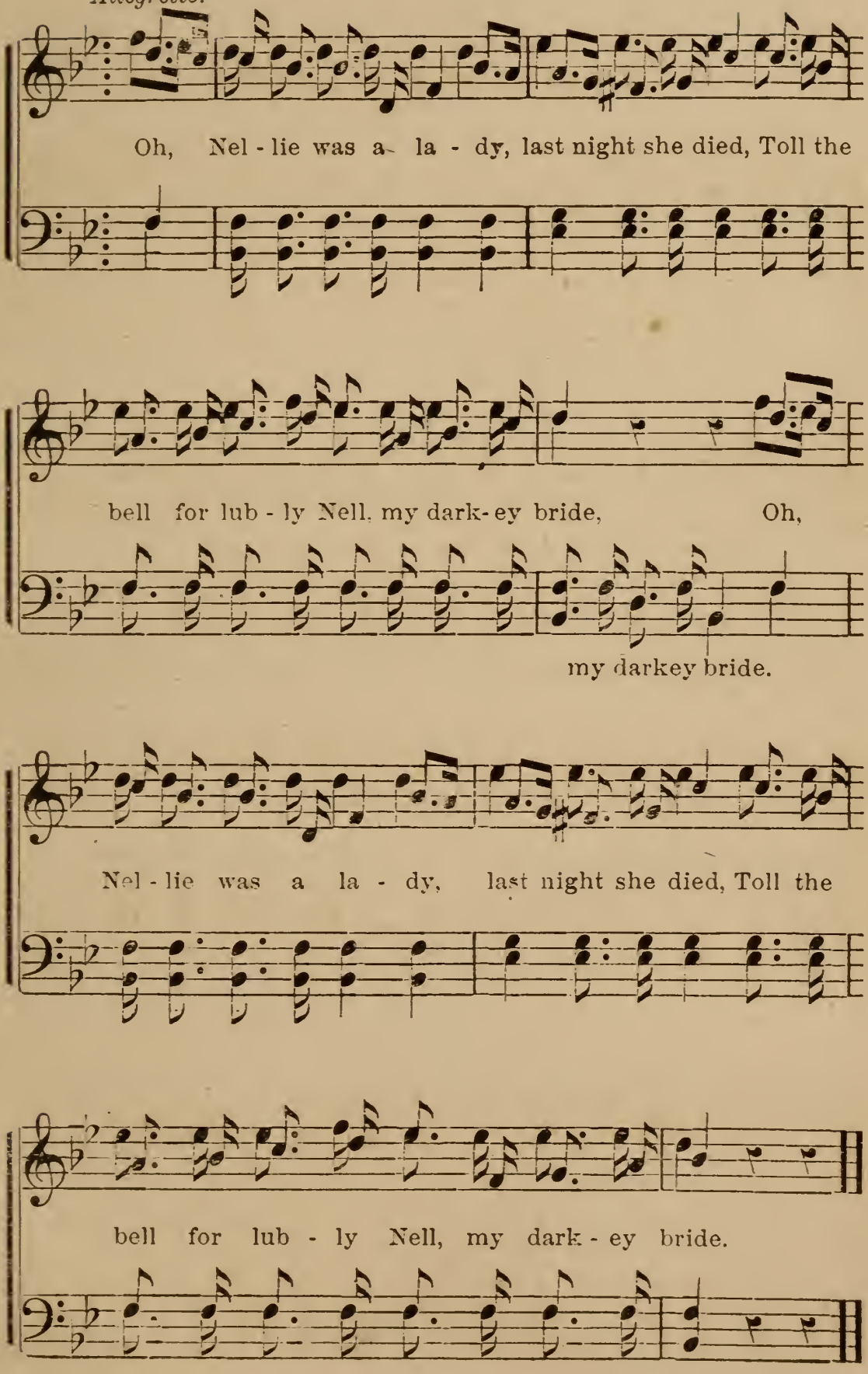
Nel - lie was a la - dy, Last night she died;

poco rit.



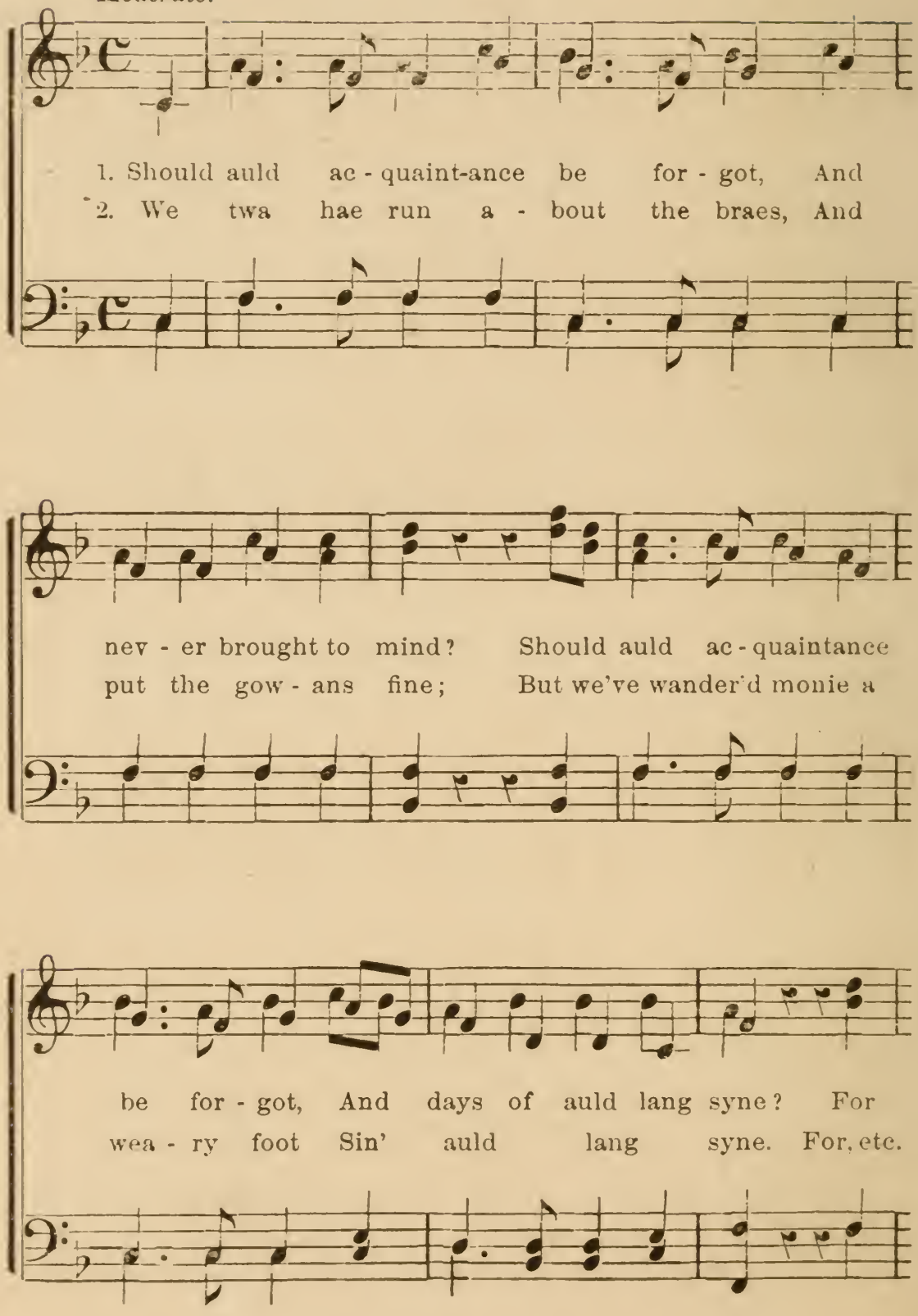
Toll the bell for lub - ly Nell, My dark Vir - gin - ia bride.

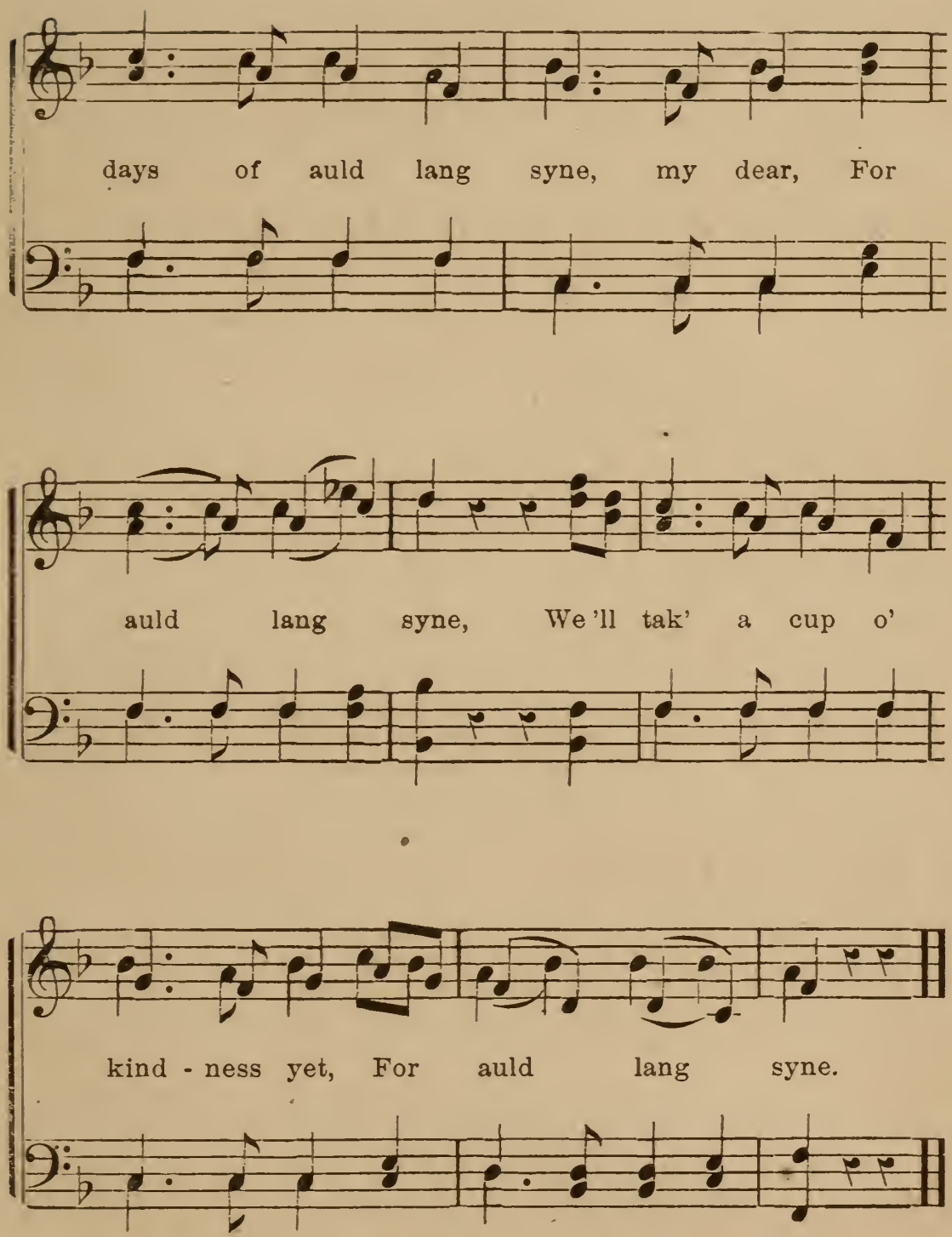
Allegretto.


Oh, Nel - lie was a- la - dy, last night she died, Toll the
bell for lub - ly Nell, my dark-ey bride, Oh,
my darkey bride.
Nel - lie was a la - dy, last night she died, Toll the
bell for lub - ly Nell, my dark - ey bride.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Moderato.





3 We twa hae paidl't in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid have roared,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For days, etc.

GAUDEAMUS.

TRANSLATED BY L. W. FITCH OF '40.

WITH TWO ORIGINAL STANZAS.

AIR — "*Gaudeamus.*"

1 LET us now in youth rejoice,
None can justly blame us,
For when golden youth has fled,
And in age our joys are dead,
Then the dust doth claim us.

2 Where have all our Fathers gone?
Here we 'll see them never:
Seek the gods' serene abode —
Cross the dolorous Stygian flood —
There they dwell forever.

3 Brief is this our life on earth,
Brief — nor will it tarry —
Swiftly death runs to and fro,
All must feel his cruel blow,
None the dart can parry.

4 Raise we then the joyous shout,
Life to Yale for ever!
Life to each Professor here;
Life to all our comrades dear,
May they leave us never.

5 Life to all the maidens fair,
Maidens sweet and smiling;
Life to gentle matrons, too,
Ever kind and ever true,
All our cares beguiling.

6 May our land forever bloom
Under wise direction;
And this city's classic ground
In munificence abound,
Yielding us protection.

7 Perish sadness, perish hate,
And ye scoffers, leave us!
Perish every shape of woe,
Devil and Philistine too,
That would fain deceive us.

ADDENDA.

1 YOUTH and hope a glory wear,
While on earth they're given,

That immortals ever share
In the pure and balmy air
Of the hills of heaven.

2 Let us then in youth rejoice,
'Twill repent us never,
For when earthly scenes have fled,
And this mortal life is sped,
Youth abides forever.

BROTHERS' CAMPAIGN SONG.

BY JOHN M. HOLMES, '57.

AIR — "*Lauriger Horatius.*"

1 BROTHERS all in Unity,
Knit by Love's attraction,
Let us gird our armor on,
Now's the time for action.

Shake the old blue banner out,
Tell the world its story,
Let our song and watchword be,
Unity and glory.

2 Let the fires of Auld Lang Syne
In all hearts be burning,
Fires of friendship, eloquence,
Liberty and Learning. *Chorus.*

3 Gather in the candidates,
Golden time is fleeting,
Give to each a brother's right,
Give a brother's greeting. *Chorus.*

4 Shall we basely bend the knee
To Linonia? NEVER!
Hand in hand we 'll firmly stand,
Victorious forever. *Chorus.*

LINONIA SONG.

AIR — "*Lauriger Horatius.*"

1 "BROTHERS all in Unity,"
Mourning to distraction,
Sitting around with faces *blue*,
Waiting strength for action.

Chorus — With their "old blue banner" down—
Sobbing out the story,
"This is all that's left behind
Of David Humphrey's glory."

2 While beneath their banner blue
Brother hosts draw near us;
To Linonia's standard true,
Soon that host will fear us.
And their banner, in their flight,
Shall tell the mournful story:
"This is all that's left behind
Of David Humphrey's glory."

3 "Linonia," invincible,
Can whene'er she pleases,
Pull that "old blue banner" down,
And tear it all to pieces.
Pull that "old blue banner" down,
And tell the world the story:
"This is all that's left behind
Of David Humphrey's glory."

LAURIGER.

PARAPHRASED BY P. B. PORTER, '67.

AIR—"*Lauriger.*"

1 OLD man Horace, sprigged with bay,
Truly you do say, sir,
Time streaks faster on his way,
Than *two-forty* racer.
Chorus—Give us but our rum to sip;
We don't care a clam-shell,
So we kiss the pouting lip
Of the blooming damsel.

2 With bright beauty blush the grapes;—
So the women show it;
Longing for their lovely shapes,
Sings the tipsy poet. *Chorus.*

3 Tell me what great fame avails,
Save we can hug tightly
All the jolly little quails,
And get somewhat *slightly.* *Chorus.*

LAURIGER.

TRANSLATED BY L. W. FITCH, '40.

AIR—"*Lauriger.*"

1 Poet of the laurel wreath,
Horace, true thy saying;

"Time outstrips the tempest's breath;
For no mortal staying."

Chorus—Bring me cups that Bacchus crowns,
Cups on mirth attending;
Give me blushing maidens' frowns,
Frowns in kisses ending.

2 Sweetly grows the grape, the maid,
Each in beauty peerless;
But to me, bereft and sad,
Wintry age comes cheerless. *Chorus.*

3 Though enduring fame be mine,
This shall yield no pleasure;
Let me then, in love and wine,
Find exhaustless treasure. *Chorus.*

AUREM PRÆBE MIHI.

AIR—"*We'll dance by the light of the Moon.*"

1 FELIS sedit by a hole,
Intenta she cum omni soul,
Prendere rats.
Mice cucurrunt over the floor,
In numero, duo, tres or more,
Obliti cats.

2 Felis saw them oculis,
"I'll have them," inquit she, "I guess,
Dum ludunt."
Tunc illa crept toward the group,
"Habeam," dixit, "good rat soup!
Pingues sunt!"

3 Mice continued all ludere,
Intenti in ludum vere,
Gaudenter.
Tunc rushed the felis unto them,
Et tore them omnes limb from limb,
Violenter.

MORAL.

Mures, omni mice be shy,
Et aurem præbe mihi,
Benigne;
Si hoc fuges, verbum sat,
Avoid a huge and hungry cat,
Studiose.

ALUMNI SONG.

BY F. M. FINCH, '49.

AIR — "*Sparkling and bright.*"

1 GATHER ye smiles from the ocean isles,
Warm hearts from river and fountain,
A playful chime from the palm-tree clime,
From the land of rock and mountain;
And roll the song in waves along,
For the hours are bright before us,
And grand and hale are the elms of Yale,
Like fathers, bending o'er us.

2 Summon our band from the prairie land,
From the granite hills, dark frowning,
From the lakelet blue and the black bayou,
From the snows our pine peaks crowning;
And pour the song in joy along,
For the hours are bright before us,
And grand and hale are the towers of Yale,
Like giants, watching o'er us.

3 Count not the tears of the long gone years,
With their moments of pain and sorrow,
But laugh in the light of their memories bright,
And treasure them all for the morrow.
Then roll the song in waves along,
While the hours are bright before us,
And high and hale are the spires of Yale,
Like guardians, towering o'er us.

4 Dream of the days when the rainbow rays
Of Hope, on our hearts fell lightly,
And each fair hour some cheerful flower
In our pathway blossomed brightly;
And pour the song in joy along
Ere the moments fly before us,
While portly and hale the sires of Yale
Are kindly gazing o'er us.

5 Linger again in memory's glen,
'Mid the tendril vines of feeling,
Till a voice or a sigh floats softly by,
Once more to the glad heart stealing;
And roll the song in waves along,
For the hours are bright before us,
And in cottage and vale are the brides of Yale,
Like angels, watching o'er us.

6 Clasp ye the hand 'neath the arches grand
That with garlands span our greeting,
With a silent prayer that an hour as fair
May smile on each after meeting;

And long may the song, the joyous song,
Roll on in the hours before us,
And grand and hale may the elms of Yale
For many a year bend o'er us.

BIENNIAL JUBILEE SONG.

BY CHARLES H. OWEN, '60.

AIR — "*Nelly Bly.*"

1 SOPHS were groaning
And condoling
Round Alumni Hall,
Tutors thundered
"No 'Old Hundred'
Should be sung at all."
But a hundred
Voices muttered
Darkly round the door;
Sad the moan
And deep the groan,
"Biennials are a bore."

2 They searched our pockets,
Watches, lockets,
When we all came in;
They watched us, too,
The morning through,
As though *we* meant "to skin."
But they didn't
Think a minute
Of the water jug;
We could keep
A pony leaf,
In the bottom of the mug.

3 Ladies pretty
Showed us pity
In Biennial;
But the tutors,
Gallant tutors
Drove them from the hall;
Then a hundred
Tables thundered
Banged about the floor,
Sad the moan
And deep the groan,
"Biennials are a bore!"

4 Tutor spies
Shut their eyes
When they go to sleep,

Then how spry
The "equuli"
When there's none to peek.
O Tutors!
Sleepy Tutors!
Lots of pony leaves
Rolled up tight,
Out of sight,
Carried in our sleeves!

Now we're Junes,
Jolly Junes,
Biennial is done,
Nothing now
The whole year thro'
But jollity and fun.
Sophomore!
Bow before
Our magnificence!
Freshman brat!
Take off your hat—
No impertinence!

IVY SONG.

BY CHARLES S. ELLIOT, '67.

AIR—"*Oft in the Stilly Night.*"

FAST fading from our sight,
The day in silence closes;
Where broods the coming night,
Our Ivy now reposes.
Alas! alas! our task is done,
Our College life is over;
Those happy years now past and gone
We never may recover.
Rest, then, sweet Ivy, here,
Within thy quiet haven,
Guarding with tender care
That precious name there graven.

Emblem of Friendship's power,
In firmest ties now bind us,
While, in this parting hour,
We leave Old Yale behind us.
Farewell, farewell, beloved home;
Our hearts can only sorrow
That from thy halls we now must roam,
Sad exiles on the morrow
Here, then, sweet Ivy, rest,—
Watch o'er this latest meeting;
Hope of our hearts distressed,
Receive our last sad greeting.

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